

# AVE MARIA.

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL,

Devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

MAY 1, 1865.



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NOTRE DAME, ST. JOSEPH COUNTY, INDIANA.

1865.



## WEEKLY CALENDAR.

May 1. St. Philip and St. James.  
 " 2. St. Athanasius.  
 " 3. Finding of the Cross.  
 " 4. St. Monica.

May 5. St. Pius.  
 " 6. St. John before the Latin Gate.  
 " 7. 3rd Sunday after Easter, Patronage of St. Joseph.

## PROSPECTUS.

It is hardly necessary to say, that the AVE MARIA is not a political paper; it will ignore, absolutely, political strifes. Yet it will contain regularly, a summary of recent events, especially those which relate to religious interests. It will also contain a page devoted to foreign news, carefully arranged under particular headings. Interesting stories, illustrative of religious truth, edifying and accredited legends, essays, criticisms upon recent works, will find an appropriate place in our columns. Everything conducive to the interests of the Church, will be carefully sought after, both at home and abroad; for no child of the Church should be ignorant of the trials and triumphs of his Mother; and every exertion will be made to give our readers an intelligent idea of all the great questions of the day.

In order to secure the permanency of our paper, and to establish it on a successful material foundation, we purpose creating a fund, that will place it, from inception, beyond the contingencies to which similar enterprises are too often liable. The method is as follows: A payment of \$20 will constitute a life's subscription, and such subscriber will receive the journal regularly, without being liable to any further payment. At the same time, we offer the patrons of the journal, the merit of aiding two good works by one good action. We place the undertaking under the direction of the "Aged Missionaries," for whom a house is now building here, and to the completion and support of this "Missionaries' Home," the funds arising from the journal shall be devoted.

### TESTIMONIALS.

V. REV. E. SORIN:

*V. Rev. Dear Sir:*—I feel truly gratified to send you the reply of his Eminence Cardinal BARNABO, in reference to the AVE MARIA on which you desired me to consult him. I congratulate you upon the kind words of encouragement I now convey to you. After such a sanction, it would be too cold to say, that I have no objection to your pious undertaking. But you knew before with what delight I heard the first words you spoke to me about it. With all my heart I hereby bid you go

on with it. You have opened a rich vein at which a number of pious souls will come to refresh and invigorate themselves. Fear not! you will be supported by all who love the Holy Mother of God, and who can call himself a Christian, and refuse her that proof of his veneration?

I am happy to see the foundation of such a monument laid in my Diocese. It will cheer all my Priests, and it will cheer the country.

+ JOHN HENRY, *Bishop of Fort Wayne.*

"I very highly approve of the design relative to the paper which Father Sorin proposes to publish, nor do I doubt that a work of this kind, proceeding under your auspices, will be productive of great good."

BARNABO, CARDINAL, *Prefect of the Propaganda.*

V. REV. E. SORIN:

*V. Rev. and Dear Sir:*—I can but approve fully of your undertaking in publishing the AVE MARIA. A weekly, from such a source, and under such supervision as Notre Dame, has already its sanction, and needs, indeed, no other approbation, than the one of the Diocese, in accordance with the only proper rule in our Church. Please to have two copies forwarded to my address.

Believe me, dear Father, with sincerest regards,  
 Your truly devoted,  
 + JOHN M. HENNI, *Bishop of Milwaukee.*  
 MILWAUKEE, April 1st, '65.

*Rev. and Dear Friend:*—Please receive my subscription, and at the same time, my hearty approbation of your holy and noble undertaking. Mary is the great advocate of the Church in America. Let us unite our efforts to promote her glory, and obtain more and more her powerful assistance for the triumph of our Holy Church.

+ A —, *Bishop of Cleveland.*  
 CLEVELAND, April 11th, 1865.

Address remittances, inquiries, etc., to Rev. E. Sorin, Notre Dame, Ind.

### TERMS.

For a life subscription,\* ..... \$20  
 For 5 years subscription, ..... 10  
 For 2 years subscription, ..... 5

The AVE MARIA will be published weekly.

\* A Mass will be said at Notre Dame every week for life subscribers.



# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I. NOTRE DAME, IND., MAY 1, 1865. No. 1.

FOR THE AVE MARIA.

BY BISHOP TIMON.

BUFFALO, April 5, 1865.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir:

I rejoice at your pious thought of the AVE MARIA. It must succeed. In the pardoning judgment upon fallen man, and in the merciful promise to our guilty first parents, cursing the hellish serpent, God said: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed. She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lay in wait for her heel." He thus designated a woman, Mary, the second Eve, to be the dawn of our hope, and her Son to be our Saviour-God. This "oracle of oracles," as the ancients, whether Jews or Gentiles, called it, was in some form treasured up in every nation; and what the prophet Isaiah said: "behold the Virgin shall conceive and bear a son," the Emmanuel or God with us, for, as had been promised, "God himself did come to save us," and He sent His fishermen to convert the world to the faith of His human and divine natures, in the one person of the Eternal Word, *made flesh for us*. And these fishermen, His apostles, had to speak of Mary when they preached Jesus the God-Man. Hence, from the first judgment and sacred promise of redeeming mercy, down to the redemption; at the angel's salutation; at the sacred birth; at His first miracle; even at the foot of the Cross, Mary was present, wonderfully associated with the divine victim. A woman and a man thus became associated in the history of redemption, as a woman and a man were in that of the fall.

And now, when the great rebellion against "the Church of the living God, which is the body of Christ, and the fullness of Him," is crumbling away in multiplied divisions, the sweet and bright "AVE MARIA" of the archangel is the harbinger of many conversions. "*Gaude Maria Virgo, cunctas hæreses sola interemisti, in universo mundo;*" it is also the harbinger of that restored unity, for which the Saviour-God so touchingly prayed, in the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel. Hence, I rejoice at your enter-

prise, and request you to put me down as a subscriber, and accept for the good work the enclosed sum, which I would wish that my means would permit me to increase a hundred fold.

With great respect and esteem,

Your most obd't humble serv't,

+ JOHN, BP. OF BUFFALO.

Very Rev. E. SORIN.

AVE MARIA.

The AVE MARIA is, in the true and widest sense of the word, a *Family Newspaper*, in which we intend to speak exclusively of our own family affairs. It is published to meet the wants, and interest the heart of every Catholic, from the grey-haired grandsire who tells his beads at eventide, to the prattling child who kisses his medal as he falls asleep in his downy cradle, with rosy dreams in which the loved images of his mother on earth and his Mother in heaven are sweetly blended.

It is our family chronicle, wherein is emblazoned, in glorious heraldic characters, the glorious deeds of our ancestors. In these chronicles our brave soldier-brothers and fathers will find that the practice of religious duties and devotion to our Blessed Mother are not incompatible with the true military spirit. Here they will meet a brilliant array of noble warriors, commencing with the brave Centurion, who, converted at the foot of the Cross, feared not to proclaim, in the midst of the Roman legions, Mary's Son as his God; and ending with our gallant Garesche and Mulligan. One of whom invoked the Mother of God to pray for him, in that his hour of death, with the same dying breath in which he besought his comrades to lay him down and save the flag he loved so well. And the other one prepared for his last battle by devoutly assisting at Mass and receiving Holy Communion. In the thickest of the fight, when the tide of victory seemed turning against his standard, he was seen to leave the scene of action for a time, and prostrating himself in prayer, he renewed the offering he had already made, at Mass, of his own life, in order that his country might be preserved. Another instant he was in the front rank, bat-



ting as the "bravest of the brave," and when his sacrifice was accepted and the victory won, his noble mutilated body was found bearing on its breast the insignia of the same sweet Mother.

Between these two epochs, how many noble warriors do our family chronicles recount as loyal sons of the Church and of our Lady Mother? Constantine testified his veneration for Mary by solemnly dedicating Constantinople to her. William the Conqueror was no sooner attacked by fever than he humbly clasped his hands and recommended himself to the Mother of God. "Blessed Lady Mary," said the Norman hero, "to you I commend my soul. May you reconcile me to your Son, my Lord Jesus!" and with these words he expired. Among the Crusaders we have the Godfreys and the Tancreds, devoted clients of the Blessed Virgin. Richard the Lion-hearted, the mighty champion of the Cross, built, before his departure for the Crusades, our Lady of Good Haven, and assisted with his brilliant chivalry at the dedication of that monastery; and in his last will he decreed that his heart should be borne to our Lady of Rouen. St. Louis, whom the Saracens themselves called "the bravest they had ever known," distinguished himself by his tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin; he recited her office every day, and fasted on bread and water on the eve of her festivals. The illustrious Sobieski, no less admired by nations for his piety than for his valor, likewise did homage to the Mother of God for his famous victory over the Turks; and he sent the magnificent standard taken from the Mahometans to Our Lady of Loretto. Duguesclin, continually at the head of armies, and always victorious, took Mary's name for his war-cry, and the troops that followed the red flag of Albion were scattered like straw before the wind at the cry of "Our Lady of Guesclin." The warriors of Spain freed their country from the yoke of the Moors; their first war-cry of independence was *Mary!* and on their banners was inscribed "Ave Maria."

Our chronicles contain a host of warriors, equally great, and brave, and good, all of whom, with those we mention, loved and honored the same sweet Mother that we do. Our archives are indeed glorious, containing on our genealogical tree of the Cross the names of the great and distinguished in all ranks, in all ages, and in all professions; in all arts and in all sciences; and yet, with each and every one of them, all earthly fame grew dim at the one common title, Son of the Church and Child of Mary.

And for the daughters of the Blessed Mother the chronicles are equally glorious. Here they find Isabella the Catholic, who, when kings drew doubtfully back from the hazards of the

enterprise, sold her private jewels to give Columbus the means to discover our Land of the Immaculate Conception. Well may they rejoice in such ancestors as the Empress Helena, who covered Palestine with sacred monuments, in which Mary had her full share; the queens Elizabeth, of Hungary and Portugal; Blanche and Clotilde of France; the Roman ladies Cicilia and Francesca. And well may they thank God that these virtues did not pass away with the olden time, for our chronicles recount the same praises in our own age, of a saintly daughter of the house of Shrewsbury, whose last days, as Princess Borghese, were passed in Rome, in the performance of good works that surmounted her youthful head with the halo of sanctity; to her heart, child of Mary was her dearest title.

To little Catholic children, our chronicles speak true and wonderful things of our *child* ancestors. They tell the little boys of a Saint Aloysius and a Saint Stanislaus; of a youthful army of mere children who wished to fight the infidels, and what became of them; of boys so pure and innocent that angels and our Blessed Mother came on earth and conversed with them.

To little girls, they tell of a Saint Agnes, who, at *thirteen*, had not only vowed herself to chastity, but maintained her choice at the price of life. Whose praise the greatest Doctor of the Church records in these words: "To-day is the birth-day of a virgin; let us cultivate purity. It is the birth-day of a martyr; let us offer up sacrifices. It is the birth-day of Saint Agnes; let men wonder, and little ones not despair; let the married be amazed; let the unmarried imitate." They tell of Saint Eulalia, also remarkable for her love of the Blessed Virgin, who, at the age of twelve, consecrated her virginity to God and sealed it by the crown of martyrdom; and how the Christians honored *both* these children by building sumptuous churches over their remains. What archives save our own can claim such illustrious children, whose memories are preserved through ages by grand, magnificent churches?

Our country is flooded with "Family Newspapers," and of what are they composed? With the exception of our few good Catholic papers, they are filled with "Sensation Tales and Romances," the best of which are only calculated to give the youthful mind false views of life, and the affairs of eternity are either distorted or ignored. Love, mere human love, is made an *idol* which all *adore*. With such reading constantly before the eye, how can the love of God or of his Blessed Mother touch the heart?

This is why the AVE MARIA comes to speak of family affairs. It is entirely for Catholics.



Those outside of the Church could not understand it; they would cavil at many things and dispute many points, which their eye cannot see neither can their heart comprehend; and as the AVE MARIA will not dispute with any one, its pages are evidently for Catholics alone. It wishes to speak to hearts that love the Blessed Virgin; and it would be a pain for such hearts to be constantly reading discussions or apologies for their Mother, or vindications of her honor.

Imagine a family of children seated around a cheerful fireside — Albert speaks, "well, dear brothers and sisters, I am convinced that you love our mother very much, and that we all firmly believe she is as perfect as can be, but yet we need not talk *too much* about her, even among ourselves, for Mrs. Grundy may overhear us, and we all know that she and her family maintain that mother, after all, is only an ordinary sort of woman."

Hannah Jane — "That is very true, and although we are well aware how much she loves us, of what sleepless nights she passes watching over our sick beds, how she gratifies our every wish, and labors day and night for our happiness, yet, as you justly observe, Albert, it would not be well on our part to show her so many outward demonstrations of affection, for Mrs. Smith assures me that she knows mother much better than we do ourselves, and she positively declares that she has no particular affection for any of us, and that it is very silly on our part to be so frequently talking about her; of course this is an absurd, ridiculous falsehood; yet, still, the Smiths are very rich people, move in the best society, and are quite sociable with us, so I think it will be as well to act as though we do not care anything about mother while we are visiting them."

Jemima Matilda — "Yes, that is a very good plan, but I have one still better. Mr. White said, the other day, that he does not even believe *she is our mother*, for we seem so much superior to her; now, you are aware that the Whites are even richer than the Smiths, they are much more intellectual and learned, they understand all the philosophical questions of the age, besides metaphysics; you perceive that it is quite a compliment to be considered persons of superior merit by them, so, if we wish to retain their good opinion, it will be better, I think, to say — that — *we have no mother*. Of course, when we are here at home, just among ourselves, we will endeavor to show her all love and respect, and as she never visits the Smiths and the Whites we may very easily pass with them as having no mother, particularly as the Whites have circulated the report, and seem to believe it themselves."

Giles — "No, indeed, sister, I shall do no such a thing! Such conduct would be shameful! outrageous! No, but we'll go to work and contradict all that the Whites, Smiths and Grundies say; I'll quarrel with them wherever I meet them, and, if necessary, I'll even make use of knock-down arguments to vindicate our mother's fair fame."

John — "Softly, softly, good brother Giles. Reflect a moment, and I am sure you would do nothing of the sort, you have too much good sense. Who, after all, are the Whites, the Smiths and Grundies? Three families of yesterday, who sprang up in our neighborhood like mushrooms. Think of our princely domain, of our glorious ancestors, of all our other noble brothers and fair sisters, living and dead, who have, with us, the love of our sweet mother. Let us seek those of our own household, and united with them, testify our love for our dear mother! and we will think very little, and care still less, for the slanders of the Smiths, the Whites and the Grundies."

Now, would not any child who loves his mother heartily coincide with John? We will do the same; and, as with St. John, the beloved disciple, we received our Mother as a gift from her divine Son at the foot of the Cross, we will endeavor, with the beloved disciple, to show ourselves her children; and as to-day we commence to celebrate her Feast, which lasts an entire month, let us again refer to our chronicles to see how our ancestors prepared themselves to celebrate the festivals of our Mother. We find that some of them redoubled their prayers, others, after a strict examination of conscience, made a general confession of all their faults, and multiplied their penitential works, as did Saint Edward of England, and Saint Radegunde of France. And how happy would those saints have been if, in place of one festival day in honor of the Mother of God, the Church had invited them, as it does us, to celebrate a festival during an entire month? — Happier than those holy persons, we will participate in this long, sweet triumph of Mary. In the fields and in the woods, by the side of running waters, in the vallies, on the hill-side and in our gardens, thousands of flowers are springing into bloom. The air is filled with the melody of birds; the forest trees crown their lofty heads with the brightest foliage, and all Nature, awakening from her winter sleep, prepares for the beautiful Month of Mary. All created things salute thee, Oh Mary, as Queen of earth, and we, thy children, join our voices to the universal concert of praises which ascend to thy throne! Again we will have recourse to our chronicles to learn how our ancestors praised Mary, and here we find that the



angel who brought from heaven the first festival of the Annunciation, inclined with respect before her, saluting her, as, full of grace, *Ave gratia plena*; and all generations have bowed as did the angel Gabriel before the maternity of this Blessed Mother of God, who pressed a God to her heart, carried Him in her arms, and covered Him with her kisses. All earthly honors fade before her; and our Mother appeared upon the earth as great, as pure and as beautiful as the prophets had foretold her; beautiful as the moon, *pulchra ut luna*; brilliant as the sun, *electa ut sol*. Then came the demonstration of the love of the Holy Fathers, and the cry of the Church militant in the midst of its perils and dangers—*Salve, Regina, Mater misericordiæ, vita, dulcedo, spes nostra salve*—Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope.

The Apostles prepared for their work of preaching the Gospel, by prayer and devotion to our Blessed Mother. Everywhere we find traces of the great love they had for her. The antique and venerable Sanctuary of our Lady del Pilar, in Spain, owes its origin to Saint James. At Antioch, Saint Peter erected an oratory in her honor. Saint John placed under the invocation of his adopted Mother the beautiful church of Lydda; and the first church in Milan was dedicated to Mary, by Saint Barnabas, Apostle.\* The Council of Ephesus declared that this renowned city drew its greatest lustre from Saint John the Evangelist and the Blessed Virgin.

Every one has heard of the famous images of Edessa, Didimi and Sosopolis. Before these images lights were constantly burning. Here the great Bishops, Doctors and Saints of the first ages of the Church came to obtain aid and strength. Saint Basil lived at the feet of our Lady of Didimi; Saint Germain related to the Fathers of the Council of Ephesus the precious favors which it had pleased God to bestow upon Asia Minor through the intercession of our Lady of Sosopolis.

To the fervor and inspiration of the Jesuits' College in Rome, we are indebted for the now universal practice of dedicating the sweet month of May to the particular honor of our spotless Mother. "This beautiful devotion soon crossed the snowy Alps, and burst over Mary's own sunny land; the Spaniard's guitar woke to new anthems for the Queen of May, while on the banks of the Rhine many a garland was cast on the crag which her chapel overtopped, or hung on the vine branch that sheltered her niche. England and the Isle of Saints have received the devotion. All that is Catholic in Europe unites in hailing our Blessed Mother the Queen of May."† And the roll of the Atlantic sends the

full chorus of "Amen" from the altars of Mary in our Western World. To increase the devotion to our Mother, and to propagate her honor and praises among her children, is then the mission of the AVE MARIA.

We cannot close this article without first fulfilling a duty which is no ordinary gratification to our heart, viz: not only to submit in advance, and with perfect obedience, to the judgment of the Church every line the AVE MARIA may ever publish, but to assure our Venerable Prelates who may notice it, that every remark or correction they may see fit to address us, will be received with due deference.

#### THE AVE MARIA FROM PROTESTANT LIPS.

Although we bring our AVE MARIA to our Mother's shrine, for the opening of May, yet we blush to say that our Protestant neighbors are before us. A professor of the famous University of Halle has just published a little work entitled "The Evangelical Ave Maria." It is an effort to re-establish devotion to the Blessed Virgin, among Protestants. The author deplores the prejudices of his co-religionists, who refuse to address to Mary that "Ave" which the celestial Father transmitted by the voice of an angel, when he announced to her that she would be the Mother of the Saviour.

But after all, these sentiments, in the hearts of Protestants, as not so rare as we may at first imagine. Throughout all the writings of non-Catholic poets we will find, as pearls scattered upon silken tissue, beautiful gems in honor of Mary. In Mrs. Browning we find the following:

#### "THE VIRGIN MARY TO THE CHILD JESUS.

Sleep, sleep, mine Holy One!  
My flesh, my Lord!—what name? I do not know  
A name that seemeth not too high or low,

Too far from me or heaven:  
My Jesus, that is best! that word being given  
By the majestic angel whose command  
Was softly as a man's beseeching said,  
When I and all the earth appeared to stand

In the great overflow  
Of light celestial from his wings and head.

Sleep, sleep, my saving One!"

And the finest words ever written in praise of Holy Mary, are found in a sonnet of Wordsworth, full of lofty thought:

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncroost  
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;  
Woman! above all women glorified,  
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;  
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;  
Brighter than Eastern skies at daybreak strewn  
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;  
Yet some, I ween, the suppliant knee might bend  
As to a visible power, in which did blend

\* Orsini.

† Galdó Torres.



All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee.  
Of Mother's love, with maiden purity,  
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!"

This devotion of the poet to Mary, has lately been rewarded by the gift of faith, in the case of the authoress of the "Mystical Rose," published by Appleton. As a Protestant, she knew nothing of Mary, but as a poetess, she could not fail to see the unique beauty of the Virgin-Mother of a God, as portrayed by the Evangelists. Hence her poem on the Mystical Rose, and its happy sequel—her conversion to the Church. The following lines have been received from her for the AVE MARIA:

For the AVE MARIA.

OUR FIRST ANNUNCIATION DAY.

BY MARIE JOSEPHINE, AUTHOR OF THE MYSTICAL ROSE.

"*Janua cœli, ora pro nobis!*"

THE ANNUNCIATION.—It is a beautiful day! a very beautiful day! The feast days of our Blessed Mother are always bright days. They come to us as the days of Spring after the Winter. Many great favors has she granted, miraculous favors, on these days. Our crucified Lord likewise loves and blesses these days very much for his dear Mother's sake—loves to grant special favors in them. Precious days to all in the true fold! Saving days oft-times to some soul without the true fold! Days in which the whole Church together prays in a special manner for all such. The Annunciation day and Good Friday fell together last year, (1864), how precious together. In grateful, the most grateful possible commemoration of this double holiday, for one who dates from thence the commencement of her true Catholic life, we would tell how—

Wandering leftward through the desert, very dreary,  
Wandering guiltless through the wilderness till weary,  
Often flitting near, a vision, sweet as angel,  
Almost from her very childhood, bright evangel,

She had come of whom we tell,—

Lifting up her reverent voice,

Pause, O heavens, and rejoice!

Prays from the enchanted dell,

"Mary-Mother! Mary-Mother!

And no other,

Take me for thy daughter, weakest mortal!

Open, Mother, to my feet thy portal!"

And the Virgin heard and led her on

Kindly toward the Garden of her Son.

Gloria, Pater!

Alma Mater,

Gently guiding this poor wanderer on

Toward the Garden of her Son.

Looking upward through the Garden, glorious Garden!  
Saints and angels! Not all human, keeping ward in—  
Sees confessionals and font—wants an absolution,  
Fain would enter, fain would lose the soul's pollution;

Could not enter! Could not enter!

Dare not venture!

Of the altar-path too wary,

Near a crucifix stands Mary;

Could not enter! Could not enter!

Dare not venture!

Mary-Mother mourning for her Son;

Mary sighing, her doth beckon.

Gloria, Pater!

Alma Mater,

Tender mourning for her Son,

Mary weeping, her doth beckon.

O, the bliss to those within! but the getting in;  
But the severing of a heart's besetting sin!  
Looking backward to the apple—Sodom apple,  
Fruitage shining, very shining, fair as fatal,  
Could not leave the gate of Mary—"Gate of Heaven."  
Could not enter; grace to enter not yet given;—

Poor sinner! Poor sinner!

Who will win her?

How her yearnings drift and vary—

Who will have her, earth or Mary?

Gloria, Pater!

Alma Mater,

Working for her suffering Son,

Leaves His Passion-Time, no work undone.

Day of her Annunciation, shall the wiles of sense prevail?

Lol the world and flesh and Satan, fell assail;

But the Virgin's arm is stronger, sure in saving,

And her child is kneeling, potent blessing craving;

Grace is melting! Grace is melting!

Mary sheltering—

Soft, soft-falling as a cloud of love,—

The earth as flooded from above;—

She who knelt in craving sadness,

Rising, all round touched with gladness.

Gloria, Pater!

Alma Mater,

Mary-Mother, working for her Son,

Mary never leaves her work undone.

LUDLOW, VT., 2ND LENT DAY, 1865.

THE MONTH OF MARY—AND PIO NONO.

Translated for the AVE MARIA from the French of G. Aleyni,  
author of "Temporal Power of the Pope."

We commence, and we will continue during the Month of Mary, this admirable work so well known and so justly admired in France. The following extracts, from letters written by the most illustrious French Bishops, are the best in introduction we can give to our American readers.

BORDEAUX, May, '62.

Dear Sir:—I cannot praise too highly the devotedness to the Holy See, which inspired you in "The Temporal Power of the Pope," and "The Month of Mary—and Pio Nono." The latter is a pious and rich idea; it brings to the attention of all the development of an important point of Christian truth, namely; the union of Jesus and Mary, in all times, with all men, and above all with the head of the Church. A union more intimate, even in sufferings, than in joy and glory. The pious faithful, during this blessed month, will love to follow daily with you Pius IX and Mary during their lives. It is not given to all to appreciate this touching narrative; it is rather the portion of the humble and simple, than of the proud and learned; to the first your Month of Mary will do great good.

Accept, Sir, the assurance, etc.,

+ FERDINAND CARDINAL DONET,

Archbishop of Bordeaux.

The Bishop of Arras writes: "You have connected two lives very dear to Catholic hearts;

Smiled the warden, softly serious, smiled upon her,  
Waited she to enter; O, the welcome almost won her!



in one rests our sweetest hope, *spes nostra salve*; in the other our most lively solicitudes, *compati-entur omnia membra*."

Bishop Dupanloup writes: "What I have read interests me exceedingly, and I hope that my occupations will permit me to enjoy the conclusion. Testimonials from sources so high, of the fame this work has received, convinces us that the author has fulfilled a task doubly pious, doubly holy, to make Pius IX known and loved, by making Mary known and loved."

#### FIRST DAY.

Mary predestined to crush the Serpent's Head.  
Plus the Ninth predestined to establish the crowning glory of Mary.

After the serpent had deceived the woman, Almighty God said to him, "because thou hast done this, behold thou art cursed among all animals, and amongst all the beasts of the earth; upon thy breast shalt thou go, and thou shalt eat earth all the days of thy life. I will place enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lay in wait for her heel."

These words of the Lord, which, from the beginning of the world, predicted the coming of an atoning Messiah; these words, which, from the first days of creation, thundered by God's own mouth the same loud praises that the present century, (happy rival of past ages,) continues with so much enthusiasm in honor of Mary, have taken possession of the world and govern it.

Adam not far from the shades of Eden, Jacob in the land of exile, Moses crossing the desert, Solomon surrounded with gold and with glory, Isaias and all the prophets were raised up one after another in the lapse of ages, and, each in his turn, sang either the ruin of the old serpent, or the fall of the sceptre of Juda, when the Expected of Nations should come, or the Star whose light was about to shine upon Jacob, or the mighty Woman, to whom nothing upon earth could be compared, or the Virgin who was to bring forth a Son, the Emmanuel, that is to say, God with us.

For four thousand years, the Virgin of Juda, thus seen by glimpses in the indistinct light of the future, was the spiritual life of the world; for four thousand years, she was the desired of patriarchs, the inspiration of prophets, the pillar of faith, the rainbow of our deliverance; for four thousand years God raised up extraordinary men, to sing His coming and prepare His path.

But the Lord not only kept up the expectation of this august Virgin—not only proved the recollection of the promise in the midst of nations; He wished, also, that she appear on earth as a child privileged by her own right, illuminated with holiness unsullied, sublime, perfect. This

is why the Church, who received her inspirations direct from God, and who, led by this Infallible Guide, can never suffer shipwreck on the shoals of error, the Church, after having recognized Mary in the pages of Holy Writ, recognizes equally and everywhere, in the same book, her innocence without spot: she recognizes her in that miraculous Ark which survived the destruction of the whole human race; in that fair Dove that, sent forth by the patriarch upon the waters of the Deluge, fearing to soil her plumage in the unclean vapors exhalings around her, hastened to turn her flight again towards her master; in that mysterious Bush, which Moses in the desert of Madian saw enveloped in burning flames, without the fire ever abating or the Bush being ever consumed; in that Garden walled in; in that Fountain sealed up, by which the spouse of the canticle typifies in his praises, the exceeding virtues of his chaste companion; and above all, in those words when he says, with all the effusion of his tenderness, and in the holy ecstasy with which her charms inspire him: "Thou art all fair, O my sister, my beloved spouse! thou art all fair, and there is not a spot in thee!"

Yes, the Church had recognized in these various marvels an incontestable image of the spotless innocence of Mary: she had acknowledged it thus, she had taught it, she had practiced it, and nevertheless she left her children free to question this belief—free to reject it, thus rendering the triumph of Mary incomplete, and fully justifying the words addressed to the serpent: "She shall crush thy head, but thou shalt not seek the less to lie in wait for her heel."

An Angel had saluted the Virgin, full of grace; Saint Elizabeth had proclaimed her, blessed among all women; Mary had prophesied herself that all generations should call her blessed; still was there not something wanting to that beauty—that excellence—that transcendence of her glory, as long as the world was permitted to raise a doubt that the august Mother of Jesus might not have received from Heaven a complete and inalienable sanctity? It seemed, then, that God still owed to the earth another manifestation of truth; but to announce this new marvel to humble mortals, where should He go this time to choose His herald? The adorable Trinity had sent already its Second Person,—the angelic host had deputed also its archangel Gabriel, this time, then, it was humanity's turn, this time the lips were mortal, (in honor of the humanity of His Son,) that God selected to proclaim the final revelation which He has designed to make.

\* \* \*

A man, then, was chosen from all eternity to place the crown on Mary's earthly glory, as Abraham was chosen to be the father of believers,



Moses to rescue Israel from the tyranny of Pharaoh, Josue to lead the holy people into the Promised Land, Samuel to consecrate the first King of Juda, Solomon to build the first Temple to the Eternal, Booz to recompense the piety of Ruth, Daniel to exalt the innocence of the chaste Susanna, Mardocheus to procure the elevation and the reign of Esther, Saint Joseph to be the guardian and the protector of the virginity of the humble daughter of Joachim and Ann, and this man is the Sovereign Pontiff who now fills so gloriously the chair of Saint Peter: this man is Pius the Ninth.

Admire the love with which God has loved him, and his happiness in the choice that has been made of him. It is eighteen hundred years since the Church of Jesus Christ began to extend over the universe her pacific sway. For three hundred years, her generous and fruitful blood flowed freely for the defense of the Gospel everywhere: in Rome, Italy, Gaul, Spain, Great-Britain, in short, throughout all Europe, whilst Africa and Asia sent the army of the faith myriads of confessors, and legions of martyrs; and yet amongst them all, the Lord did not select one to tell the world to what degree His Divine Mother was the object of His eternal complacency.

Two hundred and fifty-eight Popes have come in their turns to take their seats on the indestructible throne of the chief of the Apostles. Sixty-seven of them have merited, by their virtue and by their sanctity, to have their names inscribed upon the roll of Saints whom the Church invokes and honors. God also marks with the seal of His election those whom the future will see crowned with the same tiara, elevated upon the same throne. He is delighted in anticipation with their knowledge, with their piety, with their courage, with their zeal, and yet among them all He chose no one to proclaim the dogma which elevates Mary so high, and which so rejoices our faith.

Besides the Roman Pontiff, so magnificent in merits of every kind, we see exalted a multitude of persons according to the heart of God. Great cities, small villages, country places and deserts, each has had the honor to furnish its glorious contingent; kings, princes, subjects, priests, doctors, religious seculars, all have gloriously advanced to form the sacred battalions of the immortal phalanx; and yet, among them all, there was none whom the Most High would graciously select to honor Mary, as He had decreed that she should one day be honored. To Pius the Ninth alone belongs the singular privilege of having been designed in the Eternal Counsels to realize in Mary what four thousand years had first manifested by every type, and

under every figure,—what eighteen centuries had then pondered, meditated, praised, glorified, without ever daring to affirm as an eternal truth! To Pius the Ninth belongs the distinguished praise of having brought down to our times the long chain of those patriarchs and prophets whose predictions and prayers made Mary the love and the hope of the world, even before her actual appearance. Finally, alone to Pius the Ninth belongs the honor of having set the future at rest in regard to the Immaculate Conception, as the great Jehovah formerly set the past at rest by His power, as Jesus obliterated it in the Redemption.

Let us say no more to-day, Children of Mary; but so disposing ourselves, all in the best feelings of our hearts, as to profit by the lessons which will continue to be offered us in this holy place during this blessed month, let us place ourselves on our knees and say to God:

"Lord, Thou hast given us Mary for our Mother; it is her virtues which we come to study, which we desire to put into practice, which Thou dost will to make our course here below, that we may participate in her merits before Thee. They say, O Lord, that Thy holy servant, Pius the Ninth, our spiritual Father, affords us a glorious example of the love we owe to that well-beloved Queen; we would study under his teachings; vouchsafe to prepare in us a docile heart; bless our intentions, we beg of Thee, O Lord!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### A DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

From Cardinal Wiseman's "Sermons on our Lord and His Blessed Mother."

You come and tell me that it is folly to think more of them [the Saints], that they are dead, and forever gone, whose bones are crumbled to dust, whose souls have forgotten men. And I ask in return, Is it your opinion that heaven is a place in which, whatever is honorable to man, whatever is most precious to his soul, whatever is most beautiful in his nature, after the corruption of sin has defiled it, that love, in short, which is the very nature of God, is a thing not only unknown there, but banished thence and never to be admitted? Tell me, then, that you consider heaven to be a place, in which the soul is to be employed for eternity in looking or diving into the unfathomable abyss of love which God is, and seeing that that love is a love not merely sleeping and inactive, but exercising itself in ten thousand ways, with all the resources of infinite power; and yet believe that in that ocean you must not love what God loves.—(p. 297).

And now you will understand that there must



be a scale of love. . . . And the rule is one simple and obvious enough to all who have ever considered the prerogatives of God's saints. We honor them, we esteem them, we love them, we believe them to have influence, in proportion as they are nearer to God. The martyr who has done the utmost that man can do, who, by giving his life for Christ, has shown the greatest love that man can bear, must be placed far above those who have not attained this privilege, and who consequently plead not that same intensity of love. The apostles, who were the immediate followers and companions of the Son of God in life, whom He chose to be with Him in His trials, to whom He committed His full power on earth, who, in addition to martyrdom like others, had also the glory of being His messengers over the whole world—they are naturally placed in a higher sphere, nearer the throne of God, more closely approaching Him, more vividly beholding Him, enjoying greater familiarity and more intimate union with the affections of their divine Master. Then what shall we say of her whom God chose to adhere in every time and place to the Redeemer of the world, His own Word incarnate; so that never for a moment was she allowed to be willingly separated from Him? . . . If the closeness with which any one was privileged to stand by our Lord on earth is the criterion of the place occupied in heaven, and of the prerogatives there granted, who can doubt that she, the most blessed Virgin Mary, has a place in the court of her Son, such as is granted to none other?—(pp. 299, 300).

Another beautiful passage is found in the Sermon on the Veneration of the Blessed Virgin:—

Our blessed Redeemer is the real Sun of justice, who alone can shine on our hearts with that saving power and grace, through which alone we can attain our reward; and it is only He, that brilliant Sun in the firmament of heaven and the Church, who can enlighten our faith, warm our hope, and enkindle our charity; for from Him alone comes grace, from Him alone is light, from Him alone is life. But tell me, is it less that same Sun, or is He less to you when, instead of being viewed directly in all His dazzling brilliancy, He comes on you mellowed, as it were, through the storied window, bearing imprinted on His own rays the effigies of saints and angels who would have no existence there but for His light; for all was dark, shapeless, colorless, until His rays came; and then on a sudden He gave them light and color, and He shaped them into form, and He softened His own radiance as He shone through them; but without Him they had no existence. And so the Church contemplates through the saints the glory of the

Son of God. In their own nature they were sinful, frail, and helpless; but they have been the medium through which the rays of divine grace have passed, and as they so shone, they have had their brilliancy made enduring.—(p. 304).

The contemplation of the glory of the saints and of their dignity and joy, so far from drawing away our thoughts and hopes from God, doth rather raise them up more gently from the earth, to fly towards him. For one who should wish to contemplate the beauty of a glorious summer's day would not go forth and boldly raise his eyes, and fix them upon the burning luminary, from which all its radiance and warmth proceed, well knowing that he would thereby only dazzle and afflict his sight; but rather, casting them lower, he would let them wander over the milder diversity of Nature's face. Or, if possible, he would rest them upon a well-tilled garden; and as he there observed the rich variety of shape, and hue, and fragrance, and loveliness in the flowers that surrounded him, remembering that all these divers forms and qualities are but the reflection and production of that source of light which brings them into being, he would thereby conceive a sweeter and livelier idea of that day's splendor, and of that luminary's benefits, than if he had at once gazed upon his brightness. And in like manner, when we wish to meditate upon the glories of God's eternal day, we will not at once dart our glance on that Father of lights, who dwelleth in light inaccessible, but rather will pause to meditate upon the beauties of his heavenly Eden; and when we contemplate assembled together the unstained Virgin and the empurpled martyr, and the triumphant apostle, and all the other orders of heavenly beings, with one rising above the rest, and uniting in herself the excellencies of them all; and when, moreover, we remember that all these charms are but emanations and reflections of His effulgence, we shall assuredly form a truer and more consoling estimate of His beauty and beneficence and mighty power, than if we had awed and overwhelmed our minds by sternly gazing upon His splendor.—(p. 310).

In the Sermon on Devotion to the Blessed Virgin occur these words:—

We may imagine how, then, the whole of heaven was moved at seeing her approach, and how the angels and saints may indeed have said: "Who is this so wonderfully favored, now coming up from that desert below, flowing with delights, flowing with graces, with majesty and beauty?" If to others have been granted these gifts to the fullness of the cup, her fulness is that of the fountain overflowing ever, and yet ever



at the full. And she is introduced not as others might be, led by guardian angel or patron saint through the opening ranks of that celestial host to the throne of God, and there kneeling before the faithful Rewarder of His servants, hear those words spoken, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," but from the door of Heaven, leaning, in the full confidence of love, on her beloved, as a bride on her bridegroom, as a mother may lean on her son.—(p. 291).

A similar passage is found in another sermon :

If the saints in heaven have golden vials given them; as we are told in the Apocalypse, filled with our prayers, as with sweet odors, which they pour out before the throne of God; with what fragrance must those be endowed which are shed from hers? . . . And if the Word of God has told us that Jesus, ascended into heaven, has prepared corresponding emblems of reward for every state of holiness, golden harps for the patriarchs, and robes of whiteness for the virgins, and palms for the martyrs, and seats of judgment for the Apostles, and crowns of glory for all that love Him, by what emblem shall we describe the reward which must have been bestowed upon her, who closed the line of patriarchal holiness, forming, as it were, the wall of separation between the two covenants; who, though a mother, was pure so as no virgin else was ever pure; whose martyrdom of inward grief was deemed by the Spirit of God fit matter of holy prophecy; who with the Apostles received the unction of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, and who alone of all mankind could say that she had loved Jesus with a mother's love.—(p. 321).

For the AVE MARIA.

OUR LADY'S LILIES.

You wonder why my tropic lilies thrive  
In this small room, this crowded busy hive  
I call my home,  
More freely than beneath thy marble dome,  
And then declare  
Some charm lies in my touch or in the air,  
And this is why my lilies bloom so fair.

Sweet friend—the mystery I will frankly tell;  
Upon it let thy heart one moment dwell;  
The lilies know  
As well as you and I where they will go,  
And from the root  
Their snow-white arrows ever duly shoot,  
Our Lady's feasts with gladness to salute.

Our Lady's place, her own dear Son beside,  
Is where her lilies ever choose to bide,  
And there adore  
In ecstasy of silence evermore:  
Their perfumes plead  
For us, poor pilgrims, in our sorest need,  
And Jesus must his Mother's lilies heed. E. A. S.

THE LEGEND OF THE LITANIES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Such is the title of a touching work, published in France, by L. d'Appilly. In our first number we republish one of these interesting legends, and during the year we will give the entire series to the readers of the AVE MARIA.

"The Legend is the poetry of faith; a gracious Rambler, she passes through all ages, gleaning with careful hand, the souvenir of pilgrimages, the flowers of piety, and traditionary lore.

"Nothing limits her boundary; she embraces all events wherein she recognizes the action of God. Sometimes her voice is heard in the wild, shrill sound of the clarion, chanting in martial tunes the wars and revolutions whose tumult has shaken the earth. Sometimes she descends, chaste messenger, into the Virgin's cell; or again, folding her wings she seats herself by the fireside of the poor, and keeps watch over the cradle of the orphan. She mingles in the mighty roar of the multitude; and again, she is counting the pious beatings of the hearts of the Saints. She is not abashed by the majesty of kings, but her delight is to dwell among the poor, among those whose simple and innocent hearts render them worthy the society of Angels."

Such is the definition of the legend as given by d'Appilly at the commencement of the preface of his charming work. It is in this manner the author understands this *poetry* of faith, this gracious Rambler who goes through cities and countries, into lofty palaces and lowly huts, through vallies and forests, into superb temples enriched with gold, and into simple oratories ornamented with freshly-blown flowers. The Legend reads prayer and virtue in pure hearts. She suspects keen remorse has deepened the furrows upon the forehead of the guilty; she seeks the tear of repentance in the depths of the soul, and with these rich and fruitful gleanings she composes a garland in which every flower is a magnificent and supernatural recompense for purity, faith and repentance, but she crowns the guilty with the rigor of justice.

Composed and understood in this manner, the legend is not only exceedingly entertaining but infinitely useful; for should not every writer consecrate his pen and talents to praising what is good and blaming what is bad? We have many ways of doing this, but no form seems better to us than the legend, because it interests and captivates the attention, it is an aid to history, and it fixes in the mind a moral lesson which would not otherwise be retained.

The end then which we propose, in giving these legends to the readers of the AVE MARIA, is to



awaken and nourish a tender devotion to the Mother of God, and to prove that her assistance never fails her servants, it matters not how desperate their cause may seem. Notwithstanding the skeptical and mocking tone of the philosophers of the nineteenth century, Mr. d'Appilly goes frankly towards the end he has in view. United to the charms of a pure and concise diction, each legend presents a skilfully constructed scene, artistically arranged, upon which the actors are brought in the most natural manner, and perform their parts to the very life. The style of Mr. d'Appilly seems formed to give us in all the artless simplicity and beauty of truth, life-like pictures of the faith of our fathers, and as such we recommend them to our readers.

#### LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Translated for the AVE MARIA.

No. 1.

THE PRISONER OF WAR: A Legend by L. d'Appilly.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

GOD WILLS IT.

It was the heroic age of Christianity; the Spirit of God had made the nations of Western Europe His chosen people. In the heart of these nations, still young and full of vitality, the noble fire of heroism was kindled, and faith covering the earth with miracles, had changed the savage hardihood of barbarians into that admirable Christian valor which is the ornament of modern history.

Europe was agitated to its very foundations. Saint Bernard was summoning the brave for a second time to the Crusade. His eloquence renewed, so it is said, the prodigy which accompanied the first preaching of the Gospel: Belgians, Germans, natives of Provence and of Normandy, inhabiting, as they did, different lands, and speaking different dialects, each one of his auditors understood clearly the language of the Holy Abbot. From the banks of the Danube to the foot of the Pyrenees, but one sole cry was to be heard, a cry flying from mouth to mouth, and repeated by the answering echoes: "God wills it."

Yes, God willed it, for Asia and Africa were groaning under the yoke of the Koran, and the foul creed of Mahomet menaced the Empire of Christ on the south, on the east, and on the west; for the Christians were exhausting their own strength in fratricidal war; for the nobility, who were the only land-owners, were crushing their vassals, and thereby ultimately impoverishing themselves. Communities must be multiplied, to purchase back with money their own rights and liberties. The serf must be made the companion in arms, and the friend of his lord; he must lie beneath the same tent, and drink the water of the same torrent from the same cup. The Cru-

sader must bring back from beyond the sea, that taste for the arts and for poetry, which the West, since the dissolution of the Roman Empire, had lost. Chivalry, in fine, must establish a new right, more powerful than the blind right of arms, and of brute force, that weakness and infancy may have their champions and protectors.

The spirit of adventure boiled in the blood of Europeans. The warriors who fought and bled with Godfrey de Bouillon, and founded the kingdom of Jerusalem, had, on their return, vaunted the marvels of Oriental cities, and the charms of the delightful climes they had visited.

Their tales, embellished by the poetry of romance, had inflamed the fancy of all; besides, a religious motive prompted every baron to take the cross. Was there one, who, looking sincerely into his conscience, found there no crimes to be expiated? Multitudes, therefore, armed themselves for these warlike pilgrimages. The emperor of Germany led the van; the king of France wore the cross as his proudest insignia. Dukes, earls and barons, published the Crusade through their territories. The peasants rallied round their feudal lords, and the towns-people contributed their money towards the expenses of the holy expedition.

Berenger de Montier could not stay shut up in the gloomy walls of his ancestral castle, whilst his neighbors were flocking to Palestine to earn glory, indulgences, and perhaps kingdoms. But spurred as he was to emulation by the glorious examples around, his heart could scarce consent to part from his beloved wife, Etiennette. He could not bring himself to mention the subject to her; but the courageous lady herself took the initiative. She had early suspected the design of her husband; he was constrained and embarrassed in her presence. She saw him make, in secret, preparations for war, buying horses, accumulating resources, and she would not stop the warrior by her unworthy tears, but summoning all her courage she addressed him thus:

"My lord, I know that you have formed the design of going to fight the infidels. Although to part with you will grieve my inmost heart, it would be a sin for me to be an obstacle in your way. Depart then! If your absence exposes me to danger, I shall look to the Church for refuge and aid. I am too weak to follow you; but whilst you serve God by your valor, I shall pray Saint Hubert and the Blessed Virgin to guard you from wounds and captivity; and when you return covered with glory, the Baroness of Montier will be proud to call you husband!"

She embroidered with her own hands the silken cross upon her husband's shoulder; and when the day of departure arrived, after having received with firmness his last farewell kisses at



the castle gate, she ascended a turret to watch him gallop over the plain at the head of his esquires and men-at-arms, until he was completely out of sight.

Berenger was one of the hardest warriors of his time. He was tall in stature, and possessed of prodigious bodily strength. His coat of steel-ringed mail was no weight upon his robust frame. His mighty arm was equally skillful in the use of the battle-axe, the sword and the lance. Among all the most redoubtable heroes of Provence, there were very few that would dare to enter the lists against him, for he had never been overcome.

He had raised his vizor and the sun shone full upon his noble countenance, embrowned by the toils of war; his forehead and his raven locks were hidden by his helmet, but the lightnings flashed from his black and sparkling eyes. A rough beard covered the lower part of his face, but did not conceal his firm-set mouth; and such was the martial appearance of his whole figure, that the most phlegmatic could not contemplate it without admiration, and his very look was sufficient to inspire terror.

His was a fierce and still half-savage nature. The energetic passions of his barbaric ancestors were not entirely stifled within his breast. The politeness of a count had not enervated his character. The science of arms had been the sole study of his life, and constant practice had continually increased his natural courage.

But, nevertheless among these savage instincts his heart was truly noble; hatred and resentment found no place in his bosom. Terrible and implacable during the strife, when he had overcome he raised his fallen foe, and forgot his anger. Danger had an irresistible attraction for him, and he felt continually impelled by an interior force to attempt the impossible; he disdained an easy triumph, and the weak had nothing to fear from him. He loved to wander, as a knight-errant, in search of adventures, to avenge the oppressed, to humble tyrants, and to sustain his honor against all who presumed to defy him. Obstinate and intrepid, when he had resolved upon any enterprise, nothing could turn him aside from it. He despised all fraud or stratagem, and met every obstacle face to face, preferring to die rather than to surrender.

There was but one person in the world capable of ruling this indomitable spirit: it was the Lady Etienne; she was fragile and delicate, but she could make this giant tremble. Docile to her as a slave, he bowed to her will in every event; he read his duty in the eyes of his wife, ashamed when she found anything to blame, proud and happy where she thought fit to praise. During the winter festivities when the lady Etienne,

appeared in the banqueting hall, drunkenness itself became mute; she raised her finger to command and the most insolent dare not disobey. The devotion of the soldiers to her bordered on fanaticism; there was not one of her husband's vassals but would have leaped from the topmost tower upon upturned pikes, at the slightest nod of her head.

It was to her weakness that the Baroness owed her power. Still young, lovely and graceful, she was all the world in the eyes of her husband. He set but a low value on the strength and manly virtues with which he was himself so largely endowed, but he carried to idolatry his worship of modesty and grace.

The same sentiments ruled his faith. He adored God because he believed Him more powerful than himself, and he feared Him, although he could not understand how He could have permitted His Only Son to have been murdered by despicable Jews. He laughed at hell, and the devils; but the image of our Blessed Lady was to him the symbol of all his faith. He desired Heaven because it was blessed with her sweet presence. He cared not for the society of angels, whose incorporeal shapes were beyond his comprehension; Paradise was to him the vision and the presence of the Holy Virgin. He loved to recommend himself to her: God appeared so much above him, and he had but slender confidence in the celestial credit of the saints. It is true that Mary had never been deaf to his prayers. When any one mentioned Her name, his usual sternness gave way to a more tender air. He would have joyfully shed every drop of his blood for Her, and perhaps it was because he recognized Her form under that of Etienne, that he submitted so completely to the dominion of his wife.

These two affections, the only ones rooted in his heart since the death of his mother, had taken entire possession of the bosom of Berenger, no other creature had discovered the way to inspire him with attachment. He did not love his esquire Rayboul, in spite of many services received from him. Rayboul was brave, but cunning and sly, and the blackest treachery would have cost him but little remorse, if he could gain anything by it. Berenger had frequently owed both his success and his safety to the stratagems of his esquire; but he despised him, even for the very craft that contrived them.

He had more regard for the noble courser upon which he rode. This fiery animal, the companion of all his labors, coated with mail like his master, but galloping as if untrammelled, inhaling the free air with dilated nostril, and curvetting nobly, dashed on in advance of the other horses, which he took pride in keeping in his rear.



For the AVE MARIA.  
COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED.

Softly on the bending blossoms,  
The lengthening shadows fall:—  
Shadows weigh on thousand bosoms,  
Heavier on mine than all,  
Heavy as some trailing pall,  
To think this sweet sky is bending  
Over a blood-trampled plain!  
And to fear a heart is spending  
All its cherished life in pain,  
While I weep and weep in vain!

How can I soothe my heart's asking  
Of things which I cannot know?  
How strive, human power o'ertasking,  
Human bonds to burst, and go,  
Where, perchance, *he* lieth low.  
Oh! skill, that draws down the lightning  
Your messages swift to bear,  
Science, whom there is no fright'ning  
From searching earth, sea and air,  
Find a way to take me *there*!

There, where all my thoughts are flying,  
Where all my heart burns to be,  
Ah! vain my soul's frantic crying,  
Science here must pow'rless be,  
There can be no help for me!  
Beyond, beyond all human power  
I dare to lift my sad eyes,  
In the agony of this hour  
Swiftly up my thoughts arise  
To the gates of Paradise.

All my fears, intensely human,  
Vanish at His great white throne;  
One stands there intensely woman,  
Who has woman's sorrows known,  
And now makes my cause her own.  
By the Cross I see her standing  
Powerless to aid or save,  
Not so much as water handing  
That thorn-piercéd brow to lave,  
Ere she gives him to the grave.

Her's the land that *he* is shielding,—  
Sweetest land beneath the sun!  
So to her his dear life yielding,  
Though it should be lost or won,  
My repinings all are done.  
Her's from high mount to far prairie,  
Forest, river, land and sea,  
Consecrate are to thee, Mary,  
America belongs to thee;  
Oh, keep thy land pure and free!

Bend down thine eyes, tender, loving,  
As a queen upon her knights;  
From their hearts all stains removing,  
Raise them to the christian's heights,  
Where no foe but sin affrights,  
That if the shadows lengthening  
Our all of earth life must take,  
In thine thus true hearts strengthening,  
Will not feel that all forsake,  
And sleep, in thy home to wake.

S. M. B.

Translated for the AVE MARIA.  
THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST;  
OR,  
THE NEW MONTH OF MARY.

BY JOHN DE VICQ, DOCTOR IN THEOLOGY.

PREFACE.

The first time that there appeared to my young soul the possibility of being a Priest, in other words, of exercising here upon earth the functions of ambassador of Christ, of appearing as another Word, a messenger of the divine will, chief of a faithful people, defender of the truth, father of the poor and of those who suffer, official mediator between the guilty creature and the angered Creator; of being the guardian of the mystic keys which open so that no one can shut, and which shut so that no one can open; of enjoying the ineffable right of approaching God, of confining Him in an humble symbol by uttering words of consecration. I was conscious of my vocation.

Another thought influenced me, and I confess that it influences me still; it was to fulfill a mission which, under a multitude of considerations, coincided with that of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The choice of this Virgin of Israel, among the obscure ranks of the people, her retreat to the temple, her vow of virginity, her divine maternity, the part that she has taken in the redemption of men, the ideal of Christian perfection which she has realized and which she desires to see realized in others, all this existence, finally, was for me the anticipated picture of what the Priest of the New Law should be. We need not reflect long to see, in fact, the similitude of these two destinies; the one is nothing but the reproduction of the other, they have the same point of departure and the same point of arrival, and in their mysterious courses they always keep side by side, and sometimes unite.

This thought, which the Immaculate Virgin has caused to arise in my heart, has appeared to me grand, beautiful and productive, and for the first time I have experienced regret for not having the profound genius which comprehends, and the brilliant eloquence which compels to understand, in order to attract the attention of my brethren in the priesthood with respect to the admirable relations between the Mother of God and ourselves, her devoted servants.

I do not present the work to those who search after, even in their meditations, beauty of style and elevation of thought, but rather to those who tenderly love the good Virgin, and take delight in contemplating the grandeur of their own destiny, in order to conform their conduct to it.



From the first page, the reader will perceive that I have endeavored to give only the opinion of the Holy Fathers. You are witness to me, Holy Virgin, that I do seek neither glory of originality, nor the praises of men, but the extension of your veneration, of your love among the sacerdotal orders, and for myself a smile of your compassion now and at the hour of my death.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL RELATIONS OF SIMILITUDE BETWEEN MARY AND THE PRIEST.

"There are three things," says Saint Thomas Aquinas, "which derive from infinite good a sort of *infinite* dignity, namely: the holy humanity by this alone that it is united to the Word of God; the Blessed Virgin by this alone that she is the Mother of God; the created beatitude by this alone that it is the immediate intuition of God. So that nothing can be better or more *excellent* than these things."

As is seen, the question here is concerning the supernatural world and the three chefs-d'œuvre that the creation of this new world embraces. Christ, Mary, Heaven, constitute then the sacred hierarchy established by an angelic mouth; to the two extremities of the mysterious scale, God giving himself to be known and enjoyed; in the middle, an incomparable being, surpassing all created nature, and enrapturing by her supernatural beauty the enthusiasm and love of mortals.

But the Priest, also, is a chef-d'œuvre of the New Law; and if the angelic Doctor does not mention him in the quotation we have given above, it is because he wished to designate the great and last manifestation of God by these culminating points. But in not naming him, he has not pretended to exclude him; for these three words, Jesus Christ, Mary, the intuitive vision, express all; the Church, the dogma, the sacraments, the beginning, the means and the end, the primordial cause and the final term the consequence of all the rest. Now, the Church, in one sense, is the Priest, *ubi Petrus ibi ecclesia*, (where Peter is, there is the Church); the dogma is the Priest, *fides ex auditu*, (faith from hearing); the sacraments are the priest, *dispensatores mysteriorum Dei*, (dispensers of the mysteries of God).

The Priest was as necessary to spread the knowledge of Jesus Christ as Mary to give birth to Him. He is, then, included in the grand Christian epopee, and he there acts with the Blessed Virgin a principal part. This truth could not have escaped the penetrating look of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church; and they

have expressed it in a thousand circumstances and in a thousand manners. We can even say that if they have had enthusiasm, it is principally for these two privileged creatures, the Mother and the Priest of Jesus Christ. They have accumulated in some degree around these two august characters all that was exalted in their language, brilliant in their imagination, sweet and tender in their piety!

Let us listen to St. Peter Damien speaking of the Immaculate Virgin: *Taceat et contremiscat omnis creatura et vix audeat aspicere tante dignitatis immensitatem*, (Serm. de Nat. Virg.) (Let every creature be silent and tremble and scarcely dare to gaze upon the immensity of such dignity.)

The picture of a woman exercising power over God, and of a God submissive to a woman, astounds Saint Bernard: *Utrunque stupor, utrinque miraculum!* (Super Miss.) (Everywhere amazement and wonder!)

"If I call you Heaven," says Saint Jerome, "you are still higher; if I call you *Mother of nations*, you are more than that: *Living form of God*, you are worthy of it; *Queen of Angels*, you will verify it!" (Feast of the Assumption.)

In a word, according to the Holy Fathers, Mary is not God, but she is, after God, superior to all others.

Is the question concerning the Priest? They use the same ideas and almost the same expressions: *Sacerdos est miraculum stupendum!* (St. Ephrem, de Sacerd.) (The priest is an amazing wonder!)

"*O Sacerdos Dei, si altitudinem cœli contemplanis, altior es. . . si discretionem angelorum, discretior es; si omnium Dominorum sublimitatem, sublimior es.*" (O Priest of God, if you contemplate the height of heaven, you are higher. . . if the discretion of angels, you are more discreet; if the sublimity of all earthly rulers, you are more sublime.) Cassian, in *Catal. glor.*)

"God has elevated you," says Saint Bernard to the Priests, "over the angels and archangels, thrones and dominions." (*Ad past in Syn.*)

And Pope Saint Clement has said all by this word: *Post Deum, terrenus Deus.* (*Constat. apost.*) (After God, God terrene.)

These comparisons, which we could have multiplied *ad infinitum*, already astonish by their singularity; they will astonish us much more if we remark that their reason of being consists in their identity of motives. Why, in fact, this immense enthusiasm for the Blessed Virgin? Because all her existence relates to our redemption, because she has personally contributed to it by giving birth to Jesus Christ, and because such privileges have given her a power and au-



thority unlimited, and because she has devoted this power and influence to the service of the Church militant, and the whole human race; in other terms, because, "in the holy and admirable purchase, which God came to make upon earth, as Saint Augustine says, she has been his principal instrument. Now, all this can be said of the Priest. In ascending to Heaven, Christ has not interrupted his purchase, his ransom of sinners upon earth. He has deposited among us the cause of our safety; He has left to us His blood, the price of our redemption; individuals and nations can invoke Him to the end of time, and they should invoke Him even because He alone possesses the reparative and redemptive power of original sin.

Therefore, it was necessary for God to have some agents to represent Him among men, to gather together souls from all parts of the universe and communicate to them the benefit of divine mercy and love. The Priests are these divine agents, these intendants of Jesus Christ. While Christ, near his Father in Heaven is transacting the affairs of men, the Priests among men transact those of God; they continue His work, or rather, as Saint Thomas says, it is Jesus Christ who continues to act in making use of the Priests.

As well as Mary, the Priest is, then, the instrument of God, *instrumentum Dei tanquam principalis agentis*; he is the arm of God, the mouth of God, the heart of God, his representative, his vicar, the *Vice-God*, according to the bold translation of father Ventura, *sacerdotes sui ipsius vicarios reliquit*. (Council of Trent.)

Besides, the life of the Priest, similar to that of the august Virgin, gravitates only around the same centre, Jesus. It is for Jesus that he is in the world; it is in view of Him that he enters into solitude and prepares his heart for the sublime grace of his vocation; for Him that he crosses the threshold of the Sanctuary. His mission is also to implant Him in souls, to erect for Him a throne in every heart, and cause Him to be adored in the manger, to bring Him to Egypt, to follow Him to Golgotha.

By her sublime functions, Mary, already great in the eyes of God, is exalted and becomes elevated in the eyes of men. Her countenance appears in the Church of Christ as a vivifying sun; the generations of men become civilized under her influence; she becomes the Queen of all hearts; France, in particular, glories in being her country, *Regnum Gallie, regnum Marie*, (The Kingdom of Gaul is the Kingdom of Mary). By his functions, not less sublime, the Priest, already great in the eyes of God, grows equally great in the eyes of men. The people, dazzled by the halo of glory with which his divine

character surrounds him, come to throw themselves into his arms. At the contact of his heart the ferocity of barbarians makes room for evangelical mildness; he produces civilization as the rose-bush produces the rose; and an English Protestant, in other words, a man a double enemy to France, is compelled by the force of evidence to confess that France is the work of the Priests as the hive is the work of the swarm.

In whatever light we view Mary, either in a moral, dogmatic, or historic point of view, in the divine plan or in herself, in her privileges or her destiny, the same phenomena are reproduced by analogy in the Priest, and almost identically. One could say they are as two rivers issuing from the hollow of the same rock, Christ Jesus, *Petra autem erat Christus*, (But the rock was Christ), and whose abundant waters carry to mankind life and fecundity. It is from Mary and the Priest that we possess every spiritual blessing that we have; from Mary, as the primitive channel of every grace; from the Priest, as actual dispenser of the same favors. So that we can apply to the Priest as well as to Mary, these words of Saint Bernard: *qui (Deus) totius boni plenitudinem posuit in Maria; ut proinde, si quid spei in nobis est, si quid gratiæ, si quid salutis, ab ea noverimus redundare*. Serm. de Aqueductu. (Who (God) placed the plenitude of every good in Mary; that therefore, if there is any hope in us, if any grace, if any safety, we may know that it abounds through her.)

O, Virgin! our pride takes delight in setting forth the sublimity of the sacerdotal character with which we are invested; with ardor we call the amplifications of piety, in order to elevate ourselves, to magnify ourselves, and we leave in the shade that which would humiliate us. It is just that, before showing in their details the mysterious relations of our mission and of yours, we resume our place. We are only ashes, dust, nothingness, sin; to you, honor, praise, virtue and glory belong: *tibi virtus, honor et gloria!*  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COSTLY apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances as man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it most certainly and necessarily grows. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His books and teachers are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in case of emergency, all his mental power in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object.



For the AVE MARIA.  
MAY.

Arise ye, O my brothers, for the dawning of the morn  
Calls us to the feast of flowers, of the joyous spring-  
time born,  
Heaven is smiling sweetly o'er us; earth, beneath  
our gladsome tread,  
Yields her wealth of floral jewels over vale and up-  
land spread.

Let us twine the brightest blossoms for our Mother  
Mary's shrine,  
From the woodland and the homestead wheresoe'er  
their beauties shine;  
Here the pure majestic lily with her chalices of snow,  
There the sweet and lowly violet doth her choicest  
virtues show.

Then the rose, of all the fairest, we will twine amidst  
our wreath,  
And the fragile little harebell, and the many-colored  
heath,—  
Lend your beauty and your fragrance, O coy lily of  
the vale,  
Showing forth our Mother's sweetness, modest  
floweret, fair and pale.

All the thousand blossoms round us, in their varied  
form and hue,  
Mirror forth the sweet perfections that her children  
love to view—  
As the little drops of ocean faintly image to our sight,  
In their tiny, changeful sparkle, all its glory and its  
light.

But the welcome call is sounding from the sweet-  
voiced belfry towers—  
To our Holy Mother's altar go, ye lovely, radiant  
flowers;  
Let your little perfumed censers, as ye nestle at her  
feet,  
Mingle with our loving worship, her Immaculate to  
greet.

V. S. WILLIAMS.

#### DEVOTION OF SAILORS TO MARY.

*Star of the Sea.*

CAUDEBEC AND GREENWICH.

One of the most favorite of the resorts of aged  
seamen, after having passed a toilsome and weary  
life on the stormy ocean, is the town of Caudebec,  
in Normandy, situate on the banks of the Seine,  
the river which flows through the French capi-  
tal. The gem of this town is the Church, which  
Henry IV declared to be "the most beautiful  
chapel he had ever seen." This church is a rich  
specimen of French decorated gothic, and is  
covered with beautiful sculpture, and delicate  
lace-like carving. Its parapet is composed of  
letters, forming the hymn "*Salve Regina*," and  
it is surmounted by a lovely crocheted spire,  
which forms one of the most striking objects  
seen by the traveler sailing up the Seine. The  
chapel of our Blessed Lady, in this Church, is  
dedicated to her under the invocation of "*Star  
of the Sea*," and great is the devotion of the old  
sailors of Caudebec to their sweet guide. Here,

when tempestuous weather threatens, they flock  
in crowds, to pray to her to calm the waves;  
here come wives to pray for the safe return of  
their husbands—mothers, to beg her to guard  
their sons—and blushing maidens to pray for  
the constancy and safety of their lovers.

No country in the world ever gave a nobler  
retreat to her old seamen than England. Situ-  
ated on the Thames, the river which flows past  
London, stands Greenwich, and towering over  
the domes of its splendid palace hospital, may  
be seen a spire, with a crown-surmounted star,  
which rises from the side of Greenwich park.  
This spire belongs to the "Church of our Lady,  
Star of the Sea," justly esteemed one of the most  
beautiful of modern Churches erected after the  
style of old merry Catholic England. It is also  
of the second pointed, or decorated period, with  
a noble tower and graceful spire, with a lovely  
figure of our Lady, star-crowned, smiling sweetly  
down upon all who enter her sanctuary, while  
amid rich foliage, boldly stands forth many an  
"*Ave Maris Stella*"—

"Hail! Queen of Heaven! the ocean Star!"

This Church is destined to be the house of  
prayer for the Catholic seamen of England and  
Ireland, who have fought Britannia's foes and  
won the victory, and now are laid by to spend  
the remainder of their days in working to secure  
a safe and sure passage to the haven of their  
hopes, through Mary's intercession:

"Mother of Christ, Star of the Sea!  
Pray for thy seamen, pray for me!"

#### REVIEW OF EUROPEAN JOURNALS IN HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

##### LE ROSIER DE MARIE.

1. *Correspondence from Rome.*
2. *Association of Families Consecrated to the Holy Fam-  
ily of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.*

The character of St. Joseph is beautifully  
portrayed as being in the design and by the  
choice of God the head of the Holy family. In  
our next number we will give the translation of  
this admirable article.

3. *The Glory of the Immaculate Mary—The future  
Triumphs of the Church, (continued). Motives  
for Hope. Motives for Hope in the Social Or-  
der. The Depravity of Morals.*
4. *The Month of St. Joseph, (conclusion).*
5. *Antiquity of Devotion to Mary, (continued). Evan-  
gelical Devotion. Mary Honored by her Di-  
vine Son.*
6. *News from the Departments.*
7. *Historical account of the Sanctuary of St. Joseph of  
Valence.*
8. *Foreign News.*
9. *Oriental Missions.*
10. *The Parterre of Jesus, (poetry).*
11. *Religious Record.*



## IL GIARDENETTO DI MARIA.

1. *The Annunciation*, (a pastoral dialogue).
2. *Glories of Mary in the First and Second Ages of the Church*, (continued).

In this number is commenced the list of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, whose writings and lives have praised the Mother of God. The first names given are St. Ignatius of Antioch, who is so eloquent on the subject of the divine maternity of Mary, and St. Denis the Areopagite, who had the happiness of seeing the Blessed Virgin twice. The appearance of Mary upon this illustrious convert, the first time he saw her, caused him to write the following sentence, which has since become so celebrated: "The sight of Mary produced such an impression upon me that I would have taken her for a God, and adored her as such, if I had not known by faith that she was not God."

3. *Miraculous Image of the Greek Madonna at Ravenna*.
4. *Account of the Statue of our Lady of Fire*.
5. *Religious Record*.

## IL SERTO DI MARIA.

1. *One Word more upon the First Paragraph*, (continuation of the Refutation of Pantheism). Absurd consequences which would result from the false principles upon which Pantheism rests.
2. *Glories of Mary in the Bible*. The Garden of Delights. Symbolism applied to Mary in the Moral and Mystical sense.
3. *A Lesson upon the Sad End of the Impious*.
4. *Poetry*.
5. *Eliza Desprez: or, Novel Reading*, (continued).
6. *Religious Record*.

## THE VIRGIN.

1. *Lisette and the Virgin Mary*; imitated from the German, by Father Cúezza.

An idyl in strophes and prose, wherein is poetically depicted the piety of a young girl towards the Blessed Virgin.

2. *The Holy Mountain of Varallo; or the New Jerusalem Founded by Father Cúezza*.
3. *Devotion of the Learned to the Blessed Virgin*, (continued). Bocacio, author of very obscene writings, finally converted. He himself attributed his return to God to the mercy of Mary, and proclaims it in famous satire on woman.

## LE MESSENGER DU SACRE CŒUR DE JESUS.

A Monthly Bulletin of the Apostleship of Prayer.

1. *The Heart of Jesus*.
2. *The Friends of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*.

The life of Blessed Nicholas of Flue, the heroic Swiss patriot and servant of God, who defended his country with his arms, and saved it by his counsels. In turn, shepherd, soldier and statesman, engaged in the bonds of marriage, then a penitent and anchorite; he gave brilliant proof that religion accepts and purifies all the noble affections of life, and that no de-

votedness is strange to the heart that loves Jesus Christ.

3. *Progress of the Catholic Religion in England*.
4. *Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*.
5. *Foreign Correspondence*.
6. *Conversions, Fruits and Progress of the Apostleship*. Chronicle of the Heart of Jesus.
7. *The Benediction of Pius IX*.

This striking incident has been repeated by so many Roman correspondents that we cannot refrain from giving it in detail to our readers.

"It is rumored and believed in Rome that a miracle has just been operated by the prayers of Pius IX,—the instantaneous cure of the princess Sophia Odescalchi. The princess, who is one of the most pious and charitable ladies of Rome, suffered from a most complicated and dangerous sickness. The medical faculty were unanimous in their opinion that she could not possibly live. When her agony commenced, her friends sent to the Holy Father to ask for her the benediction *in articulo mortis*. Pius IX immediately knelt down to pray for her, and the effect of his prayers was instantaneous and wonderful; the princess, in the midst of the general stupefaction, arose, dressed herself and walked to the Church of the Holy Apostles, opposite to her palace, in order to return thanks to God; then, without any delay, accompanied by her husband, she repaired to the Vatican, in order to thank the Pope for the striking miracle, which she attributed entirely to him. The Princess Odescalchi is greatly esteemed by His Holiness on account of her eminent virtues, and her boundless devotedness to the Holy See. We may, therefore, imagine the joy of Pius IX on seeing her. The princess relates that during the sleep which preceded her miraculous cure, she saw the Pope approach and touch her, saying to her, 'Arise.'

The following students (after having obtained the consent of their parents,) were baptized on Holy Saturday at the University of Notre Dame: John Dreher, H. S. B. Dent, Merritt S. Pilcher, Alex. J. Pilcher, John Portman, Daniel C. Miles, John E. Miles, John L. Haney, William Meinard Hauser, Francis Teats.

We return our thanks to the Catholic papers for their favorable notice of the Prospectus of the AVE MARIA.

We had made arrangements for a beautiful engraving for the cover of the AVE MARIA, but through a misunderstanding, it is too large. The mistake will soon be remedied. Industrious hands are busily at work preparing a suitable one.







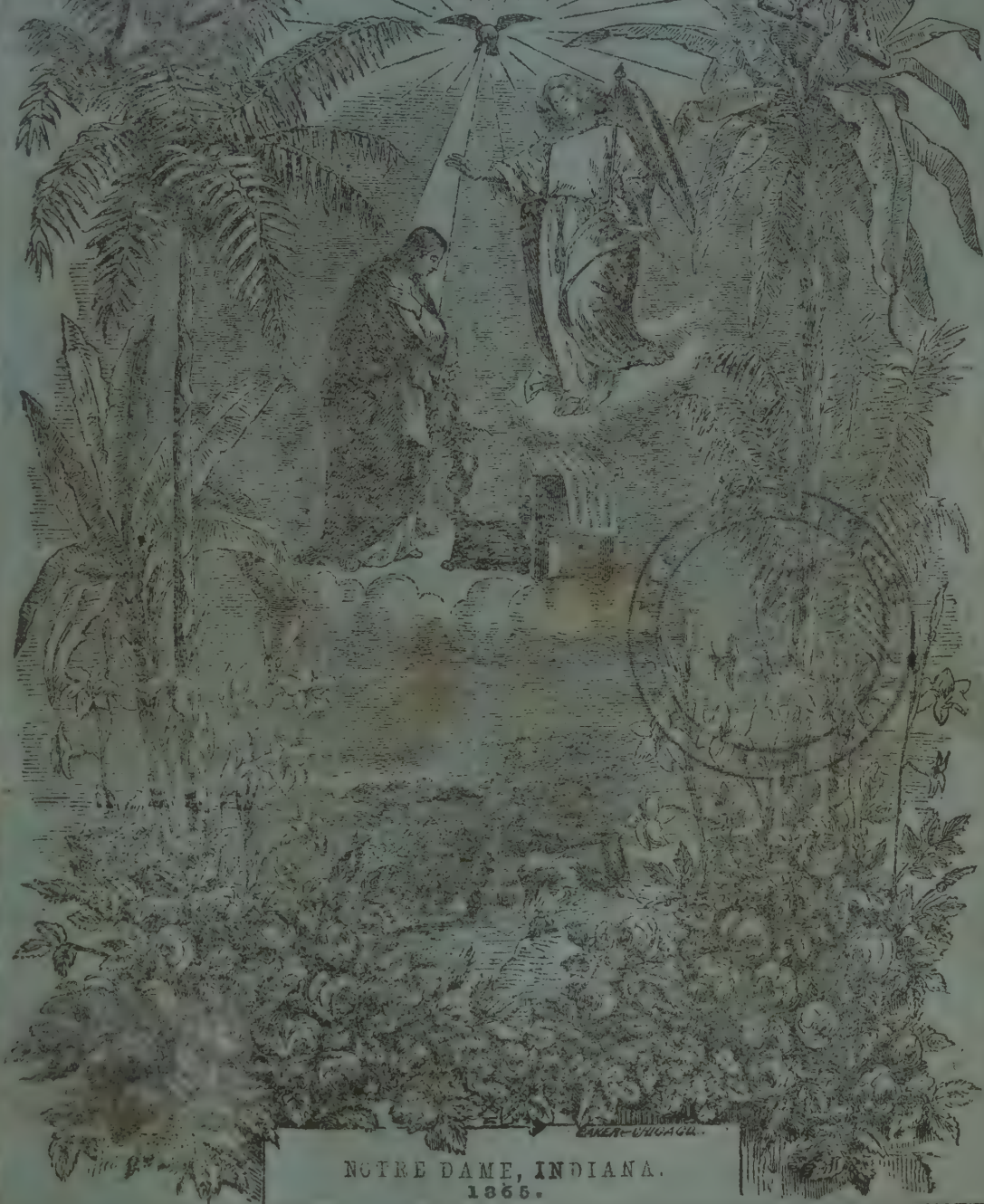




Volume I.

Number

# AVE MARIA



NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.  
1865.







# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, Devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 20, 1865.

No. 3.

Translated for the AVE MARIA.

## THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST;

OR,

### The New Month of Mary.

BY JOHN DE VICQ, DOCTOR IN THEOLOGY.

(CONTINUED.)

#### CHAPTER III.

PROPHECIES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT RELATING TO MARY, AND WHICH MAY BE APPLIED TO THE PRIEST.

Saint Thomas, in a dissertation concerning the fall of the angels, thinks that their crime was a want of faith. According to his theory, a summary of which we give, God presented to the immortal legions which he had created an image of the Word made flesh, and demanded their adoration. The greater part of the spirits acknowledged the mystery, and therefore they were established in happiness. But the others, humiliated in having to bow down before human nature inferior to their own, rebelled in the sight of the Incomprehensible, uttered the cry of insubordination, "*Non serviam*,"—"We will not serve;" no, we will not believe that God becomes incarnate! And hell was hollowed. This doctrine of the Angelic Doctor is quite reasonable; it has since been universally adopted. Now, however little we reflect upon it, we very soon perceive that the revolt of Lucifer must spread out to all the mysteries which have an essential connexion with our Saviour's humanity; consequently to the Immaculate Virgin destined to give birth to Him who was presented for their homage and adoration. Certainly, since these intelligences so perfect were disconcerted at the possible fact of the hypostatic union of the divine and human nature in the person of the Son of God, they should also be disconcerted—and even more so—at the idea of a mortal, of an humble woman, exempt from the general corruption of humanity; of a woman who should be virgin and mother at the same time; of a woman who should be called the Mother of God, and whom they should honor as their sovereign Queen. Their act

of incredulity and impiety went still further; it reached all the institutions which Redemption was going to produce; consequently the Church, the sacraments, and especially the Priest, the official continuator of the divine work. This is merely logic and simple common sense. Mary was, then, prophetically announced to angels at the same time that the Messiah was. Now, this first prophecy throws a bright light on the original fall; it is the key of it. We understand the temptation of the one who was "malicious and false from the beginning," near our first parents in the terrestrial paradise. The woman will succumb to him, but she will be avenged by her own sex. The name of another woman will come to smite Satan in the intoxication of his triumph. In fact, no sooner had the demon made Adam yield through Eve, than the voice of the Lord was heard, and, addressing the lost archangel, said to him: "The woman shall crush thy head—*Ipsa conteret caput tuum*." (Gen. iii, 15.) Who is this woman so powerful who shall vanquish the ablest and proudest of damned spirits? The Virgin Mary. And how will she vanquish him? By her virtue at first, and by her divine maternity afterwards. This is what the Church proclaims in the sublime accents of the liturgy: "*Omnes hereses interemisti in universo mundo*."

Now, what Mary was to accomplish by her ministry, the Priest accomplishes by his own. The virtuous Priest keeps the infernal serpent at a distance. He knows not his bites: humble, he crushes his pride; chaste, he crushes his impure efforts; devoted and mortified, he crushes his egoism. The virtuous Priest, absorbed in his divine mission, pursues the infernal enemy, and drives him from the souls entrusted to his solicitude. He crushes him by causing vice to be abhorred; he crushes him by causing virtue to be loved: "*Ipsa conteret caput tuum*."

Since this prophecy of the terrestrial paradise, Mary, closely connected with her Divine Son, becomes with him the object of all the prophets and of all the servants of God. All looks are fixed



upon her; and, after having saluted her by their homage, "*A longe aspicientes et adorantes,*" they announce her to the people attentive to their preachings. Sometimes they describe her power over the heart of God by prayer: "I will bring my cause before her; I will importune, and she will answer me words of mercy and clemency." (Job, xxiii, 3—Comment of Albert the Great.) Sometimes they speak of her ascendancy over hell: "At the sudden appearance of the Aurora (that is to say, Mary at her entrance into the world in order to bring forth the Sun of Justice, or her entrance into Heaven on the day of her Assumption, to intercede for us), the demons will be struck with terror, and will flee as before the shadow of death." (Job, xxiv, 17.) What Priest is there, considering his character in the light of faith, who will not see himself, as in a mirror, in this portraiture of the destiny of Mary. The prayer of the Priest ascends immediately towards the heart of God, when it is offered in his capacity as Priest, because then it is the Church that prays by his mouth, and God has promised to hear his beloved Spouse: "Ask all that you will from me, be it the half of my kingdom, and I will give it to you." (Words of Assuerus to Esther.) King David spoke of Mary when he chanted these words, "Our earth has given its fruit"—"*Terra nostra dedit fructum suum.*" This earth, says Saint Jerome, is the Blessed Virgin; she is our earth, because she is of our race—she proceeds from the same head. Daughter of Adam, she is formed out of the same earth, of the same dust; one can say to her as to our first parent, "*Pulvis es et in pulverem reverteris* (Gen.)—"Dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return." She is our earth; as mother of men, men have their abode in her; they are at home in her heart. We belong to her, but she also belongs to us. Finally, this earth has given its fruit: "*Aperiatur terra et germinet Salvatorem.*" Its fruit is the Saviour of the world; it gives it to us to make of it our food and our drink: "*Caro enim mea vere est cibus: et sanguis meus vere est potus.*" (St. John.) The Priest is also our earth; he has been made of the same clay as ourselves: "*Ex hominibus assumptus* (Saint Paul); proceeding from the same beginning, he returns to the same end. As far as Priest of the Church, he exists only for us—"pro populo" (Ibid.); he is at our service; he is our possession; we have the right to use him; and we use him in order to be born, to live and to die, to instruct ourselves, to sanctify ourselves, and to attain to glory. Therefore it is of the Priest, after the august Mary, that

the prophet speaks when he says "Reunite us, and let us go to the city strong and surrounded with walls." For Mary is very often called the City, because the Son of God dwelt in her: "*Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, Civitas Dei.*" (Ps.) This appellation also becomes the Priest, as in him also the Lord dwells, and the Doctors of the Church have said glorious things: "*Gloriosa dicta sunt de te.*" The most glorious thing that has been said of the Immaculate Virgin is that she would conceive and bring forth the Emmanuel or God with us. "*Ecce virgo concipiet et pariet filium et nomen ejus Emmanuel.*" (Isaias.) The most glorious thing we can say of the Priest is that he, equally with her, does not cease from bringing God into the world; through him we have Emmanuel or God with us.

This biblical expression is also applied to the Virgin, "What seest thou, Jeremias? I see, said he, a rod watching." Eighteen centuries of Christianity have proved if Mary is truly the faithful guardian of the Church; if she is attentive even to her least wants and her least dangers. She not only watches over the Church as a tender mother to prevent hell from prevailing against her, from depriving her of her crown and contaminating her nuptial robe dazzlingly white, but she will watch over each one of us. "*Sicut gallina congregavit pullos suos.*" She shelters us under her maternal wing as the hen shelters her little ones. From the bottom of our conscience she sends forth the alarm-cry; in the midst of the moral tempests which assail us on every side, whether through our indifference or our crimes we have permitted Jesus to fall asleep in the vessel which carries us towards eternity, she is always ready to awake Him, crying, "*Salva nos, perimus!*"—Lord, arise, they are going to perish. Mary is the true rod watching. And the Priest, then! The word "bishop" means overseeing—"episkopein," to watch over. The Pope, who is the Bishop of Bishops, watches over the entire Church; he has his eye upon the shepherds and the flock, and he points out peril even to the extremities of the earth. The diocesan Bishop, subject to the jurisdiction of the successor of Saint Peter, exercises supervision within the limits of his diocese; the Priest, subject to the jurisdiction of both, exercises it within the sphere which is to him assigned. And all return to each other these biblical words: "*Custos quid de nocte? Custos quid de nocte?*" Sentinel, what say you of the night? What is taking place? Watch and pray—"*Vigilate et orate.*" Therefore the Priest is always on the alert, watching the movements of the enemy, care-

fully examining his proceedings, his doctrines; he watches. He is responsible for the soul of his brothers; he unveils hypocrisy; he points out the poison and warns innocence. *Virga vigilans*—the rod watching. We must limit ourselves; for the chain of the prophetic oracles which relate to Christ at first, and in concomitancy to Mary and the priest, embraces all the Bible. It is in seeing it displaying itself to the eyes of their faith that the just of ancient days sweetened the bitterness of their exile and of their forfeiture. Enraptured by the beauty of these future mysteries, they breathed forth in sweet lamentations, sighing after the coming of the Great Initiator: *mitte Domine, quem missurus es!*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Festival Gifts.

BY MISS A. A. PROCTER.

Why do you look sad, my Minnie? Tell me darling,—for to-day is the birthday of Our Lady, and her children should be gay. What?—You say that all the others, Alice, Cyril, Effie, Paul, All had got a gift to give Her, only you had none at all.

Well, dear, that does seem a pity: tell me how it came about. That the others bring a present, and my Minnie comes without. Alice has a lovely banner, all embroidered blue and gold:—Then you know that sister Alice is so clever and so old.

Cyril has his two camellias; one deep red, and one pure white: They will stand at Benediction on the altar steps to-night. Effie, steady little Effie, stitching many an hour away, She has clothed a little orphan all in honor of to-day.

With the skill the good Nuns taught her, Angela herself has made  
Two tall stems of such real lilies, they do all but smell—and  
fade.  
Then with look of grave importance comes our quiet little  
Paul,  
With the myrtle from his garden:—he himself is not as tall.

Eve and baby Agnes, kneeling with half shy, half solemn air,  
Held up one sweet rose to Mary, hisping out her tiny prayer.  
Well, my Minnie, say, how was it? Shall I guess? I think I  
know  
All the griefs. Well, I will count them:—First, your rose-  
tree would not blow;

Then the fines have been so many, all the pennies melt away;  
Then for work—I know my Minnie cares so very much for  
play,  
That these little clumsy fingers scarcely yet have learnt to sew,  
Still less all the skillful fancies Angela and Alice know.

Well, my darling, there are many who have neither time nor  
skill,  
Gold nor silver, yet they offer gifts to Mary if they will.  
There are ways—Our Lady knows them, and Her children all  
should know  
How to find a flower for Mary underneath the deepest snow;

How to make a lovely garland, winter though it be and cold;  
How to buy the rarest offering, costing—something—but not  
gold;  
How to buy, and buy it dearly, gifts that She will love to take;  
Nor to grudge the cost, but give it cheerfully for Mary's sake.

Does that seem so strange, my darling? Nay, dear, it is nothing  
new;  
All can give Her noble presents,—shall I tell you of a few?  
What were those the Magi offered, frankincense and gold and  
myrrh:  
Minnie thinks that Saints and Monarchs are quite different  
from her!

Sometimes it is hard to listen to a word unkind or cold  
And to smile a loving answer: do it—and you give Her gold.  
Thoughts of Her in work or playtime, those small grains of  
incense rare,  
Cast upon a burning censer, rise in perfumed clouds of prayer.

There are sometimes bitter fancies, little murmurs that will stir  
Even a loving heart:—but crush them and you give Our Lady  
myrrh.  
There are souls—alas! too many—who forget that Jesus died,  
Who forget that sin forever is the lance to pierce His side.

Hearts that turn away from Jesus; sins that scourge Him  
and betray:  
Cold and cruel souls that even crucify Him day by day.  
Ah! poor sinners! Mary loves them, and she knows no royal  
gem  
Half so noble or so precious as the prayer you say for them;

Or resign some little pleasure, give it her instead, to win  
Help for some poor soul in peril, grace for some poor heart  
in sin,  
Mercy for poor sinners,—pleading for their souls as for your  
own:—  
So you make a crown of jewels fit to lay before Her throne.

Well, my Minnie, can you tell me you have still no gift to lay  
At the feet of your dear Mother, any hour, any day?  
Give her now—to-day—forever, one great gift,—the first, the  
best,—  
Give your heart to Her, and ask her how to give her all the rest.

### Eve and Mary.

Eve and Mary will live forever in the annals of  
all nations. Eve brought ruin, which Mary re-  
paired. To Eve we are indebted for our terrestrial  
life; to Mary we owe our celestial life. Children  
of Eve, we sigh and weep, while waiting for death;  
children of Mary, we shall say one day "Oh death,  
where is thy victory?" A fallen angel negotiated  
with Eve our ruin; a faithful angel negotiated  
with Mary our salvation. In order to destroy in-  
nocence, peace, happiness, and to make man an  
eternal slave, Satan spoke of independence and  
greatness; "you will be as Gods." To re-establish  
all, and place man upon the road of life, glory and  
happiness, a God descends from heaven and be-  
comes our brother. Eve believed a lie brought  
from hell; Mary believed a truth brought from  
heaven. In great sorrow Eve gave birth to Cain;  
without sorrow Mary gave birth to God. The  
name of Eve recalls malediction, the name of Mary  
is blessed among all women. Eve has been called  
the gate of death, Mary the gate of life. In the  
terrestrial paradise, Eve opened her heart to Sa-  
tan, the foot of Mary crushed eternally the head  
of this first murderer of souls. Eve fallen, pre-  
sents the fruit of death, Mary faithful, presents  
the fruit of life. "Oh Adam," exclaims St. Ber-  
nard, "change thy excuse into thanksgivings and  
say to the Lord: the woman whom thou hast given  
me presented me with the fruit of life and I have  
been regenerated by it." In imitating Eve wo-  
man descends very low, in imitating Mary she  
ascends to Heaven.



Translated for the AVE MARIA.

## LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

## No. 1.---The Prisoner of War.

BY L. D'APPILLY.

## CHAPTER III.—THE TEMPTATION.

The Saracens did not know their prisoners' names, but on account of the bravery they had seen them display, they took them to be persons of high rank. Some inconsiderate words that Rayboul let fall, made them even think they had taken captive the king of France. The rumor was repeated throughout the whole city, and made amends for the check which the late attempt on the Christian camp had met.

The Christians were stripped and bound. They were carried in triumph upon hurdles through the principal streets. Their arms, arranged as a trophy, were borne before them. The infidels danced around their captives with a wild mirth, and insulted them by songs of defiance and derision.

Wakened from his agony by the noise of their shouts, Berenger raised his bleeding head. His eyes still retained so terrible an expression, that the startled mob fell back, unable to sustain that unearthly fire.

Having been made aware of his mighty deeds, and struck with admiration for his valor, the caliph received the baron into his own palace, and sent surgeons to attend to his wounds. Thanks to their skill, and to the beverages they gave him, the lord of Montier was, at the end of a few days, out of danger.

The Moslem prince was too anxious to make the acquaintance of his captive, to allow him to rest long. As soon as Berenger was able to speak, an imaum, one of the caliph's favorites, was sent to him with an interpreter, to question him.

"Allah is God," said he, "and Mahomet is his true prophet; may he obtain for me the grace of salvation! Who art thou?"

"Berenger, Baron of Montier."

"May Allah renew the blossoms of thy youth. What rank didst thou hold in the armies of France?"

"The one nearest to the enemy."

"After piety, courage is the first virtue of a warrior. How many soldiers didst thou command?"

"I had no command. I led the way, and the most valiant followed me!"

"Deceit is fruitless as dew upon the desert. Do not attempt to conceal thy rank; we shall not offer thee to be ransomed."

"Miscreant! Am I a knave, that I should lie?"

"Oh ho! for a private soldier methinks thou art naughty!—Hunger subdues the panther. Captivity will bring down thy pride. At least thou wert spoken of as a warrior of renown?"

"I do not pretend to be more valiant than the noble Franks, my companions; I flatter myself, however, that I have earned a little glory."

"Modesty is a gracious and beautiful veil that enhances the splendor of great deeds. We have seen thee accomplish actions of marvelous heroism."

"Your soldiers know only how to use their heels. Among the Franks, who know how to use their arms, there is nothing extraordinary in what I have done."

"Let truth ever bloom upon thy lips! What is the number of the Crusaders?"

"If you count by the men, there are fifty thousand—if you compare them with the infidels they fight, there are two hundred thousand."

"The edge of our scimitars is sharp. It has devoured the soul of many Franks."

"If your pestilences and the heat of your sun had not been more murderous than your arms, we should have overwhelmed you."

"The world is wide, and Allah is powerful. Your country is now deserted. If the Saracens of Africa were to invade it, who would defend it in your absence?"

"Who would defend it? Our wives and our children would drive them back. But our country is not quite deserted yet. When the king publishes another call to arms in his provinces, you will behold rushing upon you another army more numerous than the first."

"Avarice opens a yawning gulph in the heart of man! What do you come to seek in this burning land that is so fatal to you? Are your own domains barren? Is it hunger that thus exiles you, and makes you insensible to mortal danger?"

"Our valleys are fertile, and yield a hundred-fold; our fields support ten times as many inhabitants. We came here to avenge the crimes which infidels have committed against our brothers, the pilgrims; we come to punish them for having polluted those places which were hallowed by the footsteps of Jesus Christ.

"May Mahomet enlighten your eyes with the

splendor of his divine religion! Do all the Crusaders obey the same chief?"

"In the camp, they do. But in our own dominions, dukes, margraves, earls and barons, we acknowledge no master but God, no right but our sword."

"The law of the prophet is terrible. Knowest thou the fate that the Koran assigns to a vanquished foe?"

"No, but I know that the Christians besiege your walls, and that the moon will not fill her horns, before they will call you to account here for our lives. I know that then thou wilt beseech me in my turn to save thy head from the extermination and the carnage."

The haughty mien of the prisoner astonished the imaum and inspired him with involuntary respect. He dared not insult his misfortune, and he was taking his departure to report this interview to the caliph, when Berenger asked of him:

"Where are my esquires?"

"The shadow of Allah has encompassed them, and they have not perished."

"Remember that they are my soldiers, and that their lives are as precious to me as my own!"

These words, being carried to the caliph, increased more than ever the desire he entertained of attaching the Christian knight to himself.

"Would it not be a work agreeable to Allah to convert to Islam so haughty a soldier?"

"He who has brought an accursed infidel to the true faith," replied the imaum, "shall be placed after death in the third heaven. But pride has darkened his understanding, and covered his eyes with a leaden veil."

"But is not the undertaking at least worth a trial?"

"Allah is God. The word of the prophet has shone throughout the world with more brightness than the sun. Woe to those who do not receive it."

"The enemy is at our gates: resolute, numerous, blood-thirsty. Death is in their lances, and slaughter in their heart. If the bravest of the Franks were to fight in our ranks against his own countrymen, their fury would seem to me less to be dreaded."

"The cause of the Believers is sacred. Allah will dash his hand in the mouths of the impious, and break their teeth."

"Return to the captive: explain to him the Koran with its most seductive passages,—dazzle his fancy with offers and promises. Tell him that he will become the champion of the prophet, and the mainstay of my power."

The exhortations of the Moslem made but a weak impression on the bold and hardy spirit of Berenger. Perhaps, in translating them, the interpreters spoiled the effect of his eloquence. They left the baron stern and frigid—he scarcely listened to them.

"I wish I had my chaplain here," he said. "He would confute your arguments, and in a few words, completely silence you."

The soldier was but poorly instructed in the dogmas of Christianity; but the faith instilled into him from infancy had become incorporated with his existence. It coursed with his blood through his veins, and was united to him by ties so powerful that death itself would not sever them.

"Thy religion," pursued the Saracen, "imposes painful mortifications—sacrifices that it is almost impossible to accomplish. What does it promise in return for so many sufferings and privations? A dry and barren happiness which it is impossible to fancy. The prophet promises to believers more substantial pleasures. When we have passed the bridge of souls, the angel leads us by roads covered with silken carpets, into the hall of eternal festivities. There, all the senses at once are inundated with the plenitude of happiness. Rivulets of perfumes, flowing melodiously through amber channels, fill the air with a balmy freshness. A light, pure and soft like that of the moon, rejoices the eyes without dazzling them. Divine voices, mingled with the sounds of the most agreeable instruments, make sweet enchanting harmony. Houris with bewitching smiles, join the charms of the dance to those of music, or place the most delicious viands upon tables of agate, and fill brimming goblets with the nectar of pleasure."

"But," asked Berenger, "Is there any chaste and prudent lady presiding at these festivities, to maintain order and decency? Otherwise your repasts would be drunken orgies. In my castle, I must have my Baroness, Etienne, and in heaven, Our Blessed Lady must occupy the throne of grace and beauty."

"Listen now to the torments reserved for those who do not believe. At the gate of paradise the angel of Azrael stops them: he seizes them and casts them bodily into —"

"If he is the conqueror!" interrupted the warrior. "As for me, if I can have my spear, I will attack him boldly, and perhaps I shall succeed in making him feel the force of my arm."

Canst thou hope to strive against an angel whose loins are girded with the breath of Allah?"



"The patriarch Jacob did, and gained the advantage —"

"He will seize by the hair, and lift thee as easily from the earth, as thou canst lift pigeon's feather. He will cast thee into the well of darkness, which is so deep that the fall lasts a hundred years. At the bottom of this —"

"And," again asked Berenger, "are all Christians cast into this well?"

"Unless they are converted to Mahometanism, for it is written in the first chapter of the Koran —"

"Very well," continued the Crusader, "I do not wish to go any where else. I am very sure that Our Lady, the Mother of God, was never a Saracen, and I do not want to be separated from her for all eternity."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Ave Maria from Protestant Lips; OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.

Even the stubborn heart of the infidel sometimes brings its rose-bud to Mary's shrine. Here we have the testimony of the talented leader of modern unbelief, Mr. Holyoake:

"Of all the religious devices, the worship of the Virgin [devotion] is to my mind the most graceful and enchanting. In all the literature of sentimental piety there is nothing so full of true pathos as the evening prayer of the Catholic maiden,—

'Oh, Mother of Christ! Star of the Sea!  
Pray for the wanderer—pray for me.'

Why did Protestantism, by the brutal hand of Luther, cut off from human worship the sweetest element of half human nature. \* \* \* \* \* Compared with the old religion, whose antiquity, glory and splendor, fill the soul, enchant the senses, gratify the affections, and call forth heroism stronger than death, what is our cold, heartless Protestantism, with its scant tradition, without dominion, divorced from art, barren and bare? What charms have new opinions and reformed religions compared to those ages crowned with glories."

A more exquisite hymn to Our Blessed Mother we have scarcely ever heard than the following from Edgar A. Poe:—

"At morn—at noon—at twilight dim—  
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!  
In joy and wo—in good and ill—  
Mother of God, be with me still!  
When the hours flew brightly by,  
And not a cloud obscured the sky,  
My soul, lest it should truant be,  
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;  
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast  
Darkly my Present and my Past,  
Let my Future radiant shine  
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!"

#### PROPHECY.

Among the predictions received with disbelief by men, because they seem to revolt their reason and challenge their faith, is one which the human race heard with especial surprise, and regarded as a scandal, so extravagant were its ideas and unheard of were its provisions.

From a summit of a mountain of Judea, a maiden of fifteen years, inspired by the Divine breath, and piercing the veil of the future, announces to the astonished world that her glory shall increase through all ages, and make its way amidst all nations. This maiden came from Galilee, one of those provinces whence nothing great arises. Her earlier years had been passed in a solitary cell of the temple at Jerusalem; there she had dwelt by the silent hearth of an obscure cottage, built among the mountains, lavishing her tender cares on a poor aged couple, charming the weariness and infirmities of parents on the verge of the tomb. At length she quitted that lonely dwelling, ascending into the hill-country, and when she saw the world at her feet, and the nations attentive to her voice, she intoned, and more even with her heart than her lips, that song of rapture which she sent forth upon the winds: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour, for the Lord hath regarded the humility of his hand-maid, and all generations shall call me blessed." Luke i, 46.

Yes! the world heard and was astonished. What! such exaltation promised to such weakness! So great glory to so great obscurity! Ah! pride still makes victims. Satan has seduced a new Eve, and the hour of redemption is yet far distant. Ten centuries before, Solomon, that great king of Israel who ruled over a powerful nation—Solomon the admiration of the universe by his wisdom and magnificence—Solomon, at the height of splendor, treated his glory as nothingness, and said of all that surrounded him: "Vanity, O vanity of vanities!" and whilst a monarch condemned his renown to the silence and forgetfulness of the tomb, a poor virgin promises triumph to her unknown name!

Thus spoke the world; but whilst it reasoned thus in the secret of its thoughts, the young virgin chanted still and said in the face of heaven and earth: "The Almighty hath cast down the proud and he hath exalted the humble!"

Two thousand years will soon have passed away since that prophetic hour; and if we ascend the tide of time what do we behold on the majes-

tic front of all these ages, forming as it were the splendid sun of their victory? The accomplishment of the hopes conceived by the Virgin of Juda, the complete realization of her inspired canticle!

Mary spoke truly. All generations proclaim her blessed. Solomon and his glory have passed away, leaving scarcely a murmur in the night of time, not a handful of dust in the yawning cemetery of death. And the nations have forgotten Solomon, they only repeat his words, "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity." Gigantic revolutions have been heaped on revolutions; nations have arisen and become extinct, like passing meteors which spring from nothingness, increase, and relapse into nothingness again. The ages, like a terrible storm, have swept away all things with their breath—all save a vain remembrance.

But the cry of the servant of the Lord, do you hear it—do you hear it still resound? In our unhappy times impiety respects nothing. It denies all, it doubts all, even the truth which burns in the heaven of evidence; but who ever had the heart to deny, that before our eyes to-day, as yesterday, as five hundred years, as eight hundred years ago, the prophecy of Mary is entirely accomplished? "*Beatam me dicent omnes generationes*—All generations shall call me blessed."

Daily, in fact, do millions of human voices celebrate her glory. The entire world beholds her seated upon her exalted throne, crowned with her aureole of glory; it uplifts its drooping eyes the better to gaze upon her, and beholding her, it pours forth the song of praise, the while it erects everywhere monuments to her name. Everywhere humble chapels nestle in the valleys, portals of salvation; or crown the hill-tops, like beacons of hope.

Beautiful are the foot-prints, of a Christian people, when, on the slopes of the hills, guided by the spotless banner floating in the breeze, their long files mount upward, mount still, mount ever; and pious pilgrims, women and children, the old and the vigorous, bend the knee in venerated sanctuaries. They carry with them miseries of the soul, infirmities of body, but they descend delivered from their evils, with joy in their hearts, and canticles of praise upon their lips.

Beautiful is it to behold the human race, when as one man, with hands and eyes upraised to heaven, they send forth the cry, repeated by every echo of the earth, "O my Mother!" The child who leaving the cradle is supported lovingly on the knees of its mother, joining its little hands,

beholds the fair cloud floating in the blue heavens, and cries out: "O my Mother!" The youth, far from the domestic roof, hidden under the wing of the sacerdotal seminary, to console himself for the absence of his mother, goes to contemplate the image of Mary, and says to her: "O my Mother!" The soldier, expiring in a foreign land, thinks of his distant country, and his desolate mother seated by her solitary hearth, and he weeps; but suddenly his tears are checked, his brow becomes calm and pure, he sinks to the tomb in peace, he has felt on his burning breast the immaculate medal, and pressing it to his lips, he cries out: "O my Mother!"

What do I behold in the midst of that perverse world whose infectious breath withers what it does not corrupt? Shining lilies of purity, planted in hearts which they embalm with their perfume. Christians of every age, still clothed in the white robe of innocence, walking with unfaltering steps, amidst a thousand pitfalls, passing through corruption without tarnishing the whiteness of their garments—these are the children of Mary.

I transport myself to the heart of the countries of China, three thousand leagues away. I perceive on his silent path a traveler journeying furtively onward, clothed in the garments of mourning such as are worn in that land. A thick veil envelops him, an immense hat conceals his emaciated countenance—it is the Priest of Mary—the Mariest missionary. To conquer souls and preach the name of his Mother, he has set the ocean between his home and all that he loves upon earth—he supports fatigue, he braves death.

Thus the love of Mary circulates in the veins of humanity—thus Catholicism suffers it to overflow lips and hearts. Fervent invocations, beloved pilgrimages, heroic virtues, sublime devotedness, resound in an immense concert echoing from north to south, from east to west, to accomplish this strange prophecy from the lips of a simple maiden, speaking of herself so many ages ago: "All generations shall call me blessed—*Beatam me dicent omnes generationes.*"

THE ASTRONOMER AND THE ATHEIST.—The famous astronomer Athanasius Kircher, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error upon his own principles. Expecting him upon a visit, he procured a very handsome globe of the starry heavens, which being placed in a corner of the room in which it could not escape his friend's observation, the latter seized the



first occasion to ask whence it came, and to whom it belonged. "Not to me," said Kircher, "nor was it made by any person, but came here by mere chance." "That," replied his sceptical friend, "is absolutely impossible; you surely jest." Kircher, however, seriously persisted in his assertion. "You will not," said he, "believe that this small body originated in mere chance; and yet you will contend that those heavenly bodies, of which it is only a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order or design." Pursuing this chain of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, in the next place convinced, and ultimately joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God.

Translated for the AVE MARIA.

### THE MONTH OF MARY AND PIO NONO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF G. ALCYON, AUTHOR OF  
"TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE."

#### SECOND DAY.

THE FAMILY OF PIUS IX.—HOW IT EMERGED FROM  
OBSCURITY—HOW GOD HAS GLORIFIED THE AN-  
CESTORS OF THE HOLY VIRGIN.

The Pope who now occupies the pontifical throne, is one of the most eminent and holy personages that adorn Europe and the entire world, at the present day. Indeed, to be truly just and impartial towards him, we should not place him in comparison with any one, so much is he elevated above other men, or rather so much is he elevated above human nature itself.

It is he of whom we spoke yesterday: it is Pius the Ninth.

He is descended from the family of the Counts Mastai-Ferretti, one of the most ancient, and, what is assuredly much better, one of the most honorable of all Italy. In tracing the history of this family through ages that have rolled away, we find that its genealogy is recorded as far back as the thirteenth century. But, like all that God destines to greatness in this world, this august house appears to have arisen from a very humble origin, for history tells us scarcely anything of their first years, except their departure, towards the end of the fourteenth century, from Crema, a city of Lombardy, to Sinigaglia, in the States of the Church, where they took up a permanent residence, and where they have remained ever since. The long period of six hundred years has been for this family a magnificent chain of public and private virtues. In the 17th century the name of

Ferretti was added to the family name, on account of a marriage between Count Mastai and the last of the Ferretti family. Almighty God designed that all these treasures of hereditary glory in the house of our illustrious Pontiff, should emerge from their sacred retirement, and shine, all united in one halo, around the head of him who is himself its most dazzling ray—Pius the Ninth.

Divine Providence, having destined Pius IX for great things, assigned his birth to a period at which great things were passing in the world; so that he might learn, from his very infancy, by the force of events, both that superior power of intellect and that indomitable fortitude of heart, to which alone is due that honor and justice have not, in our days, been banished from the face of the earth. 'Twas in 1792, then—at the beginning of the career of that extraordinary man who shook the European powers, and those of Italy in particular, from foundation to centre—on the 13th of May, at Sinigaglia, that the Countess Mastai brought into the world that child of blessing, who is at present our venerated and much-beloved Father in Jesus Christ.

And the birth of Mary also, dear children of the faith, was environed by storms and tempests. Mary also, like the sublime apostle of her glory, was given to the earth, when the earth was about to pass under the yoke of the first Roman emperor! In his cradle Pius IX felt the grasp of an iron hand, and brazen feet were beginning to tread the world—shaking it—crushing it. From her cradle Mary heard the cries that oppression forced from her brethren subdued beneath the sceptre of Augustus. From her cradle she contemplated in spirit the heroic land of Gaul, her future country of adoption, occupied in stanching the wounds which the ambitious Caesar, conqueror of the illustrious Vercingetorix, had multiplied within her bosom. From her cradle she saw the throne of Egypt, her future place of refuge, broken in pieces by the recoil from the shock of the rival waves at Actium! From her cradle she beheld Rome the invincible—Rome, which from the height of the eternal citadel should one day crown her Immaculate before all nations—she beheld Rome weeping inconsolably, like the sad Rachel of old—weeping for the multitude of her children, butchered by the sword of civil war.

But it was not only a cradle surrounded with dangers that the Holy Virgin prepared by her own birth for our illustrious Pontiff; we must observe that in her family may be found an admirable parallel to the obscurity and subsequent eleva-

tion of that of Pius IX. Let us refer to the Holy Scriptures on this subject:

"The Lord said to Samuel: Why dost thou still lament Saul, since I have rejected him as king of Israel? Take the holy oil, and go to the house of the Bethlehemite Jesse, for I have chosen one of his sons to be king.

"And the prophet having made the journey, entered the dwelling of Jesse, and seeing the eldest of his sons, who was named Eliab: 'Lord,' he asked in spirit, 'is this thine anointed?'

"And the Lord answered Samuel: 'Consider not the beauty of his countenance, nor his tall stature; I have cast him aside, for I do not judge of a man by his look; man hath regard to appearances, but the Lord to the heart.'

"Then Jesse brought Aminadab into the presence of Samuel: 'No,' said he again, 'this is not the elect of the Most High.'

"Lamma, the third son of Jesse, and each of his brethren in turn were brought before the messenger of God: 'No, Jesse,' cried the prophet as before, 'none among these seven of thy children is honored by the choice of Jehovah.'

"'But are they all present here?' 'There still remaineth one, very young, who is now employed in keeping my sheep,' answered the father. 'It is good—send for him, and hasten to bring him hither, for we will not sit down to table, until he come.'

"Jesse sent his servants, and the young man appeared: his mien was full of majesty, his face beamed with perfect beauty. 'Arise,' said then the Lord to Samuel: 'pour the holy oil upon his head, for it is he!'

"And the prophet letting fall, drop by drop, the precious ointment on the forehead of the young shepherd, consecrated him with the royal unction in the very midst of his brethren."

A poor keeper of flocks, whose family had been until this time unknown in Israel—see! children of Mary, whom Almighty God called to be the forefather of that woman who was to bring forth the Son of the Eternal!

Finally, the birthplace of Mary also furnishes us with a striking parallel, and causes our hearts to proclaim that truly the finger of God has been with Pius IX from his very entrance into the world, by reason of the ineffable mission reserved for him in the service of God's Holy Mother: for Bethlehem, the native place of the Blessed Virgin, was a small and poor city of Palestine; but situated in the most noble tribe of the children of Israel, the tribe of Juda, the one that had received

the promise that the Saviour should be born from its bosom; and in like manner, Sinigaglia, the birthplace of the Sovereign Pontiff, although it is only an humble city of Italy, yet is also a part of the most noble territory of that celebrated land, since it belongs to the States of the Church.

What lesson shall we take from this second page in the life of Pius IX, so conformable to that of Mary, O true children of the faith? It is that an Eternal God watches over our birth, no matter how rich or how poor we be—it is that the Immortal King of Ages has chosen us and has made us Catholics, that we may follow the path which the Catholic religion points out to us. Therefore, humbly bowing our heads, let us lift up our voices, and breathe the following prayer:

"O Lord, after the pious examples which Mary, our Mother in God, and Pius IX, our Father in Jesus Christ, have set before us, keep us from being ungrateful and rebellious children; we are glad to remember that we are all born, like them, to be governed, it is true, by the princes of the earth, but above all, to live pure and holy under the Law of the great Monarch of Heaven. Lord, grant that we may serve Thee, as Mary has served Thee before! Grant that we may glorify Mary as Pius IX has glorified her!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### The Communion of Saints.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP SPALDING.

How useful is it to keep continually before our eyes the virtues, the heroic struggles, and the glorious victories of the saints and martyrs of God! How the thought stimulates us to resist temptation, and to imitate examples so bright! And then how cheering to us, in our dreary earthly pilgrimage, to cast our eyes heavenward, and to catch a glimpse of that immortal glory which has already crowned the trials and sufferings of the saints; who were once pilgrims, like ourselves, encompassed with infirmity, but who are now shining, like the stars, in the glorious firmament of God! How the splendid vista encourages us to imitate their virtues on earth, that we may share their crowns in heaven! How powerfully and how eloquently it appeals to the noblest feelings of our nature! How strongly it attracts us to heaven! How it consoles us amidst all our tribulations! How many additional motives does it not give us "to praise God in his saints," and to love that heavenly Father, who, in crowning His servants,



crowns only His own mercies! And how strongly, and with what dramatic effect, does not the Catholic Church call forth all these noble feelings, by her perpetual round of festivals and anniversaries! Is there, in the cold and dreary land of Protestantism, anything half so stimulating or ennobling,—anything at all calculated to elicit such feelings, or to prompt to such noble emulation of saintly virtue? Protestantism has, alas! virtually abolished, if it has not wholly stricken from the Apostles' Creed, the beautiful article which professes to believe in the "communion of saints!"

The communion of saints! how sublime the idea it unfolds! How it annihilates time, annihilates distance, and causes the hearts of all the friends of Christ and favorites of heaven to beat in unison of hallowed feeling! How it reaches, like a golden chain, from earth to heaven, and binds both together in indissoluble love and unity! How it makes us, poor exiles on earth, already "fellow-citizens of the saints, and the domestics of God!" Eph. ii, 19. How it makes the strong succor the weak, the rich succor the poor, those who abound in merits succor those who are needy, and those who are in glory succor those who are in tribulation! How beautifully it carries out the scriptural ideas, that "God is love," that "love is the fulfillment of the law," and that "charity never faileth!" How it lifts us up from this dull earth, and binds us all together, by binding us strongly to God! How, in fine, it irradiates the earth with the smiles of heaven,—with those of the saints, of the angels, of the pure and spotless Mother of God, of God Himself! "*Fingant quid tale heretici!*"—Let heretics produce any thing like this." (Tertullian.)

Can there be aught of idolatry in a doctrine which thus plainly elevates human nature, adorns and ennoble Christianity, gives new and more expansive views of the Divine goodness, and redounds to the honor and glory of God Himself? Can there be idolatry in a doctrine which thus plainly leads us to God, the bestower "of every good gift" whether in heaven or earth, and causes us to fall down reverently at the footstool of His heavenly throne? Can He be offended with the honors which we pay to His own servants and favorites? Will the Son be jealous of the honor paid to His blessed Mother, and paid to her only because she is His Mother? Can He who was obedient to her, and who refused her nothing on earth, refuse her any thing in heaven? Can He be unmindful of her sufferings on earth for the love of Him, and of the sword of grief which

transpierced her soul on His account? No, no. The Catholic doctrine is as reasonable and scriptural, as it is ennobling and sublime.

### RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

From the very foundation of the Church, religious life took its rise. It has but developed itself as time went on, and adapted itself, as it were, to the wants of each successive century; for all its essentials were to be found in Jerusalem and in the heathen cities, among the "little flock" who were hidden here and there amid the throng of a busy and lawless world. The fervent love of the first Christians led them on, beyond the keeping of the commandments, to the counsels of perfection; and as the community of our Blessed Lord and His Apostles, or the austere life of the Baptist, became the type for men to follow, so did the religious life for women spring from our Blessed Lady and the Magdalene. Standing beneath the Cross of Jesus, the spotless and the penitent, they have left examples for ever after for women to follow.

St. Mary Magdalene, says tradition, retired into Provence, and there lived a life of solitude and penance. Our Blessed Lady had another path to pursue; she had to be the support and help of the infant Church. The rest of her life on earth, from the parting on Mount Olivet, was to be spent in consoling, enlightening, and aiding others. She lived in the house of St. John, and to the eyes of the world seemed as she had ever done, nothing more than an ordinary Jewish woman; bearing, doubtless, the marks of a more than common sorrow on that meek pale face—which painters have loved to picture as belonging to the Mother of Dolors—and influencing others in a way that awed those who could not understand whence her power sprang; and revered most tenderly by her children in the Church, whose devotion was yet so deep that they spoke only amongst themselves of what she was to them. And after she was gone from her weary exile to her throne on high, the example she had left was diligently followed, and the state of holy virginity was chosen by many. There are traditions of communities at this period, but, of course, these are very obscure; and the fall of Jerusalem, and the persecutions of the Church, must necessarily have dispersed them.

#### CANONESSES OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

If we were to take tradition for our guide, the religious of this order would claim the first place; and although the line of descent cannot be authenti-

cated, there is nothing which would render it impossible or absurd. They call St. James of Jerusalem their founder, and say, that "near the tomb of Christ, the Lord, was established a convent of women, in memory and honor of St. Mary Magdalene." The tradition further adds, that the religious spent their time in meditation on the Death and Passion of our Lord; they made the necessary articles for the use of the altar, and "had all things in common." It is certain that at the same time when St. Paula lived at Bethlehem, under the direction of St. Jerome, the high-born Melania "founded a convent at Jerusalem, and collected there fifty virgins. In this house she died; her grand daughter, also named Melania, built a church and monastery for ninety penitents upon one of the sites where our Lord rested when bearing His Cross." (Montalembert.)

The fall of Jerusalem must, of course, have broken up the first community; but as the practice of leading the religious life in their own homes was so common, it is probable this was their lot till they were allowed to assemble again. About the time of St. Helen, writers mention this convent at Jerusalem; and it is further stated that St. Helen herself joined them, and received from Macarius, the thirty-ninth Bishop of Jerusalem, the linen surplice and double red cross worn by the Canonesses of this Order. But when Jerusalem finally fell into the hands of the infidels, all traces of these religious were lost; when their first monasteries were founded—when their rule grew into form, we know not; but this very ignorance proves their antiquity. They were spoken of in Rome, in 1394, as having numerous houses; and Pere Helyot says, although they were not known in France till 1620, for a *long time* there had been monasteries in Spain, Germany, and other countries. In 1620, the Canoness de Chaligny and Princess de Lorraine founded a monastery of the Order in Charleville, France. The Countess entered the Order, and was professed as Sister Mary of St. Francis, March 25th, 1625. She died in the second year of her profession, leaving a reputation for great sanctity. Her daughter, Princess Louise, became a Franciscan nun, and her eldest son entered the Society of Jesus. At the time of the entrance of the Countess de Chaligny, the Order of the Holy Sepulchre was little known; the houses then established were at Aix-la-Chapelle, St. Leonard near Ruremonde, St. Croix near Lymbach, and at Caverée; there were two houses in Liege, and one at Visen near that town. But the example of the

holy countess drew many subjects to the Order, and the monasteries rapidly increased in number. The Paris house received a very valuable subject in 1651, in Renee de Livrenede Verdille, a daughter of one of the most ancient and noble houses in Poitou. Her father and mother died in her childhood, and Renee became sole heiress to their great wealth. Endowed with remarkable beauty and talent, life opened before her in its brightest aspects; but resolutely she turned away from the world, and gave up all things to follow Christ. She took the habit of the Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre on January 7th, 1651.

#### The Honor of His Mother.

"The honor of His Mother. This is another chief interest of Jesus, and the whole history of the Church shows how near it lies to His Sacred Heart. It was the love of her that specially drew Him down from heaven, and it was she who merited the time of the Incarnation. She was the chosen one of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity, the elected daughter of the Father, the predestined Mother of the Son, and the chosen Spouse of the Holy Ghost. The right doctrine of Jesus has in all ages been wrapped up with the true devotion to Mary, and the Mother can be wounded only through the Son. Thus Mary is the heritage of humble and obedient Catholics. As devotion to her increases, so does holiness increase. The Saints are moulded on the love of her. Sin has no greater enemy than Mary, for the thought of her is a charm against it, and the devils tremble at her name. No one can love the Son, but the love of the Mother grows in Him also; no one can love the Mother, without his heart melting with tenderness toward the Son. Thus has Jesus put her in the front of His Church, that she should be the token of all good, and the stumbling-block of His enemies. What wonder, then, that His interests are deeply concerned with her honor. Every heretical blasphemy against her dignity, for which you make reparation by an act of love, or an act of thanksgiving for her Immaculate Conception and her Perpetual Virginity, gives you opportunity of advancing the interests of Jesus. Every thing you can do to spread devotion to her, and especially to make Catholics feel more tenderly toward her, is a distinct work for Jesus, and one which He will most lovingly repay. To get people to go to communion on her feasts, to be enrolled in her Confraternities, to have a picture of her, to gain indulgences for the souls in purgatory that in lifetime were most devoted to her, to pray



for the speedy definition of her Immaculate Conception, to say one-third of the Rosary every day,—everybody has an opportunity of doing one or the other of these things, and they are all for the interests of Jesus. Ah! there is one devotion I will mention! I wish we were all inspired with it. We should do well then for the interests of Jesus, and our dear Lord would get such abundance of new love all the world over! It is,—to have more confidence in our Blessed Mother's prayers, more undoubting trust, more bold petition, more real faith in her. There would be more love for Mary, if there were more faith in Mary. But we are in an heretical country; and it is hard to live among icebergs, and not be cold. O Jesus! animate our confidence in Mary, not only that we may work the more for Thy sweet interests, but that we may work in the way Thou wouldst have us work, letting no creature be dearer to us than the one who was dearer to Thee than all other creatures put together!—*F. W. Faber.*

### ST. MARY MAJOR.

FROM ROME AND LORETTO, BY L. VEUILLOT.

Saint Mary Major, the dear basilica where I made that communion which it is so sweet to call my first communion, is a vast and magnificent temple, whose touching history, when I heard it, seemed to me to have, I know not what, a sweet and mysterious analogy with the solemn act which God had permitted me to accomplish therein.

It is related that in the fourth century of the Christian era, under Pope Liberius, a nobleman and his wife, both of distinguished family and exalted piety, despairing of having any children, besought the Blessed Virgin to intercede for them, and begged her at the same time to enlighten them as to what manner they should testify their gratitude to her; for, after having invoked so powerful a protectress, they did not for an instant doubt that their request would be denied. The Blessed Virgin made known to them that their prayer was heard the night of August 4th, A. D. 352; they were told in a dream, as was also Pope Liberius, to build a church in her honor, on the spot which they would the next morning find covered with snow, notwithstanding the excessive heat of the season.

At the break of day they found that a great quantity of snow had in reality fallen upon the Esquiline Mount. The news of this miraculous event was soon spread through the entire city, and St. Liberius, followed by the clergy and an im-

mense crowd of people, repaired to the spot; scarcely had they reached it, when the entire multitude was witness of a new prodigy. The snow divided itself into lines which traced upon the ground the entire plan of an edifice. The lively faith of these Christians required nothing more. The work was commenced and the Church was promptly built, thanks to the generosity of the pious couple; and as it was found to be, at the time, the largest and the most beautiful in Rome; it was dedicated to the Most Holy Mother of God, and by common consent named Saint Mary Major; but it was also called Saint Mary of the Snow, in commemoration of the miracle of the pure white mantle which had fallen from heaven on the spot where it was erected; Basilica of Saint Liberius, in memory of the Pope, who had consecrated it and taken so active an interest in its construction. And at a later period, when it was enriched with the precious remains of the crib in which our Saviour was born, it was called Saint Mary of the Crib.

And do I not also owe to the friends who adopted me, my spiritual birth? Did they not earnestly implore it from the heavenly compassion of Mary? Was it not upon the hills of Rome and in the arid summer of my youth, when the fire of all my passions burned and laid waste my heart, that a veil of purity falling suddenly upon this miserable heart, marked therein the foundation of a new edifice, on which faith built the temple where I adore God and tenderly honor and venerate Mary?

Mother of Christians, my aid, my hope and my refuge! How often have I prayed to thee in my falls and in my anguish, and thou didst never forget me. For, notwithstanding all, I felt my love and confidence in thee increase! Alas! why is not my heart always pure enough, generous enough, devoted enough, and great enough in love, for thee to rest there ever as Saint Mary of Snow—Saint Mary Major!

Many of the Sovereign Pontiffs had the most pious and loving predilection for Saint Mary Major, and while it always retained the grave and venerable appearance, most becoming to sacred places, their care adorned it with wonderful richness and elegance.

St. Sixtus III embellished it on the occasion of the Œcumenical Council of Ephesus, when Nestorius, that impious detractor of the most Holy Virgin's merits, was condemned. He ornamented it with a great number of mosaics, representing different events in the Old Testament, and the

life of the Blessed Mother of God; he covered the great altar with silver and endowed it with the most costly sacred vessels. After this Pontiff, Symmachus, Gregory III, Adrian I, Leo III, Pascal I testified their devotion by the richness of their presents. Nicholas IV, of the Order of St. Francis, placed there the magnificent mosaic tribune which is so much admired. Clement VIII, Paul V, Sixtus V, Benedict XIV, and Leo XII employed the richest metals and the most skillful artists to adorn it. It would be an almost endless task to describe the master-pieces of works which it contains. Silver, gold, diamonds, jasper, porphyry, glitter in every part—each having its own history as well as its own brilliancy.

The exterior of the dear basilica is no less admirable. Here we find the *chef-d'œuvre* of Piranesi, the inspired poet of Roman architecture, to which his chisel has preserved the majesty that the age, the sky of Rome and its souvenirs gave to him. Saint Mary Major has two fronts; before the principal, in the centre of one of those vast squares, where the monuments of art seem to breathe at ease, and to rise like a city in the midst of a desert, the statue in bronze of the Blessed Virgin, holding the infant Jesus, is elevated on a column of white marble, seventy feet high—it is the only column remaining of the ancient Temple of Peace, and is a master-piece of grace, elegance and beauty, a type of perfection probably unique in the world, and one of the wonders of Rome which my eyes have always contemplated with the greatest delight. The second front is decorated with one of the obelisks which Pope Sixtus V took pleasure in multiplying through his city, not for the pleasure of erecting them, but to make them pedestals for the Cross. So that, having seen the persecutions of the Church, they might serve as witnesses and instruments of her triumph.

But it is not its richness nor the arts that have made the basilica of St. Mary Major so dear to so many Pontiffs, to the Roman people and to all the faithful; it is the great number of relics of which she is the venerable and august depot. There are some of the stones which formed the crib of the Infant God in the stable of Bethlehem, the linens which enveloped him, the *culla* made by St. Joseph, which is carried in procession during the holy night of Christmas, and exposed the following day to public veneration. There are the relics of St. Jerome, St. Mathias Apostle, of Saint Pius V, and of a great number of other Saints, Virgins and Martyrs. There is seen, and particularly

honored, one of the miraculous portraits of the Blessed Virgin, which tradition attributes to the pencil of St. Luke. During the first centuries this image was so generally venerated in Rome, that during the plague which made such great ravages in A. D. 596, the holy Pope Gregory the Great, who then governed the Church, made use of it in this extremity to implore the mercy of the Lord. Easter morning, accompanied by the clergy and people, in penitential procession, he repaired to the Liberian Basilica and taking in his hands the image of the Blessed Virgin, went in the direction of St. Peter's Basilica, when the procession reached the mole of Adrian, where the castle of Saint Angelo now stands, a voice in the air was distinctly heard by the entire crowd chanting "*Regina celi letare, Alleluia: quia quem meruisti portare, Alleluia: resurrexit sicut dixit, Alleluia.*" Penetrated with the tenderest and most pious affection for the sweet Mother, and already filled with hope in the midst of their common affliction, the Pontiff and the people immediately responded in the same tone to that celestial voice, "*Ora pro nobis Deum, Alleluia,*" and suddenly the plague ceased throughout the entire city. But not, as we may well imagine, did the special devotion cease which they had in Rome for this pious image and for the sanctuary where-in it remained.

Of all the Popes who loved Saint Mary Major not one exhibited more than did Clement VII the ardor of his tenderness and the immensity of his confidence. In the great needs of the Church and of Christianity, this Pontiff would leave his palace before daybreak and walk bare-footed to celebrate mass at the altar of Mary. More than once he was seen upon his knees ascending the hill, and when he arrived too soon, patiently waiting outside for the moment of opening the doors of the basilica. It was this same Clement who gave the holy image its crown of precious stones, and to the illustrious chapter of St. Mary the pontifical palace near the church.

Here I conclude with sweet complacency these details, because Saint Mary Major is also my beloved church, and there is no place in the world which I would so much love to see again, to cover with my kisses, and to water with my tears, not even the tomb of my parents. I have also developed these details, because they offer to the mind at least some idea of that generous, expansive and charming faith which characterizes the Catholicity of the Romans. Setting aside my own belief and love, I most profoundly respect



this prodigality in adorning altars and embellishing holy images. When one has given his *whole soul* to God, and all good that He may increase it, and all evil that He may destroy it, it does not seem too much to offer to the material representations, which we make of Him and his Saints all that the genius of art can ennoble and all that the inexhaustible bosom of the earth produces of the rare and precious. Yes, my God, all things to Thee—our thoughts, our dreams, our labors; to Thee the perfume of soul and the perfume of flower; and to Thee the blood of our veins, the fruits of the earth, and the works of our hands, and all that we can offer, even to others as well as to Thee, for in Thy Saints and even in Thy dearest, most beloved and most miraculous Mother, it is still Thee, O Lord, whom we honor.

For the AVE MARIA.

### A May Song for 1865.

BY M. A. STACE.

Come, weave the bright garland, and sing the glad song,  
For brightness and gladness to MARY belong;  
To MARY as decked in her gorgeous array,—  
She greets us with "Peace" on this festival day:  
The Queen to whom homage so loving ascends,  
From hearts in which duty with tenderness blends.  
O Mary! our hearts were delivered to thee,  
When St. Peter invoked thee!—"Star of the Sea!"  
As Queen of that land which Columbus the brave  
Had won by devotion from o'er the dark wave.

Immaculate Mother! The land of the free  
Delights to surrender that freedom to thee!  
The poor man rejoices thy livery to wear  
Thy fetters, sweet Mother, 'tis rapture to share.  
Immaculate Mother! A prince's gemmed throne  
Is dim to that cot where thy tenderness shone:  
And the star-spangled banner, breathed on by thee:  
True herald of hope is, and trust of the free!

The triumph o'er sin, the pure, bright, hallowed peace  
Which stills the dark passions—which bids the storm cease;  
Such blessings, O Lady, we crave at thy hands,—  
These triumphs we ask, as with glittering bands  
In joyful procession to honor thy day,  
With songs and with garlands our homage we pay.

Our first edition of four thousand of the AVE MARIA being exhausted, we were forced to publish a second edition of two thousand, and a third of the same number. As a votive offering to our Heavenly Queen for her gracious assistance in waiving her own AVES over our fair land, we have sought to portray the first "AVE," that of Gabriel, upon our title-page. The delay necessarily occasioned by the toilet of our sweet Queen—the transplanting of the palm and cedar trees, the roses and lilies of the vallies which surround her—the formation of the mountains of Judea, (from which she rises as the morning star,) with the stream of life flowing for them—all these necessarily occasioned a delay in our third issue.

\* \* \* The postage on the AVE MARIA is five cents per quarter—twenty cents a year.

For the AVE MARIA.

### May Musings.

BY T. E. H.

Warm month of May! sweet theme for simple song!  
Well pleased, with thy soft scenes I'd linger long,  
And joy to bask beneath the balmy rays  
Of thy mild sun, in all his sleepy haze.  
O, blest the clime that gives each year to please  
This softest month of oriental ease;  
Nor summer's blasting heat to scorch the ground,  
Nor winter's biting winds to rage around;  
But mingling—each so dreadful when alone—  
The blazing torrid with the frigid zone,  
Forth sends in all her beauty, fresh and gay,  
His languid, lovely month of charming May.  
Now daily grows the giant forest green,  
And now the tender blooms of spring are seen.  
Throughout the months of long and dreary cold  
The beauteous bud was froze beneath the mould.  
But now the warm and genial rays of heaven  
The frosty clods and binding chains have riven,  
And, lo! the tiny flow'rets, laughing, peeping;  
How glad those eyes to wake from such a sleeping!  
The snowy lambkins, gay in life's new pride,  
Now leap in gamb'ling sport from side to side,  
The lazy herd is basking on the hill,  
Well pleased these May-born rays of heat to feel,  
The airy warblers' merry, myriad throng  
Enliven hill and dale with mellow song;  
Nor need the cooling grove to hide the gleam,  
The livid heat, of noonday's scorching beam;  
But in the glancing sunlight's sparkling wave  
Their spirit forms in thousand circles lave.  
Alike in warming sun or morning dawn,  
Alike in open field or hedgy lawn,  
Alike where'er we turn, where'er we gaze,  
Behold, the birdlings sing their Maker's praise.  
The sleek and harnessed team are ready now,  
And prancing stand before the well-worn plough;  
And as the ploughman gives his knowing nod,  
See, graceful over rolls the glistening sod.  
The farmer, following, plants his golden grain,  
With hopeful heart of bounteous harvest gain.  
Most blessed month of all the blessed year!  
Most full of waking joy and sinless cheer!  
How glad with promise—balmy, soft and airy;  
And, oh! how good to love and honor Mary!  
For now the leafy trees and fragrant flowers,  
The warming sunshine and the gentle showers,  
The opening furrows and the sowing grain,  
The basking herds, the flocks upon the plain—  
These hope within the breast of man do nurture,  
And tell of gifts received and gifts in future.  
What fitter time to plant within the breast  
A love for her whose love will never rest,  
A love for her, of every hope the Star,  
Which fondly guides to her bright home afar?  
Her love will pierce the scales that cloud our eyes,  
And we shall see the distant glories rise,  
Where Mary, mother of our blessed Hope.  
In Jesus' light our risen eyes shall ope.  
Then let us well these happy days employ,  
And fill our souls with such a tender joy.  
That worldly joys, fantastic, false and dreary,  
May ne'er forgotten make the Month of Mary.

The path of virtue is the only secure road to lasting happiness.

Religious Chronicle.

The last number of *La Voix de Notre Dame de Chartres* contains the following interesting extract from a letter written by an eminent priest of the Diocese of Bayonne:

"The Blessed Virgin has recently appeared to a religious of great sanctity, and said to her: 'The predictions of La Salette are about being accomplished; have many prayers offered to appease the anger of God.' The religious replied, 'Thou art all-powerful; beg of God to protect his Church. Who would believe me?' The Blessed Virgin answered, 'God will listen favorably to the prayers addressed to me; the more they are multiplied the more abundantly will He recompense. I shall come with legions of angels to save the Church.'

"Mary then dictated the following prayer, and recommended its gratuitous distribution. A pious lady, whose daughter has lately been miraculously cured, has published many thousand copies for distribution:

PRAYER.

*Approved by the Archbishop of Tours and the Bishops of Bayonne, Nantes and Luçon.*

"August Queen of Heaven! Sovereign Mistress of Angels! Thou who from the commencement didst receive from God power and mission to crush the head of Satan, we humbly beseech Thee to send Thy holy legions; that by Thy orders and through Thy power they may pursue the demons, assail them everywhere, punish their audacity and plunge them into the infernal abyss.

"Who is like unto God?

"Holy Angels and Archangels defend us!

"Oh, good and tender Mother! Forever wilt thou be our love and our hope."

"AVE MARIA," A CATHOLIC JOURNAL.—We are in receipt of the first and second numbers of this new weekly magazine, published at Notre Dame, St. Joseph county, Indiana. As may be anticipated from the title, and further confirmed by its declaration, it is "devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin," and the interests of those who devoutly venerate her. Bishop Timon, of Buffalo, leads off in the initial number with a warmly commendatory letter to the Very Rev. E. Sorin, the projector and leading spirit of this periodical, and the Bishops of Cleveland, Milwaukee and Fort Wayne give the enterprise their hearty co-operation and support. Under these auspices it cannot fail to attain a permanent prosperity and a large patronage. In typographical appearance, editorial ability and devotion to its cause, it stands unrivaled by anything of this kind in the Northwestern States.—*Chicago Journal*.

Commendatory Notices.

We are much gratified by the encouraging words daily received with regard to the "AVE MARIA." We make the following extracts from some of the many letters of which we are in daily receipt from our Rev. confreres, Superiors of Religious orders, and devout clients of Mary in every station of life:

"I am working for your paper. The leaf from Paradise; the sound brought from Heaven by Gabriel, caught by Elizabeth, and continued ever since by multitudes of children of Mary; echoed and re-echoed, and chorused fully by Church triumphant 'AVE MARIA.'"

Another writes:

"AVE MARIA!" Beautiful name! It won me the moment my eye rested upon its Circular. For a project that so commends itself at once to my heart, my services as wanted will be cheerfully bestowed."

From another we received the following:

"Inclosed find my subscription for the sweet AVE MARIA. Upon me has devolved the pleasing duty of giving the instructions to the Cathedral congregation every evening during the month of May. I am glad of the office entrusted to me for many reasons; among others, because I hope I will have an opportunity to further the circulation of the AVE MARIA. I trust, dear Father, for the honor of our beloved Mother, and to cheer your own generous and devoted heart, as well as a reward for your noble undertaking, that the AVE MARIA may, under God, find its way to every nook and corner in the land."

Again, the following:

"I, the undersigned, Founder of the first Catholic Church in Chicago in 1833, and who in 1836, visited in company, with the most amiable, the most erudite and above all, the most saintly Bishop Bruté, the very spot on which now stands your noble Institution, rejoice at your heavenlike enterprise and hasten to request you to put me down as a subscriber to the sweet AVE MARIA. Accept the enclosed mite of a poor Priest—meanwhile wishing you a happy success—*Auspice Maria*."

Again, another greets us—

"It affords me much joy to be allowed, under Divine Providence the high privilege, of affiliation in the glorious Catholic work of adding my mite in promoting the glories of Mary, our Mother and Queen. May you succeed in your efforts to increase more and more devotion and love to



wards this Queen of Heaven, and may every Christian heart receive the sweet AVE MARIA."

And again:

"With the greatest joy we greet the first number of the AVE MARIA and beg of you to accept the enclosed sum for a life subscription. It will afford us much pleasure to co-operate with you in promoting the honor of our Holy Mother, by endeavoring to obtain subscribers for your journal. We trust it will have a wide-spread circulation. The various Mission Houses of our Congregation will be happy to subscribe as soon as they receive notice."

Another Superior writes:

"Oblige me by sending the AVE MARIA to my address. We will do all in our power to have this gem circulated among our scholars and friends."

Again, we receive:

"Please accept the enclosed from our Infant Sodality. We rejoice at the glorious news, that the love and praise of our sweet Mother Mary will be propagated."

Another client of Mary writes:

"I received your prospectus for a new publication entitled AVE MARIA, and the thought immediately occurred, why was not such a paper published before in honor and vindication of our Blessed Lady? Still it is better late than never! Only proceed with the good and laudable work and do not cease to work *against* the adversary and his agents, who would gladly tear her down with them into the abyss. The more they try, the more we shall have to use our weapons, which are adoration to Jesus—honor to Mary; *Loue soit Jesus Christ! Honneur à Marie*—is the motto of every good Catholic Frenchman."

"May 10th.—Please find draft, my life subscription to your AVE MARIA, which I hope will increase in the hearts of all, true and sincere devotion to our good Mother who has deigned to take our country under her powerful patronage. Accept, Very Rev. Father, my sincere thanks for this monument of yours, erected in honor of Mary."

"May 9th.—Enclosed find my subscription for the AVE MARIA. I do not consider myself able to take periodicals, but I wish to subscribe to this, partly as a thanksgiving—our Blessed Lady will know for what—and partly on speculation. For since I am sure that the Mother of so great a King cannot be ungenerous, I hope in taking a work established in her honor, merely because

it is in her honor, to secure her interest in plans which I have much at heart."

"May 8th.—The first number of the well-inspired AVE MARIA I have thankfully received. Under a modest cover, in a suitable form and style, like the humble violet of the vernal season, it must diffuse a sweet fragrance of genuine piety. Many will be delighted to read its chaste and well written articles. I congratulate you upon the bold enterprise. The precious gems it contains promise a magnificent result of spiritual riches. Rejoice; a most abundant harvest is in prospect. I feel well pleased and cherish the hope of an early and continued success for the Christian family's new and chaste visitor. Be of good courage! Mary will foster an undertaking so praise-worthily devoted to her honor. May God prolong your useful efforts—*ad multos annos*—if not in *eternum*."

"May 13th.—I am in bed with a fresh attack of fever. By my side lie the numbers of the AVE MARIA. Your journal charms and consoles me."

The limits of our unpretending little journal, force us unwillingly to close our extracts. We return our most heartfelt thanks to the clients and children of our Blessed Mother, for their generous appreciation of our humble labors. The original letters from which we have taken the above extracts, we shall most carefully preserve.

#### NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

[From the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.]

"AVE MARIA," a Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin. Published at Notre Dame, St. Joseph county, Indiana.

The Very Rev. E. Sorin, President of Notre Dame, has commenced the publication of a weekly pamphlet journal, with the caption and for the purpose above indicated. We have received the first number. It is well edited and, indeed, the kind of periodical of which it can be said: "No Catholic family should be without it." It has the special commendation of CARDINAL BARNABO, Prefect of the Propaganda, of Bishop LUERS, in whose Diocese it is published, and of Bishop HENRI of Milwaukee, and of Bishop RAPE of Cleveland. This periodical, devoted to the honor of our Lady, will, of course, avoid secular subjects. It is to be strictly religious, and affectionately devoted to the Ever Blessed Mary. It may seem a strange thought, in this day, to the busy throng. But there is wisdom in it—the wisdom of the saints."

A NEW CATHOLIC JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of the "AVE MARIA," a paper to be published weekly at Notre Dame, Indiana. It opens well; while true to its name, it is redolent of fragrant flowers in honor of our Blessed Mother. We wish the AVE MARIA abundant success.—*Catholic Mirror*.

Volume I.

Number

LEVEL  
ONE

# AVE MARIA



NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.  
1865.





# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 3, 1865.

No. 4.

JOHN HENRY,

*By the grace of God and favor of the Holy See,*  
Bishop of Fort Wayne:

TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE,  
HEALTH AND BENEDICTION:

*Dear! Beloved in Christ:* Ever since we entered upon our pastoral duties in this newly-erected Diocese, it has been our constant thought to establish a home for the orphans in which they might be brought up and educated for that position in life for which God has destined them. But during several years this ardent desire remained only a pious wish. The churches, schools, and pastoral residences which had everywhere to be erected, put the commencement of this work out of the question for the time being. But since, in a great part at least, these difficulties no longer exist, money also being plenty and the affairs of the Diocese both temporally and spiritually placed upon a better footing, we call your attention to this favorite institution of Christian charity, and think that its erection should be no longer deferred. What especially induces us to commence this work at present, are the sad effects occasioned by the bloody and fratricidal strife which lately raged with such unrelenting fury in this happy land of ours. Thousands upon thousands—especially of the needy and laboring classes—as if by a devastating pestilence, were swept away by the all-destroying angel of war; and the South particularly was turned into a vast battle-field upon which heads of families, far away from their own, fighting for their country, breathed their last, and dying recommended their dear little ones—their hearts' blood—to the protection of the first daughter of heaven—"Charity." Under these circumstances the graves, humanity, religion, the Church, the angels, the saints, and Jesus Christ himself, cry out to us "Provide for the orphans." Shall they call in vain?

Who among us could approach the death-bed of a departing father or mother, whose last petition, last care, is to provide for his or her dear children, and say: "Your children shall be thrown upon a heartless world; no one will care for them." If any one were so hard-hearted, could he one day hope for mercy? Listen to the last prayer of the Eternal Son of God: "Father, those whom Thou gavest Me I have kept." (John xvii, 12.) And again, to His Apostles, He said, "I will not leave you orphans." (John xiv, 18.) Even He felt what it is to be left an orphan.

When through devastating diseases, or merciless death, father and mother are called away out of

life, and their children, their darling ones, stand around the death-bed, wringing their innocent hands, and weeping and sobbing look the dying father and the pallid mother for the last time in the eyes—for the last time pronounce the sweet names "Father!"—"Mother!" and the broken voice faintly answers "Farewell! my dear child—son, daughter—God protect and preserve you, that we may see each other again, and be together in a happy eternity!" and then the weary head, bedewed with the cold clammy sweat of death, sinks down into eternal rest;—tell us, what is to become of such children, especially their eternal salvation, if they do not fall into proper hands?

Parents, if Christ the Lord were to come Himself to you, and demand your *only* child, would you not beseech Him to leave it to you? Would you not rather give up all that you possess than lose your child? Your neighbor loves his as dearly as you do your own, and God loves them still more dearly than either you or your neighbor does, for He Himself instilled this love into your breasts, and gave His only begotten Son for them, who died for them the bitter and most cruel death of the cross. He loves them more than the whole world, because the Son would not even pray for the world, but He prayed to the Father for them because they belong to Him. (John xvii, 9.) The world cost the Son only the words "*Let it be,*" but your soul, those of your children and of the children of your neighbor, cost Him His life and all His blood. (John iii, 16.) If then He loves man with such an infinite love, you can offer Him in return no greater love and gratitude than by supporting, educating, and conducting to Him those whom He has purchased at so dear a rate. Listen to His own words, which He caused His Apostles to write for you in the great letter, His Gospel: "And when the Son of man shall come in His majesty, and all the angels with Him; then shall He sit upon the throne of His majesty: and all the nations will be gathered together before Him, and He will separate the one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats: and He will set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on His left. Then will the King say to those on His right hand: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and ye gave Me to eat; I was thirsting, and ye gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in." (Mat. xxv, 31, etc.) Then He will answer them, saying: "Truly, I say to you, as long as ye did it to *one of the least of these My brethren*, ye



*did it to Me.*" (Matt. xxv, 40.) If Christ were to ask of you a night's lodging, and you knew Him, no doubt you would receive Him with open arms, entertain Him at any cost, and beg of Him to remain with you always. You would feel proud, and never forget the high honor conferred upon you. But Christ, by sending the orphans in His place, offers you such a desirable opportunity, and promises you the same reward as if you had received Himself. Here, perhaps, the thought arises: Is it really true that in a poor, abandoned orphan I can entertain Christ Himself. It is; do not doubt it, for He Himself has said it: "And he who shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me." (Matt. xviii, 5.) What more do you desire? Give the tempter, who lies in wait for their immortal souls, no room in your hearts; but cast his vile and avaricious suggestions from you, and make a firm and resolute resolve to support the fatherless who have no home. The prayers, which these little ones will daily offer up, will pierce the clouds; God will hear them and abundantly reward you for your charity. Perhaps also the evil one will tell you, that you are rich; that you will leave your children abundance of wealth and large estates; that, therefore, they will need no asylum. If so, thank God for it; but remember that from the height of prosperity to the abode of poverty there is but a step, as we see every day; and perhaps no one will follow your corpse to the grave but orphans, sending their prayers to heaven, like incense, for your soul. Granting that your course will be one of perpetual sunshine and prosperity, is it not incumbent upon you, and an imperative duty, to give alms? "He, who hath the substance of this world, and seeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his bowels against him, how doth the love of God abide in him?" (1 John iii, 17.) "He who loveth not abideth in death." (1 John iii, 14.) Remember likewise the fearful end of the rich glutton. (Luke xvi, 22, etc.) But if, according to your ability, you have assisted the orphans, and redeemed your sins with alms, (Tob. xii, 9, and iv, 7, 11; Eccl. iii, 33; Dan. iv, 24; Matt. v, 7, and xvi, 9;) and the last tremendous day having dawned, and with the entire human race, from Adam down to the last born, you are standing before the judgment seat of your Lord and Judge, and Christ shall point out to you the Saints—offsprings of the orphans whom you have supported, perhaps thousands in number, clothed in white garments, with palms in their hands, stepping out before you, in sight of the whole human race and all the angels and heavenly hosts, to salute you as their benefactor and rescuer, and their parents also thanking you—what joy and consolation! Yes, all the saints and angels will then praise you, and God will fulfill the promises which He has made you.

But why are we compelled to raise our voice in behalf of so noble a cause? Why do not alms flow abundantly of themselves? Alas! hateful indifference and the spirit of the age, which look only after the things of this world, make men forget or be insensible to the love which they owe their neighbor. But beware of this so-called

spirit of the age, so highly extolled by many. Its very name shows whence this spirit is; it belongs to time; it is evidently not the Holy Spirit of Truth, who proceeds from eternity and not out of time. It is, therefore, the evil one, the prince and ruler of this world. (John xii, 31.) With many it is the want of a firm and lively faith. Why were our Christian forefathers able to accomplish so much; and comparatively, why do we accomplish so little? This lively faith is wanting in our day, which animated them. "This is the victory, which overcometh the world, our faith." (1 John v, 4.) Others imagine, if they do not speak against religion, say their prayers, attend mass on Sundays, and approach the sacraments, that they are excellent Christians, and do quite sufficient; but the Holy Ghost lays down as a characteristic sign of true and genuine piety: "To support orphans and widows in their tribulations, [and] to keep one's self unspotted from the world." (James i, 27.) Both should be done; like accomplished artisans, Christians should be perfect in every respect, and not perform a part, leaving the rest undone.

Avarice, this inordinate desire after temporal goods which St. Paul calls the root of all evil, (1 Tim. vi, 10,) is another powerful cause. Avarice is idolatry; for it is the same whether an image is adored or gold. But the covetous man pays divine honor to his gold, because he has a firmer faith in it, he hopes more from it, and loves it more than God. Money, not God, is the standard by which he weighs all things. His fundamental idea and standard of value and worth is *earth*! His mode of expression even is characteristic of this. As many dollars as he has, so much is he worth—no more. His fellow-men also he estimates according to their money, not according to their virtues, good qualities, or moral worth. Does he ask in all his actions "Is it lawful?—just?—what does God say?" No! but "How much does it pay!" In his eyes the rich man is the only true Christian. He alone has sense and reason. He values churches, schools, asylums and other religious institutions according to the *per cent.* which they bring; and as he is wholly earthly in his inclinations and views—numbers being his standard, and his heart a multiplication-table—he cannot understand their utility and necessity, consequently he never contributes more towards them than he is absolutely compelled. He looks upon all such gifts as money nearly thrown away. What low and debasing sentiments in an image of God, destined to live during all eternity, not among the perishable treasures of this earth, but imperishable and celestial ones in heaven. "Nothing, therefore," says the Bible, "is more wicked, than the covetous man." (Eccl. x, 9.) Listen to what all money and property are for: they are traveling money which the Heavenly Father has placed in your hands, with which to accomplish the journey from the cradle to the grave. If you possess more than you need for yourself and your own, you have but a burden more and also a responsibility more: because if you make any other use of it than that for which God has given it to you,

you are dishonest—a thief—since *He* is the owner, not you; you are only the steward. If really these means belonged to you, you would take them with you into eternity, as you do your good and bad actions; but you must leave them behind you for others, who, according to the will of God, must employ them in the same legitimate manner as yourself. All riches are for men—for you and others. If you have more than you need, out of the surplus you can make yourselves friends, who will accompany you on your journey and prepare you mansions in the next life. In doing so, you do not lose them, but secure them forever; for God looks upon what you give to the orphans, the poor, the Church and for other religious purposes, as so much given to Him. He says so Himself: "He that hath mercy on the poor, lendeth to the Lord; and He will repay him." (Prov. xix, 17.) He is not avaricious. Men give at most but ten per cent.; He, on the contrary, gives a hundred for one. If, therefore, you make frequent deposits with Him, during ten, twenty, fifty years, you are immensely rich—a millionaire—as soon as you will arrive in the other world. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where rust and moth consume, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through, nor steal." (Matthew vi, 19, 20.) This is true practical wisdom, and common sense.

Dearly Beloved: Reflect earnestly upon this. In doing so, it will also become evident why those who always generously contribute towards churches, schools, asylums and other charitable objects, never miss it. God finds them such faithful stewards that He makes it up to them, giving them besides joy and consolation for their charitable deeds here, life eternal hereafter. "But we are constantly called upon and compelled to give; of begging there is no end!" Certainly not; why should there be? Do you not receive continually from God, and does He not increase your wealth and substance every day? And will you not pay interest, at least, in return? If the state, for its little assistance and the insecure protection which it affords, demands *continually* such heavy taxes, has not God, from Whom you have all that you possess, the right constantly to require something also in return? Neither anxiously inquire for whose children this institution shall be. It shall be for all those who may need it. Wherever you, or your fellow-man was born, was it not the will of God, that "*there*" you should first behold the light, where His wisdom ordained it? There to learn the language in which, in your childhood, you piously and reverentially said: "*Our Father, who art in heaven.*" We, all over the world, are one great family, which has God for its Father, and therefore Christ says: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." (Luke x, 27.) He has beautifully illustrated "who is our neighbor" in the example of the good Samaritan, which instruction he concludes by saying, "*Go, and do thou in like manner.*" (Ibid. ver. 37.) Those who want to restrict their benefits to nation and kindred he calls heathens. (Mat.

v, 47.) "Be ye therefore perfect, as also your Heavenly Father is perfect." (Mat. v, 48.) Make only the distinction which He makes, *i. e.* between the good and the bad; and like our Holy Mother the Church, be *One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic.*

For the charitable offerings which for his favorites, the orphans, you place in the treasury of the Lord, He will most abundantly reward you, upon your death-bed. When, then, every earthly object shall disappear, and hell make its last assaults upon your souls, then especially will the Lord keep his promise: "I will not leave you orphans." The angel which He sent the young Tobias as a faithful companion for the journey, will also accompany you, to conduct you safely on the narrow path which leads to eternal life. What a consolation for the last hour.

We design placing the Orphan Asylum under the patronage of Saint Joseph, the foster-father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It will be erected on a beautifully situated farm, of twenty-six acres, immediately adjoining this city. In the name of the orphans, therefore, we not only knock at the door of your hearts for contributions to this institution, but we also request that both Pastors and flock look upon this noble enterprise of charity as being especially their work, and that therefore they labor with zeal and energy to put it into execution. For this reason we also ordain—

1. That a subscription shall be taken up by the Pastor, or other clergyman invited by him, in each congregation and station throughout the Diocese during the months of May, June and July, and the amount contributed will test the zeal and interest that both Pastor and congregation take in this noble work.

2. Every Pastor will endeavor to obtain as much of the subscription down as possible, so that the building may be commenced at once, and also that the land, which cost \$7,000, may be paid for. For larger sums, terms of one, two, and even three years may be given. In such cases, where it can be done, notes should be taken, payable to us or order.

3. We also request, that the names of the subscribers and the amount which they promise to contribute be registered by each collector in a proper book, and a copy sent to us, that we may publish the same in due time in each place, and also have their names, and what they have paid, entered in a book for that purpose, to be kept in the Asylum for the inspection of future generations, and likewise that the orphans may offer up their daily prayers and other good works for their generous benefactors or their departed souls.

4. As soon as the subscription shall have been taken up, the amount subscribed must be sent in, so that we may make the plans accordingly.

This Pastoral Letter shall be read in all the churches and stations, as soon after it shall have been received as practicable. The Pastors will likewise make suitable comments upon it, to inflame their flocks with zeal and liberality for this work of love—not only the heads of families but also the unmarried, of whom many, although they



receive excellent wages, give but little alms and otherwise do nothing to atone for their sins. An excellent opportunity is also offered to hold up to the faithful the beautiful example of their pious and zealous ancestors, who by generous donations and rich legacies founded and maintained such and similar charitable and religious institutions. Comparatively little has as yet been done by them in this Diocese in this respect; several expressed their intentions, but most of them died before they were carried into execution. How much better would it be if, after mature deliberation, they would make their last wills during health; which will only go into execution after death, and can be changed as they may see proper.

We also take this occasion to promulgate the Jubilee of 1865. Each Pastor can take any month during the year which he sees fit for his congregation; the same also for each station. The conditions for gaining the plenary indulgence, are—

1. A sincere sorrow for sin, with a firm purpose of amendment; confession, and Holy Communion. For children, confession.

2. Fasting on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of one week during the month assigned.

3. In cities where there are two churches, one visit to each of them; in places where there is but one, two visits, with prayers offered up at each visit according to the intention of the Holy Father. No particular form of prayer is prescribed; the fervent recitation of five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys will do.

4. The giving of some alms to the poor. In the present case, we request that it be employed in the erection of the Asylum; wherefore it must be sent in by the Pastors. Parents may give alms for their children. In favor of those who cannot fast or visit the church, the confessor may commute these conditions into some other good work.

Given at Fort Wayne, on the Feast of the Ascension of our Lord, A. D. 1865.

† JOHN HENRY, *Bishop of Fort Wayne.*

#### Priestly Model of Devotion to Mary.

St. Charles Borromeo had the most lively and tender devotion for the Holy Virgin. Besides daily reciting on his knees the beads and office of that glorious Virgin, he also fasted on bread and water on the eves of our Lady's festivals. Never was any one more exact than he in saluting her when the bell gave notice to say the *Angelus*. In his Cathedral he had a chapel and confraternity of the Rosary. On the first Sunday in every month he caused a solemn procession to be made, in which was carried, in great pomp, a picture of the Blessed Virgin. He placed under her protection all his foundations; he ordered that throughout his entire Diocese the name of Mary, as often as it was heard pronounced, should be honored with great respect; he caused to be placed over the portal of every parish Church within his jurisdiction a picture of the Mother of God, in order to impress upon the people that we cannot enter the temple of eternal glory without the favor of her whom the Church has called the Gate of Heaven.—*Lives of the Saints.*

Translated for the AVE MARIA.

### LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

#### No. 1.—The Prisoner of War.

BY L. D'APPILLY.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE ASSAULT.

The caliph hoped that time would weaken the attachment of the Crusader to the religion of his fathers. He flattered himself that he could seduce him from his loyalty by caresses and favors, and bring him, through gratitude, to that apostasy whose sophisms he so steadily refused.

Berenger was therefore treated with great regard and attention. His wounds were healed in a short time by the care of physicians, and still more effectually, by the vigor of his constitution; and if it were not that his scars made his countenance even more stern and terrible than before, he arose from his bed very soon, completely cured.

They did not put him in irons. They made him swear upon the Gospel not to escape; and upon this promise, he had no prison but his own good faith, and was at liberty to walk through the city wherever he pleased.

The caliph assigned him a palace for his dwelling, and slaves to wait upon him. Often invited to the table of the prince, loaded with distinctions and honors, the prisoner began to excite the jealousy of the Moslem officers.

In the feasts that were given him daily, nothing was forgotten that could inflame the sensual appetites. They studied to excite his passions, that they might lead him by means of licentiousness to a religion, whose pliable and corrupted morality legitimizes and fosters the base instincts which disturb the darkest recesses of the human heart.

Temperance did not always hold control in the soul of the Crusader. Idleness and the want of excitement laid him open to the suggestions of vice and the snares of the Moslems. The nights were too short for his long banquets. The wine of Asia is perfumed, and in its rosy drops dance sylphs, and peris, and dreams of gold. Berenger indulged in it without stint. His Moslem friends, forgetting the injunctions of the Koran, incited and provoked him to drink deeply.

And all the solicitations of vice were mingled with the praises of Islam and the derision of the Gospel. Berenger did not answer; but he sometimes reflected that the cross adorned his shoulder. Blushes of shame would cover his face in the midst of the festivities. He would rise from table

with trembling steps, and motioning off his attendants, and the companions of the feasts, he would hide himself in his private apartments.

When these means, therefore had failed, they had recourse to magic. They mixed philters and drugs with his drink that plunged him into delicious lethargies, full of ecstasies and the wild visions of opium and hemp-seed. While he was sleeping in his chamber, transported during his slumbers by mysterious phantoms, he would awaken in enchanted gardens, where he was afforded a foretaste of the delights of the Mahometan paradise.

They raised before him the vision of Etiennette. She pressed him to embrace the religion of the prophet, which she said she had already made her own. Then he was carried back again to his bed, and the remembrance of these hallucinations worked upon his spirit in solitude, and bewildered it.

When they thought they had shaken his faith, the caliph sent for him and making him sit on his right upon a rich divan, he spoke to him, by an interpreter, as follows:

"May Allah crown thy brows with glory and prosperity! Does not inaction lie heavy on thy heart, and art thou not impatient to use the lance again?"

Berenger sighed, and answered:

"Alas! tell what are my brethren, the Crusaders, doing all this time? Are their engines of war still far from the ramparts? Why do they not begin the assault?"

"Deceive thyself no longer with that vain hope. Discord prevails in their camp; they will never enter Damascus. Separate thyself from them entirely; receive from my hands a well-tempered scimitar and fight on my side."

"I have made a vow to wage war until death against the Saracens."

"I will heap honors and dignities upon thee. My favor will elevate thee above all my ministers in time of peace, and above all my captains in war. My treasures shall be thine. Thou hast only to choose the most sumptuous of my palaces, and my eldest daughter shall be thy bride."

"I am a Christian!"

"Can the cross outweigh advantages like these? Even when you return to the land of France, what will you find there? A miserable barony, exhausted of men and resources; a castle ready to fall into ruins; a wife grown old and perhaps faithless. But do not hope ever to leave here. Before four days have passed, the right hand of Allah

shall be laid upon the enemies of his law, and the exterminating angel shall disperse their cohorts."

"Thy soldiers will quail before the glance of the Crusaders."

"I have a defence more powerful than the maces of the Franks. It will break the iron of their cuirasses and halberds, and overthrow their towers and balistas. This defence, this auxiliary—is gold. The soldiers of Christ have stretched forth their hands and their helmets to me to obtain it. I have scattered it abroad, but I have not succeeded in satiating them yet. They have sold me their friends and their brethren; they would have sold themselves if I had been rich enough to buy them."

"If such is the case, shame upon them! I will not imitate their disloyalty. I will remain faithful to my oath! But you wish to try me; what you say is impossible. Christians do not sell their brethren."

Just at that moment, a deformed and hideous dwarf approached, and spoke to the caliph in Arabic. The Saracen immediately took Berenger by the hand and said to him:

"To-morrow, at day-break, I will show thee that, I am not idly boasting of things that I cannot do thou mayest judge afterwards if the Crusaders merit so devoted an attachment as thine."

On the morrow the caliph conveyed his prisoner to the top of the highest tower. Thence the view extended over the entire city and the neighboring country. Berenger did not turn to admire the splendid terraces, nor the verdant gardens adorned with kiosks brilliantly painted and gilt, nor the many-balconied minarets. His eye sought eagerly the camp of the Crusaders on the extended plain.

He beheld the tents arranged in rows, symmetrical, like a city with its streets and squares. The different nations were in separate divisions, distinguished by their banners. The Franks were in the centre, around the tent of the king, whose flag was waving in the breeze. The Flemish, proud of the exploits of Godfrey de Bouillon, occupied the right; and the Gascons, vassals of Queen Eleanor, were ranged upon the left. He recognized also the pavilion of the Plantagenets and the Greek cross of the Emperor of Constantinople. The Provençal Knights were still in the place that Berenger had defended for them, in front of the principal gate of Damascus, but the banner embroidered by the lady of Montier shone no longer in the sun.

In front of the camp were ranged, under a strong defence, the formidable engines that constituted the artillery of those days. He counted five



moving towers of wood, with draw-bridges on the top, flanked with ballistas of every shape, mangonels, gigantic slings, pulleys, levers and catapults—engines that would rain a shower of stones from their immense beams. Here and there, at regular intervals, was a line of brazen-headed battering-rams, which would shake the buttresses of the ramparts to their very foundation. Everywhere around was observable that agitation which precedes the approach of deadly strife.

The besieged did not remain imprudently idle. The walls were alive with soldiers, preparing for an energetic defence. Some were arranging engines to oppose those of the Crusaders; others were collecting projectiles, boiling oil and pitch, attaching torches to arrows to fire their enemies' camp; others, in fine, were making a store of linen and healing drops, for the cure of wounds.

Suddenly, at a signal given by striking a shield with the point of a pike, the warriors issued in arms from their tents; they directed their steps towards an altar, erected on the previous night, and arranged themselves around it. A Bishop ascended the steps, and prayed God to infuse strength and victory into the sinews of the champions who were about to offer their blood for Him.

He blessed the engines of war and exorcised them, that magic and the artifice of demons might have no influence over them. Then he turned towards his warlike auditory and sent them forth to fight, repeating with enthusiasm:

"God wills it!—God wills it!"

The army marched forth with ardor. The monks—for there were some who had hidden their frock under a coat of mail, and exchanged their pilgrim's staff for a pike—intoned with sonorous voices the hymn which begins:

"Vexilla regis prodeunt,  
Fulget crucis mysterium."

This chant, which fifty thousand lips repeated, resounded with terrific harmony through the city; it was borne upon the wind to the ears of the prisoner, who trembled with joy.

The destructive engines, worked by myriads of hands, commenced to roll forward. The archers and slingers in ambush at the foot of the walls let fly their missiles. The shower of darts darkened the air. The Saracens dared not show themselves upon the walls or at the loop-holes. The ballistas and mangonels hurled clouds of bullets and stones; the battering-rams struck the outworks with a threatening noise, and the towers, full of armed men, almost touched the parapets of the walls.

The Moslems opposed engines to engines, and

death to death. Burning arrows, torches of burning hemp, vessels of lighted pitch, passing above the heads of the besieged, sought the engines of the Christians, and inflicted fiery wounds. The Crusaders seized them and sent them back whence they came.

The knights were a little in the rear, waiting for a breach to be made for them to enter. The Queen of France was present at this battle, at some distance, resting upon a *diva* of purple silk and animating by her gestures the courage of the warriors.

The Franks, surrounding the royal banner, had so formidable an air that Berenger, glowing with pride, had no doubt of the fall of the city. The caliph preserved a calm and indifferent aspect, and the smile of confidence never quitted his lips.

"Do not be apprehensive, prince," said the prisoner to him, "since thou hast spared my life, I will protect thine till the end of the massacre. Then we shall be quits."

"Thou art now to behold," answered the caliph, "the most shameful defeat that thine army has ever sustained."

The rams were too slow in their work of destruction. The Crusaders were impatient. They approached the walls, shouted their names, and defied the bravest of the Saracens. They received no answers but insults, and asking for scaling ladders, they set them up against the walls, in the midst of the cloud of darts around them, and rushed up to the assault.

At the same time, the largest of the moving towers having arrived at the wall, let down its drawbridge upon the battlements, which the knights crossed; the besieged ran to prevent them from descending, and a horrible strife took place in mid-air. The Moslem scimitars were broken against Christian helmets, and nothing protected the former against the trenchant battle-axes which cleaved their heads, and buried themselves up to the handle in their flesh.

Berenger could scarce moderate his joy, and he was ready at each moment to cheer on the Crusaders; but the Mahomedans made a tremendous effort, and united to hurl the assailants from the wall.

"Arms!" cried the prisoner—"Give me arms!"

The Franks renewed their ardor at the king's voice; they replaced their scaling-ladders, and ascended again, under a torrent of boiling oil and melted lead; they gained the parapet on all sides and put the Saracens to flight, maintaining their footing a second time. Hope revived in the heart of Berenger.

"Ah! If I were there!" murmured he.

There was among the Franks a warrior who surpassed all others both in his courage and in the height of his stature. Standing with his foot propped against the parapet, he struck high and low, and spread death around him on all sides.

When the besieged approached him in too great a number, he took his sword between his two hands, and raising it to a level with his face, he cut down all that surrounded him, and left an empty space in front.

The Crusaders scaled the walls all around; they made their attack with so much fury that the Saracens recoiled, unable to stand the shock.

"On—on!" shouted Berenger, "The city is taken!"

The Caliph himself became alarmed, and let these words escape him: "What are they waiting for?" We are lost. Have they betrayed me also?"

But his fears were soon dissipated, and the smile of triumph reappeared:

"Ah ha!" said he to his prisoner, "Was I not right? Is not gold a solid rampart?"

"Shame!" answered Berenger—"Shame on the cowards who betray their brethren and their friends!"

The largest tower of the Crusaders had taken fire, and only appeared now in the centre of a mountain of flame. At this signal, the Greeks beat a hasty retreat, leaving their allies alone and exposed to all the efforts of the Saracens.

Excited by the example of their king, the French still fought with heroic bravery; but the word "treason" circulated through their ranks.

They began to hesitate; their valor left them, and their blows were enfeebled. They gave way at last; and Louis the Young, the last on the enemy's rampart, overwhelmed with shame and rage, leaped in his turn from the wall.

Indignant at the treachery of his allies, Louis raised the siege on the morrow. The knights, before going away, marched around the city, and challenged the Saracens to open fight. But the Caliph forbade his officers to expose their lives uselessly; and after this defiance, whose barren glory could not disguise their flight, the Crusaders retired with a haughty air and in good order, in sight of the Moslems, who dared not disturb them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVILS in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm all travelers upon the road; they appear great at a distance, but when we approach them, we find that they are far less insurmountable than we imagined.

For the AVE MARIA.

## The Rose of Sharon.

BY M. B. B.

Hail, lovely Rose of Sharon's peaceful vale!  
Sweet solace of the wanderer's weary way!  
O, let thy sweetness o'er my soul prevail,  
And bless the efforts of my feeble lay.

My spirit wanders back the tide of years,  
When time, an infant in its cradle, weeps  
O'er that sad fall which bath'd the world in tears,  
While death, new-born, the fruitful harvest reaps.

There I behold all tainted nature fade  
From pristine beauty, and the youthful earth,  
So lavish then in fragrant bloom and shade,  
Cursed with unwonted barrenness and dearth.

Corruption seized the universal germ  
Of all created things, and swift decay  
To ev'ry creature fixed the final term  
Where life must end, and endless death have sway.

But see! before this universal blight  
Had tainted all creation with its breath,  
Jehovah stooped from heaven's exalted height  
And plucked a flower and said: "'Twill ne'er see death.

When grief and woe—when famine, war and strife,  
Have taught proud man the folly of his sin,  
I'll plant this rose, the harbinger of life,  
In Sharon's vale, new bliss for man to win.

Its grateful odors, on the downy wings  
Of ev'ry zephyr, shall pervade the earth;  
While ev'ry tongue that praise to heaven sings,  
Shall sound its beauty, loveliness and worth."

He spoke—and closed the portals of the sky  
On wretched man, consigned to grief and fears,  
Whose only happiness was now, to sigh  
For Sharon's Rose, the solace of his tears.

Four thousand years he groaned beneath his woe,  
No life-restoring fragrance gave relief;  
In vain the doleful tears of millions flow,  
He's still condemned to wretchedness and grief.

But lo! when dark despair was in his look,  
And anxious fears oppressed man's fainting mind,  
The Mighty Father oped the Sacred Book  
Of His decrees—"Twas time for mercy kind."

He took the lovely rose-bud from its place  
In His own glorious bosom, where the while  
'Twas cherished, as the signal of release  
To wretched man, subdued by wilful guile.

An angel escort bore it from on high,  
And placed it in its new terrestrial bed;  
Whence grateful odors, wafted to the sky,  
With Heaven the cause of weeping mortals plead.

The cause was won, and heav'n's Almighty King,  
Attracted by the sweetness of this flow'r,  
Unlocked the gates of heav'n, while angels sing  
The glories of His mercy-loving pow'r.

Then peace and justice, in one fond embrace,  
The kiss of friendship to each other gave;  
Rejoicing now of mourning took the place,  
For Heav'n is pledged a sinful world to save,

O, blest forever be thy fragrant bloom!  
Sweet Rose, by angels planted in this vale  
Of bitter tears, to dissipate the gloom  
Which gnawed the souls of suffering mortals frail.



Translated for the AVE MARIA.  
**THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST;**  
OR,  
**The New Month of Mary.**

BY JOHN DE VICQ, DOCTOR IN THEOLOGY.

CHAPTER IV.

FIGURES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT WHICH HAVE  
 REFERENCE TO MARY AND ARE APPLICABLE TO  
 THE PRIEST.

At the same time that Mary was announced by the word of the prophets, she was also announced by emblems and symbols. The Ancient Law, as we know, was entirely figurative; it was the shadow of Christ, *lex umbra Christi* (Galatians); the shadow of the good things that Jesus Christ was to bring to the earth, *lex umbram habens futurorum bonorum* (Heb. x, 1.), "the law having a shadow of the good things to come." Consequently, as the shade reveals the body, as the reflex reveals the light, as the copy makes known the original, so the Ancient Law reveals Christ and His works. It was, says Saint Paul, an instructor which taught Jesus Christ by anticipation. *Itaque lex pædagogus noster fuit in Christo, ut ex fide justificemur.* (Galat. iii, 24.) "Wherefore the law was our pedagogue in Christ, that we might be justified by faith."

For the reasons that we have already set forth, Mary, not being able to be separated from her Son in the reality, should not be separated from Him in the figure. This is the sentiment of all the Fathers and of all the Doctors of the Church; for their homilies upon the mysteries of the Mother of God are full of these relations and of these biblical harmonies. Albert the Great, one of the geniuses of the famous epoch, has even collected, in a work which he titled "*Biblia Mariana*," all those texts, prophecies, allusions, symbols, emblems, which relate to Mary and constitute, so to speak, her general appearance; precious treasure, brilliant garland wreathed by science for the Queen of Heaven, and from which we will detach some flowers—those which adorn equally the brow of the Virgin and the brow of the Priest.

And at first Mary was symbolized by the ark of Noah, floating over the deluvian waters. "In fact, says Saint Bernard, (*Homil. 2, De dom. Virg.*), if the human race was saved by the ark from complete extermination, it has been saved by Mary from the shipwreck of sin, with this notable difference that few persons were saved by the ark, and that all can be saved by Mary. Albert the Great and Saint Bonaventure discern Mary in the dove sent out of the ark by Noah, and which brought

back to him an olive branch, evident sign of the end of the deluge and of the peace made between earth and Heaven.

Now, either in the ark or in the dove of the ark, the Christian spirit has no difficulty to see an image of the Priest of Jesus Christ. In the moral deluge which our world is undergoing, in the universal shipwreck of the beautiful, the good, the just and the true, of which our century is the victim and the witness, there is not and there will not be any saved, except the one who clings to the robes of the Priest, who embraces his doctrine, who adores his God, who takes refuge in his house, for his house is not built upon the sand, but upon a rock; *Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram \* \* \** "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock" \* \* \* the winds may roar, the rivers may run riot, *portæ inferi non prævalebunt \* \** "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Outside of this holy ark, darkness and death; but with it and by it, light and life! There, then, is the hierarchy to follow; to Jesus, by Mary; to Jesus and Mary, by the Priest. They have the same words of life eternal, *sicut arca Noe, etc.*

The Priest is also the dove carrying the olive-branch, emblem of peace; it is his principal and certainly his most pleasing function. What is more pleasing than to make men a society of brothers, to establish harmony of hearts among them? A Priest, faithful to his mission, possesses this inexplicable sweetness; he freely gives it, and in so doing, he becomes the angel of the domestic fireside, the ray of the sun in the thick darkness of night. Is it not the olive-branch of peace that he carries to the sick when he enters into their hospitals, when he penetrates into their prisons, when he appears in the bosom of misery?

He is the dove of the ark; he is also, as the good Virgin, the rainbow that the Lord illumined on the side of the clouds to attest his resolution of never again visiting the earth with such terrible punishment.

If these lines were destined for others than Priests, more than one soul could tell how the sight of the Priest consoles in the midst of certain anguishes by which the heart of man, and more especially the heart of woman, is sometimes lacerated.

Saint John Damascene sees Mary in the mysterious ladder that Jacob saw in a vision, uniting earth with heaven. Some angels were descending and others were ascending; those descending were carrying the favors of heaven to the earth; those ascending were carrying the tears and the vows of

the earth to heaven. It is thus that through Mary God has stooped even to man and that he has exalted man even to God.

Mary is also for us, says Saint Bonaventure, the pillar of cloud which conducted Israel across the desert, tempering the excessive heat of the sun by day, and changing into a pillar of fire by night to show the way.

Life is a desert which we have to cross; and hence we are called travelers and pilgrims; but it is a desert of disquietude and pain, a desert furrowed with abysses which temptation opens beneath our paths, abysses dark and yawning ever ready to devour us. Another danger hovers almost continually over our heads: the thunderbolts of Divine justice provoked by our criminal acts, the burning fervency of His wrath excited by our ingratitude. But, behold, for countervailing the thunderbolts of justice, we have Mary, a beneficent cloud which interposes and preserves us from death; for counterbalancing darkness and temptation, we have Mary, a bright cloud which illumines our soul and guides us in the pathways of life. What else is the mission of the Priest than opposing the same benefits to the same necessities? Bending over the cradle of the child, he carefully watches his first heart-throbbings in order to direct them, the first elements of his intelligence in order to enlighten them with divine light.

The child grows to mature age and, perhaps, forsakes the Priest, but the Priest never forsakes him; he follows him everywhere as a mother, and when he can no longer be his pillar of cloud by day and his pillar of fire by night, because he has been abandoned by him, he endeavors to render him the same service by prayer; and thus his heart, though his eyes are absent, meets him everywhere and always.

Moreover, Mary is symbolized by the altar erected on the summit of Mount Ebal.

The Lord had willed that this altar be of stone, without any intermixture of iron, in order to signify, says Albert the Great, the chastity of the Virgin Mother. Mary, in reality, never had her soul tarnished by the least impure breath. She alone can be called "a living altar."

Still more, she was at the same time "both the altar and the Priest," (S. Epiph., *De Laud. Mar.*) because she bore in her bosom the victim, and because she did not cease from offering him to God. These various titles are admirably suited to the Priest, with this difference, that if Mary

was more than he the altar of God, he is more than she the Priest of it, for each of them possesses reciprocally the more that which the other has the less.

All the commentators of the Bible, and in particular Saint Jerome, speaking of the famous vision of the king of Babylon (Dan., 11,) gives the following explication of it: "Christ Jesus, says he, \* \* \* \* is this rock which, without the coöperation of man, detached itself from the mountain and overthrew all the kingdoms, figured by the different parts of the statue, in order to substitute his own for them. But what was the mountain whence this mysterious rock was detached? It was Mary, the blessed Virgin. Mary "is the Mountain of God" (Saint Dennis, *Contr. Samos.*) "Mountain of graces, because she has had them all, and because she raises up her majestic brow higher than angels and saints, even to the foot of the throne of the Divinity. (Saint Greg., on 1 Kings., ch. i.) The Priest is also the Mountain of God, who has been crowned with honor and glory: *gloria et honore coronasti eum*—"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor." He has been supplied to fulness with graces, adorned with all the gifts of the Holy Ghost; *mons pinguis*—"a fat mountain," &c., (Ps. lxxvii, 16,) [that is to say, most faithful and enriched by the spiritual gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost. In Isaiah ii, 2, the Church is called *The mountain of the house of the Lord on the top of mountains*, &c. This shows that the mountain thus favored by God is but one; and also the perpetual visibility of the Church of Christ; for a mountain upon the top of mountains cannot be hid.]

It is from the summit of this mountain that the rock fatal to the statue of Satan proceeds. The doctrinal word of the Priest is the rock which overthrows error and crushes it to destruction; the devotedness of the Priest is the rock which overthrows egoism and destroys it; Christ Jesus is always the rock which goes forth every morning, from the hands of the Priest, to dismay death, and to diffuse life in individuals and nations: *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat.*

We would never finish, were we to reunite here all the images, all the emblems, all the symbols which in the Old Testament have typified Mary, and subsequently the Priest. Heaven has lent its heavenly bodies to declare their supernatural beauty; the stars, to interweave crowns for them; the sun, to show forth their splendor; the moon serves as a footstool for their feet: *cæli enarrant gloriam*—"the heavens proclaim their glory." Over



the earth, all the beauty, all the perfume, all forms the most lovely, are as the alphabet of their pangeyrie. Mary and the Priest are the closed garden, the sealed fountain, the tree of life. They are strong as a tower, terrible as an army set in battle array, similar to the lily in the midst of thorns, to the cedar of Lebanon, to the cypress of Sion, to the palm of Cades, to the rose of Jericho, to the olive of the fields, by a current of limpid waters; their name will always be admirable throughout the whole world: *Quam admirabile est nomen tuum in universa terra!*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Les Moines d'Occident—The Monks of the West.

BY COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

It is now a little over thirty years that this illustrious champion of Catholicity is before the public, with a fame world-wide and ever on the increase. We remember well how he took France by surprise when, at the age of twenty-five years, he published his famous "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary," placing himself thereby among the best writers of the age. Yet, beautifully as the dear saint's life was portrayed by his brilliant pen, the chief merit of the book was not in the life itself, but in the Introduction, in which he gives a philosophic view of the history of the thirteenth century, which in point of comprehensiveness and depth of thought has never been equaled.

In the present work, of which the two first volumes appeared in Paris in 1860, the noble Count fully sustains his reputation. This is his great work; the result of immense researches, of twenty years' labor. But here again, the illustrious author leads us into his subject by means of another Introduction, containing 290 pages in 8vo. To give our readers an idea of the book, we would like to publish extracts verbatim, especially from his admirable Introduction, in which the transcendent mind of Montalembert is exhibited in the loftiest and most profound considerations. We will not fear to weary the patience of our pious friends, in placing before them such eloquent and rich pages; nor shall we fear to be considered as walking out of our own bounds and forgetting our main object; for, in the language of the noble Count: "To whomsoever seeks for the most accomplished type of the monk, St. Bernard presents himself at once, in all his devotedness to the Blessed Mother of God, foremost among her most fervent preachers; and again, the mysterious worship of virginity is the essential condition of the

cloistered life—or, in other words, the first homage to the Virgin of virgins, and the most direct attempt at reproducing her sublime ideal.

In the Introduction to the "Monks of the West," the noble and eloquent author has shown that "one of the most singular errors of many apologists of the monastic life, has been to regard it as an asylum for sad and weary souls, discontented with their lot in the world, incapable of maintaining the place to which society consigned them, deceived in all their hopes, or heart broken by sorrows. 'If we have established places for the health of the body,' says one of these writers, 'let us also permit religion to have them for the health of the soul; it is more subject to sickness, and its infirmities are far more dangerous, more tedious, and much more difficult to cure.'" The idea is poetic and touching, but it is not true. Monasteries were never destined to collect within their walls the invalids from the world. It was not sick souls, on the contrary, it was the most vigorous souls the human race ever produced, who presented themselves in crowds to people monasteries. The religious life, far from being the refuge of the weak, was the arena of the strong."

"After having written, more than twenty years ago, the *History of Saint Elizabeth*, the life of a young female in whom is united the Catholic poetry of suffering and of love, and whose modest and forgotten existence was nevertheless a portion of the most brilliant epoch of the middle ages, I wished, in writing the life of a great monk, to contribute to the establishment of Monastic Orders. Happy at having been able to attract attention to the side of religious history, too long obscured and forgotten, in exhibiting the action of Catholicity upon the most tender and exalted sentiments of the human heart, I hope to obtain the same suffrages by another order of study, in exhibiting Catholic and historical truth upon a ground where it is most unknown, and where it encounters the greatest antipathies and prejudices.

In seeking the most accomplished type of a religious, Saint Bernard is immediately presented to us. No one has thrown more lustre than he upon the habit of the monk; and nevertheless it is wonderful that among the many authors who have written his history, not one, except his first biographers, who wrote during his lifetime, seems to have paid much attention to the fact that what predominated in him and explains him is—his monastic profession.

All acknowledge Saint Bernard as a great man

and a man of genius ; he exercised over his age an influence that has no parallel in history ; he reigned by eloquence, courage and virtue. More than once he decided the future of nations and of crowns ; at one time he held, as it were, in his hands the destiny of the Church. He knew how to move Europe, and precipitate it upon the East ; he completely vanquished Abailard, the precursor of modern Rationalism. All the world knows it, and all the world says it ; all, with one voice, place him by the side of Ximenes, Richeliéu, and Bossuet. But this is not sufficient. If he was, and who can doubt it ? a great orator, a great writer, and a great person, it was almost without his knowing it, and always in opposition to his own wish. He was, and above all wished to be, something else ; he was a monk and he was a saint ; he lived in a cloister and he worked miracles.

The Church has defined and canonized the sanctity of Bernard ; history is charged with the mission of relating his life, and of explaining the wonderful influence he exercised over his contemporaries.

But in studying the life and epoch of this great man, who was a monk, we find that the Popes, Bishops and Saints who were the bulwark and honor of Christian society, all, or almost all, like Bernard, came from the Monastic Orders. Who then were these monks, and whence did they come, and what had they done, up to this period, to make them occupy so high a place in the destiny of the world ?

These questions we must solve before going farther. And we must do more ; for in trying to judge of the age in which Saint Bernard lived, we find that it is impossible to explain or comprehend it, if we do not recognize that it was animated by the same breath which vivified an anterior epoch, of which it is only the direct and faithful continuation.

If the twelfth century bowed before the genius and virtue of Saint Bernard, it was because the eleventh century had been regenerated and penetrated with the virtue and genius of another monk, Gregory VII ; and we could not comprehend either the epoch or the action of Bernard, when apart from the salutary crisis which the one had prepared and rendered possible for the other ; and never would a simple monk have been heard and obeyed as Bernard was, if his uncontested greatness had not been preceded by the struggles, the trials and the posthumous victories of that other monk, who died six years before the birth of our saint. It must then be characterized, not only

by a conscientious view of the pontificate of the greatest of the Popes, taken from the ranks of the monks, but also by passing in review the entire period which unites the last combats of Gregory with the first efforts of Bernard ; and while keeping this in view, describe the most important and most glorious struggle in which the Church was ever engaged—in which the monks were the first in sufferings as in honors.

And even this is not sufficient. Far from being the founders of Monastic Orders, Gregory VII and Bernard were only their offsprings, in common with so many thousands of their contemporaries. When these great men took so wondrous a part in them, these institutions had existed more than five centuries. To understand their origin, and to appreciate their nature and services, we must go back to another Gregory—to Saint Gregory the Great—the first Pope who left the cowl for the tiara ; or back still farther, to Saint Benedict, the legislator and patriarch of the monks of the West. We must at least cast a glance, during these five centuries, upon the superhuman efforts made by these legions of monks to subdue, pacify, discipline and purify twenty barbarous nations, and successively transform them into Christian nations.

It would be an injustice and a revolting ingratitude to be silent with regard to the twenty generations of indomitable laborers who cultivated the souls of our fathers, at the same time in which they tilled the soil of Christian Europe, only leaving to Bernard and his contemporaries the fatigue of the reapers.

Anxious to have my readers follow the route which I traced for myself, I have given this long preamble to make known what the Monastic Orders are, and what they had done for the Catholic world before the accession of Saint Bernard to the first place in the esteem and admiration of the Christianity of his time.

In a literary point of view, I know that I am wrong in scattering over a long series of years and a great number of names, the most of them forgotten, the interest which it would be easy to concentrate upon a single luminous point and upon one superior genius. It is a shoal whose danger I well understand. And, furthermore, in exhibiting so many great men and so many great things, before him who should be the hero of my book, I undoubtedly weaken his individual greatness, the merit of his devotedness, and the interest of the narrative. I should carefully guard against this if I only wrote for success. But to



every Christian there is a beauty superior to art—that of truth. There are some things which we have more at heart than the glory of all the heroes, and even of all the saints: it is the honor of the Church and her providential march in the midst of the storms and darkness of history. I did not wish to sacrifice the honor of an august institution, too long calumniated and proscribed, to the honor of a single man. And if I had been tempted to do so, this hero himself, Bernard, the great Apostle of truth and justice, would not have pardoned me for exalting him at the expense of his predecessors and his masters.

This subject, developed in this manner, embraces a horizon only too vast—extending at the same time over the present to the past. Unfold the map of ancient France, or that of any one of the Provinces, and we will find at every step the names of abbeys, convents, priories and hermitages which mark the site of as many monastic colonies. Where is the city that has not been founded, enriched or protected by some community? Where is the church which is not indebted to them for a patron, a relic, or a pious and popular tradition? In every umbrageous forest, by every clear lake, on every majestic height, we may be sure the stamp of religion has been placed by the hand of the monk. This stamp has also been universal and durable in the laws, arts and customs of our ancient society. This society, in its youth, was vivified, directed and established by the monastic spirit. Wherever we interrogate the monuments of the past—not only in France, but throughout all Europe; in Spain, as in Sweden; in Scotland, as in Sicily, everywhere—arises the memory of the monk and the partially effaced monuments of his labors, his power and his benefits—from the humble furrow which he was the first to trace in the lands of Britannia and Ireland, to the magnificent ruins of Marmontier, Cluny, Melrose and the Escurial.

#### Practice in Honor of Mary by St. Edward.

Take the name of Mary as a defence against all your enemies, visible and invisible. St. Edward never went to sleep without having first marked on his forehead, with his thumb, the names of Jesus and Mary. Let us, in like manner, never go to sleep without having invoked these two august names.

DIocese of FT. WAYNE.—Rev. A. Heitmann, and Rev. Laurence Lamour, were ordained last week, Wednesday, Subdeacons; Thursday, Deacons; Friday, elevated to the Priesthood in the Cathedral.

#### Commendatory Notices.

##### BEAUTIFUL AVE MARIA:

*Venerable and happy Editors:* No. III comes to us in its new annunciation-robe, fair as the angel just descended to honor our Lady "full of grace." We thought we loved the Blessed Virgin before; and we did, but you somehow feed the devotion, *thank you*—next unto worship of the Son is devotion unto the Mother. We are, moreover, not only particularly pleased with the new robe, so *à propos*; but, as at first glance, continue delighted with the appearance of page, paper, column, type, and more than all, the dawning prospect of such an encyclopædia of the Blessed Virgin's literature. What a collection of sermon-paragraphs, devotions, legends, hymns, etc., etc., from the scholars of Mary can be gathered into volume here; and what a large and handsome volume of the choicest things from many writers we shall have. Indeed we can but see the AVE MARIA has the beautiful opportunity of becoming among Catholic periodicals what the *rosary* has among devotions.—Please find a life-subscription for———, with yearly subscriptions for———. We observe your card of apology for the little past delay in preparing the engraving for cover, and allow me to assure you that in our State, at least, your devotedly interested subscribers love the honor of our Sovereign Lady and Mother too well to grudge a few toilet-days for the making-up of her heavenly robe, especially in the commencement of a publication, only as yet getting under-way; and considering trees, after a new setting, require some time to root—should your palms and roses take an extra day for sprouting, watering or pruning—after so good a beginning, we can trust you a little, we think, and the Blessed Virgin—the Blessed Virgin we always trust; and all told, the work, its aims, its hopes, its foundations, its success, is but hers.—Our Lady's weekly magazine, God speed it.

MARIE JOSEPHINE.

##### Practice in Honor of Mary by St. Louis, of France.

Honor the Blessed Virgin in a particular manner on Saturdays, the day which is dedicated to her. Saint Louis, king of France, was accustomed on that day to wash the feet of the poor. Following the example of that great servant of God, let us practice in her honor some works of charity or of mercy, every day if we can, but especially on Saturday.

The canonization of the Blessed Joseph Kunczewick, Archbishop of Witebsk, martyred by the schismatics, is announced for this month.

Translated for the AVE MARIA.

### The Spirit of the Church in her Festivals.

As a skillful architect, when about to construct a palace, fixes upon a site that will admit of its being approached by a noble avenue; and as a prudent mother delays for a long time to bestow on her child, the recompense that is to be awarded to its youthful virtues—in the same manner the Church ordains that the celebration of her solemn festivals should be preceded by long preparations. Advent prepares us for Christmas, Lent for Easter, and the Paschal time for Pentecost. "We prepare for the feast of Easter," says Eusebius, "by a fast of forty days, and we prepare for Pentecost by fifty days of holy rejoicing." And why so much gladness? The same historian answers the question: at Easter, Baptism is received; at Pentecost, the Holy Ghost, who is the perfection of Baptism. The resurrection of Jesus Christ fortified the Apostles; Pentecost completed their charity and rendered them invincible. On this day the Holy Ghost was given with the plenitude necessary for the Church to enable her to subjugate the universe.

The ten days preceding this feast are consecrated by the faithful to recollection and prayer; and they shut themselves up in the cenacle, with the Blessed Virgin and the Apostles, in order to dispose their souls for the reception of the Holy Ghost with the abundance of His gifts. Nevertheless, all these preparations seem insufficient for the Church, so great is her desire to see us worthy of the graces of her Divine Spouse; and hence she has ordained, in addition, a solemn fast to precede this great festival.

Dull and insensible must that heart be, which, on the return of this memorable day, does not entertain feelings of joy and gratitude; for is not Pentecost the festival of civilization? Say, O Christian nations, from what period do you date those sciences, those institutions, those improved ideas which have changed the face of the universe, and substituting the law of charity for the brutal law of force, have made you what you are? If you have ungratefully forgotten this, the Catholic Church takes care to remind you, as she told the generations which preceded you, and as she will tell the generations which come after you, that for eighteen centuries she has celebrated the Feast of Pentecost, and rich and poor, kings and nations, should unite with her in celebrating this day as they would the anniversary of their birth, for the cenacle was their cradle, and thence they date the moral and intellectual superiority of which they are so proud.

The Apostles, after the Ascension of their Divine Master, returned to Jerusalem and there awaited the accomplishment of His promise. They remained in the cenacle; that is to say, a high room apart from the others; for in Palestine the roofs of the houses being flat, the highest room was the largest and most secluded, and it was there the Jews had their private oratories.

It is supposed that the Apostles were assembled in the house of Mary, "the mother of John" the well-beloved.

They were in expectation of the promises of their Divine Master, when, the tenth day after his Ascension, and the fiftieth after his glorious Resurrection, the Holy Ghost descended upon them. It was on Sunday, the Pentecost of the Jews, that towards nine o'clock in the morning, when the disciples were gathered together, they suddenly heard a sound as of a mighty wind, which, coming from Heaven, filled the house in which they were assembled. This sign of the coming of the Holy Ghost is replete with mysterious signification. The wind which came from on high was a figure of the holy inspirations and of the breath of grace which sustains souls in a spiritual life, in the same way as atmospheric air is the support of physical existence. The force of it marks the power of grace on the human heart, to change it and give it life; and if it filled the whole house, it was to signify that the Holy Ghost offers His gifts to all nations, in order to transform them into new beings and to penetrate every faculty.

This first prodigy was followed by another; tongues of fire appeared, which, dividing, reposed on the heads of all present. These were no other than the Holy Ghost, who clothes Himself with external forms, emblems of the wonderful effects He produces internally in souls. His presence on this occasion was manifested by fiery tongues,—an eloquent figure of that unity of faith and love which was to make of the people of the earth but a single nation of brethren. As fire enlightens, raises, and transforms everything into itself, so does the Holy Ghost produce similar effects in the soul. This fire appeared under the form of tongues, and not of hearts, thereby signifying that the gifts of the Holy Ghost were showered upon the Apostles, not merely to induce them to love God, but also cause Him to be loved by others,—communicating to them, by word of mouth, the fire of their charity. This external form signifies, moreover, the gift of tongues, which was to enable the Apostles to communicate with different nations, and to preach to them the doctrine of their Divine Master.



The descent of the Holy Ghost wrought instantaneously in the hearts of the Apostles a double miracle: one interior, the other exterior. It was an interior miracle which caused all their faculties to be enriched with the gifts of God, and their minds to be enlightened with a divine light, making them comprehend with ease the ancient prophecies, the sacred writings, the mysteries of faith and revealed truths. The stupendous workings of Christianity; its aim, its resources, its end; the surprising sweetness of their Master; the excess of His love for man, the depths of the designs of God, and His boundless power in the different dispensations of His grace; all these impenetrable abysses which the most perfect creatures had not been able to fathom, were to the Apostles no longer obscure. Divine love entirely possessed their hearts, and filled them with the most abundant graces and the most sublime virtues. In a word, the Holy Ghost changed the Apostles into new men.

The authentic proof of this interior change was the exterior miracle of their conduct. These twelve Galileans, unlettered and uneducated fishermen, spoke and wrote with an eloquence, a dignity, a depth of learning which caused the most enlightened genius to bow in admiration. All this proved to unbelievers that they spoke not from themselves, and what proved it still more clearly was their courage and zeal for the glory of God.

What a singular spectacle it was to see twelve poor fishermen—the most courageous of whom had but a short time ago denied his Master—to see them at present encountering kings and judges; nay, the whole universe, that had then conspired against them! “Behold,” says St. Chrysostom, “with what intrepidity they bear themselves! They triumph over every obstacle, as fire triumphs over the straw with which it comes in contact. Whole cities rise up against them; nations are leagued to ensnare them; combats, wild beasts, fire and the sword menace them; but vain are their efforts. The sight of these dangers makes no more impression on them than if they were mere dreams. They are unarmed, and yet they face armed legions. Unlettered men are they, and yet they dare compete with a host of orators, sophists and philosophers, whom they silence. The pride of the Academy bows before Paul; the disciples of Plato, Aristotle and Zeno are mute in his presence.

The prodigies that the Holy Ghost operated on the wonderful day of his coming, he still works in well-disposed souls. It is true that the exterior gifts have ceased, being no longer necessary; but the interior ones are yet to be obtained. The Church

urges us to petition for them, and more especially on the ten days preceding Pentecost, on the festival itself, and during the octave.—*Garume.*

For the AVE MARIA.

### Regina.

To-day  
 Our dear Regina was the Queen of May;  
 In her hand  
 A snow white Lily bearing for a wand,—  
 Type to be  
 Of our own Lady's purity:  
 Rose-buds wild,  
 And meadow violets with blue eyes mild,  
 Peeped from the basket of the happy child,  
 For to-day  
 Our Dear Regina was the Queen of May.  
 All the unsipped honey of the year  
 From eglantine  
 And columbine  
 And white clover tufts both far and near,  
 Could but hint the innocent excess  
 Of Regina's artless happiness:  
 In her hand  
 A snow white Lily bearing for a wand,—  
 Type to be  
 Of our Virgin Mother's purity:  
 Meadow violets, with blue eyes mild,  
 Like our Blessed Lady's, bore the child,—  
 Types to be  
 Of our Lady's dear humility:  
 Roses too  
 Nursed by vernal rain and vernal dew,—  
 Types to be  
 Of our heavenly Lady's charity;  
 For to-day  
 Our dear Regina was the Queen of May.  
 Thus was typified, in childish guise,  
 Heavenly graces, heavenly mysteries.  
 We may deem our own sweet Lady smiled  
 On the simple pageant which beguiled  
 Life of one short hour of busy care,  
 Winning even pain bright smiles to wear,  
 As forth walked, in happy state to-day,  
 Our dear Regina, reigning Queen of May. E. A. S.

### The Venerable Berchmans.

Reflect often upon the virtues of Mary, that you may effectually keep them in remembrance. It were to be wished that all those who call themselves devout to Mary might imitate the example of the Venerable Berchmans. His great pleasure was to discourse on the greatness of the Mother of God. He sought every occasion to make that the subject of his conversation; and, in order to do so more easily and with more fruit, he had collected from many good authors the praises of the Queen of Heaven. He was never better pleased than when he could meet with some one particularly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, for then there ensued a kind of combat as to who should give her most praise. Berchmans was always certain to come off victorious, so eloquent was he when speaking of Mary.



J.H. BYRAM, SC.

[The MISSIONARY'S HOME forms of itself a separate corporation, under the control of three Right Rev. Bishops, this arrangement of ours having been lately approved at Rome.]

For the AVE MARIA—by Marie Josephine.

### THE MISSIONARY'S HOME.

"We are now come to the Lake of St. Joseph," says our "*Guide*," and further up a little lies St. Mary's Lake—mirror. Around these gently undulating banks, almost matchless for landscapes of tender beauty, cluster the buildings of Notre Dame, University and Church, houses for Novitiates, and houses for Manual Labor; in the distance, St. Mary's of the Immaculate Conception—each overlooking and infolding views of so serene a loveliness, we wander amid, remembering, with St. Francis de Sales, "It is the sweetest thing in the world to drop into the hands of God and there stay." And yet it is not of these we purpose to speak, fair and goodly as they arise around, and invite our lingering gaze. We note them but as surroundings, turning rather to the one site on the shore of this lovely solitude, where stands the Missionary's Home, an object of interest to all.

The plan, 136 feet by 75, three full stories high—one story of the main building being only as yet completed—48 private rooms, some 25 by 20 feet, with every convenience to promote the comfort of those for whom intended—"venerable clergymen too far advanced in years to discharge longer the arduous duties of the sacred ministry, or those incapacitated by sickness, or desirous to retire awhile into solitude to renew in their hearts the fervor of their vocation."

Bishop Young had it right when he said, "Priests in this country must not expect any comfort; they must die with the harness on." But God has moved some one to erect a home for these missionary sons of the Cross—"spiritual heroes, isolated from the friends and associations of their youth; aged shepherds, who from over the sea heard the cries of the flock in the western wilderness (spiritual ears touched of God are quick to

hear)—and lo they came, from sunny France, keeping the joy of sacrifice before them; from industrial German shores, pondering the how to work for God and upbuild the dear Church; and that gaily gallant phalanx of Irish hearts, in whom the faith gushes up as a fountain in the face of the sun, who came, journeying only for souls, emptying their purse every furlong of the way; laying corner-stones for parish churches; building an altar for the Blessed Sacrament; setting up statue and shrine for Holy Mother and Queen, sweet Lady of Angels; relieving Christ's poor; taking no thought of the morrow; intent on the gathering in unto and keeping in the one true fold; feeding the sheep; feeding the lambs; till, coming to the threshold of age, they pause for a hearthstone. I stand before the identical object—one of the most interesting features of Notre Dame—a rising home for these missionary sons of the Cross and the Virgin, and it is worth the little pilgrimage; it is worth the coming to trace the grand grain of faith impregnated in these walls; to watch the monument go up of a people who love their Priests, (as God knows well they may,) and where the "sermons in stones" have all texts about the Blessed Virgin, for it is, or should be, well known, to this work all surplus funds accruing from the publication of the AVE MARIA are pledged, and thus—Holy Mary, patroness—every fresh chink of plaster is a votive offering to the Mother of God—the echo of a Hail Mary. "By their works ye know them," true Catholics. Aye, it is well worth the visitation,—this little overlook of God's gardening, natural and spiritual.

For who could stand, whose reconciled brow  
God in his sweet baptisms ever kissed;  
Nor somehow know the promise of this spot,  
That sits the dearest little way apart  
From shops, and stirs, and carking cares;  
Yet not so far but that the kindly eye  
Of hero Gospel-battle-worn, in day



Not distant far, God-give! may overwatch  
 In prayer, old Notre Dame, St. Joseph's Lake  
 Of silver wave across, our Lady's boys,  
 His casement from; or farther rightward up,  
 Its sacred wood within, the sacred house  
 Where Priests are made,—God bless the spot! and this—  
 Pleading in its unfinished hope to-day,—  
 Where Priests shall lay the harness off to die,—  
 A little while before—to leisurely  
 Through Beulah walk—a little while before,  
 The gloriously solemn avenues  
 For saints that even slowly ope, and wind  
 Up through the Judgment-hall to Paradise,  
 Are ventured through.

Site of so high a hope,  
 House of so just a charity—devotion  
 To the Virgin thy corner-stone—thou shalt  
 In beauty rise, in virtue shalt endure.

### Religious Chronicle.

The twelfth of April is a double anniversary of memorable events in the life of Pius IX; his return from exile in 1850, and his preservation from death in 1855, when the accident occurred at St. Agnes' without the walls. Since these events, the day has been observed with annually increasing solemnity in Rome; but as the twelfth fell this year during the sad rites of Holy Week, the celebration was postponed until the Octave. From the Roman correspondent of the *Rosier de Marie* we learn that the crowd of faithful who assembled was immense.

Secular and Religious Priests arrived at an early hour to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. The students of the Propaganda, who, at the time of the accident, surrounded Pio Nono, went in procession to this basilica where they piously received Holy Communion from the hands of his Eminence Cardinal Barnabo.

The assembled multitude returned thanks to God for the preservation of the life of the Pope, and then visited the Hall, where, in 1855, the Church came so near losing its visible Head.

About half-past five the Holy Father arrived, and was received by his Eminence Cardinal Bofondi, and the Abbe General of the Canons of St. John Lateran. His Holiness assisted at Benediction. After visiting the Institution and bestowing his blessing upon the Canons and their pupils, (among the latter the young Edgard Mortara, who delivered an appropriate poetical address,) the august visitor reentered his carriage, amid the acclamations of the assembled multitude who besought his benediction.

Pio Nono returned to Rome *via* the Bridge Pius. The road, from the basilica to the walls of the city, was ornamented for the occasion with flowers and green boughs. As twilight deepened into night, the windows, balconies and monuments of Rome were brilliantly illuminated. The Corso seemed one blaze of dazzling light. At one extremity of the long street, the cross of St. Peter shone with resplendent brilliancy above the heights of the Capitol. At the other end, the Obelisk, in the Piazza del Popolo, was covered with beautiful transparencies. All the adjacent streets were gorgeously illuminated.

The statues of the Blessed Virgin, in every part of the city, were ornamented with drapery, lights, and inscriptions in prose and poetry, commemorative of the two anniversaries, testifying the confi-

dence of the Roman people in the Mother of God, and beseeching her ever to show herself propitious to Rome and the Sovereign Pontiff.

The fountain in the Piazza di Colonna was converted into an elegant parterre. The Forum of Trajan was lit up with torches whose lights reflected, in the most exquisite manner, upon the column.

In the Squares of St. Eustache, of Campo-Marzo, St. Charles, Venice, and of Madonna of the Mount, were erected most richly-illuminated transparencies of the Blessed Virgin. The elegant gothic front of St. Lorenzo was ornamented with the statue of the martyr, surrounded by the emblems of charity and courage. Over the celebrated fountain in the Piazza Barberino, was erected a triumphal arch, whose effect was most beautiful. A magnificent transparency of the Immaculate Conception ornamented the Piazza Navona.

The Square of Minerva was converted into a Chinese hall; and that of the Bridge of St. Angelo ornamented by an immense banner, painted by Cavalieri, representing the return of Pius IX to Rome after his exile in Gaëta.

In the Piazza di Pantheon, an exquisite painting, by Pozzi, representing the Holy Father clothed in Pontifical robes, his head crowned with the tiara, holding the Keys in one hand; in the other the *Encyclical* of December 8, 1864, and the *Syllabus*; surrounded by Bishops and nations offering their *Peter's Pence*, and chasing into darkness luxury and error. Under the portico of the Pantheon was suspended a grand, luminous cross.

The Piazza del Campo di Fiori was converted into a square of verdure, flowers and shrubs, in the centre of which gushed a beautiful fountain. The Gate of Rippetta and the Fountain of St. Mary's Transtevere were transformed into elegant parterres. The Regiment of the Pontifical Line decorated the Forum. Four Pontifical steamers and several large barks, anchored in the Tiber, near St. John's Bridge, fired a salute of a hundred guns, and the music of the Zouaves floated over the brilliantly-illuminated river. A double line of transparencies extended the entire length of Borgho street, up to St. Peter's. Everywhere the Pontifical flags and the busts of Pius IX attracted the enthusiastic attention of the people. French and Pontifical military bands played in all the principal squares.

It is pleasant to add that the citizens spontaneously imposed upon themselves the expenses of the festival. Notwithstanding the densely crowded street, the most perfect tranquility reigned until all separated, at a late hour of the night. The enemies of society and religion may envy us this serenity, but they cannot deny its existence. May Heaven hear the prayers that were that day uttered by the Roman people.

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This periodical, should the first number foreshadow what is to come, will successfully accomplish the noble mission on which it has entered. We wish it success.—*Pittsburg Catholic*.







Volume I.

Number

LEVE  
ONE

# AVE MARIA



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# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 10, 1865.

No. 5.

## THIRTEENTH CENTURY JUDGED.

BY COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

MASTERLY DESCRIPTION OF ITS FAITH—BOLD ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF ITS ADMIRABLE DEVOTION TO THE MOTHER OF GOD.

"We are well aware that, to reproduce such a life in all its integrity, it is necessary to place ourselves face to face with a whole order of facts and of ideas long since struck with reprobation by the vague religiosity of latter times, and which a timorous though sincere piety has too often excluded from religious history. We allude to the supernatural phenomena so abundant in the lives of the Saints, consecrated by faith under the name of miracles, and eschewed by worldly wisdom under the name of 'legends,' 'popular superstitions,' 'fabulous traditions.' Many such are found in the life of St. Elizabeth. These we have endeavoured to reproduce with the same scrupulous exactness which we have used in all the rest of the narrative. The very thought of omitting, or even of extenuating them—interpreting them with prudent moderation, would have been revolting to us. It would have appeared to us a sacrilege to gloss over or conceal what we believe to be true, to pander to the proud *reason* of our age; it would have been a culpable error, too, for these miracles are related by the same authors, established by the same authority, as are all the other events of our biography. Nor could we well have fixed any rule whereby to admit their veracity in some cases and reject it in others; in short, it would have been nothing better than hypocrisy, for we candidly acknowledge that we firmly believe all that has ever been recorded as most miraculous of the Saints of God in general, and of St. Elizabeth in particular. Nor does it imply any sort of victory over our own weak reason; for nothing appeared to us more reasonable, more simple for a Christian, than to bend in gratitude before the Lord's mercy, when he sees it suspend or modify the natural laws which it alone has created, to secure and enhance the triumph of the

still higher laws of the moral and religious order. Is it not both sweet and easy to conceive how souls like those of St. Elizabeth and her contemporaries, exalted by faith and humility far above the cold reasoning of this world, purified by every sacrifice and every virtue, accustomed to live beforehand in heaven, presented to the goodness of God a theatre ever prepared; how much, too, the fervent and simple faith of the people called forth, and, if we may venture to say so, justified the frequent and familiar intervention of that Almighty power rejected and denied by the insensate pride of our days!

Hence it is with a mixture of love and respect that we have long studied those innumerable traditions of faithful generations, wherein faith and Christian poesy—the highest lessons of religion and the most delightful creations of the imagination, are blended in a union so intimate that it can by no means be dissolved; but even if we had not the happiness of believing with entire simplicity in the wonders of divine power, which they relate, never could we venture to despise the innocent belief which has moved and delighted millions of our brethren for so many ages; all that is puerile in them is elevated and sanctified to us, by having been the object of our fathers' faith—of our fathers who were nearer Christ than we are. We have not the heart to despise what they believed with so much fervor, loved with so much constancy. Far from that: we will freely confess that we have often found in them both help and consolation, and in this we are not alone; for if they are everywhere despised by people who call themselves learned and enlightened, there are still places where these sweet traditions have remained dear to the poor and simple. We have found them cherished in Ireland, in the Tyrol, and especially in Italy, and in more than one of the French provinces; we have gathered them from the words of the people, and the tears which flowed from their eyes; they have still an altar in the fairest of all temples—the hearts of the people. We will even venture to say that something is



wanting to the human glory of those Saints who have not been invested with this touching popularity—who have not received, with the homage of the Church, that tribute of humble love and familiar confidence which is paid under the cottage-roof, by the evening hearth, from the mouth and heart of the unlettered poor. Elizabeth, endowed by heaven with such absolute simplicity, and who, in the midst of royal splendor, preferred to all other society that of the poor and miserable; Elizabeth, the friend, the mother, the servant of the poor, could not be forgotten by them; and in that sweet remembrance do we find the secret of the charming incidents which we shall have to relate.

“But this is not the place to discuss that grave question of the credence due to the miracles in the lives, of the Saints; it suffices for us to have declared our own point of view; even had it been different, it would not have prevented us from writing the life of St. Elizabeth, from showing all that Catholics believed of her, and giving an account of the glory and the influence which her miracles have obtained for her amongst the faithful. In all mediæval study, the implicit faith of the people, the unanimity of public opinion, give, to the popular traditions inspired by religion, a force which the historian cannot but appreciate. So that even independent of their theological value, one cannot, without blindness, overlook the part which they have at all times played in poetry and in history.

“With regard to poetry, it would be difficult to deny that they contain an inexhaustible mine; a fact which will be every day recognized more and more, according as the human mind returns to the source of true beauty. Even were we forced to regard these legends but as the *Christian mythology*, according to the contemptuous expression of the great philosophers of our days, still we should find in them a source of poetry infinitely more pure, abundant, and original, than the worn-out mythology of Olympus. But how can we be surprised that they have been so long refused all right to poetic influence? The idolatrous generations who had concentrated all their enthusiasm on the monuments and institutions of paganism, and the impious generations who have dignified with the name of poetry the filthy effusions of the last century, could neither of them give even a name to that exquisite fruit of Catholic faith; they could offer it only one kind of homage, viz: that of scoffing and insult—this they have done.

“In a purely historical point of view, popular traditions, and especially those which belong to religion, if they have not a mathematical certainty—if they are not what are called positive facts, they are, at least, quite as powerful, and have exercised a far greater power over the passions and morals of the people than facts the most incontestable for human reason. On this account they assuredly merit the respect and attention of every serious historian and profound critic.

“So it ought to be with every man who is interested in the supremacy of spiritualism in the progress of the human race; who places the worship of moral beauty above the exclusive domination of material interests and inclinations. For it must not be forgotten that, at the basis of all beliefs, even the most puerile, and superstitions the most absurd that have prevailed at any time amongst Christian people, there was always a formal recognition of supernatural power, a generous declaration in favor of the dignity of man—fallen indeed—but not irretrievably. Everywhere and always there was stamped on these popular convictions the victory of mind over matter, of the invisible over the visible, of the innocent glory of man over his misfortune, of the primitive purity of nature over its corruption. The most trifling Catholic legend has gained more hearts to those immortal truths than all the dissertations of philosophers. It is always the sentiment of that glorious sympathy between the Creator and the creature, between heaven and earth, which beams upon us through the mists of ages; but whilst pagan antiquity stammered out this idea, giving its gods all the vices of humanity, Christian ages here proclaimed it, elevating humanity and the world regenerated by faith, to the very height of heaven.

“In the ages of which we speak, such apologies as these would have been superfluous. No one in Christian society doubted the truth and the ineffable sweetness of these pious traditions. Men lived in a sort of tender and intimate familiarity with those amongst their fathers whom God had manifestly called to himself, and whose sanctity the Church had proclaimed. That Church, who had placed them on her altars, certainly could not blame her children if they thronged, with indefatigable tenderness, to lay the flowers of their mind and their imagination before the witnesses of eternal truth. They had already received the palm of victory; those who were still doing battle delighted to congratulate them, and to learn from them how to conquer. Ineffable affections, salu-

tary connections, were thus formed between the Saints of the Church triumphant and the humble combatants of the Church militant. Each one chose from that glorious company a father—a mother—a friend—under whose protection he walked with greater confidence and security towards the eternal light. From the king and the pontiff down to the poorest artisan, each had a special thought in heaven; in the midst of warfare, in the dangers and sorrows of life, these holy friendships exercised their strengthening and consoling influence. St. Louis, dying beyond the seas for the Cross, fervently invoked the humble shepherdess who was the protectress of his capital. The brave Spaniards, overpowered by the Moors, beheld St. James, their patron, in the midst of their ranks, and, returning to the charge, speedily turned the scale of victory. The knights and nobles had for their patrons St. Michael and St. George; for their patronesses, St. Catherine and St. Margaret; and if they happened to die as prisoners and martyrs for the faith, they invoked St. Agnes, who had bent her young and virginal head beneath the axe. The laborer saw in the Churches the image of St. Isidore with his plough, and of St. Nothburga, the poor Tyrolese servant, with her sickle. The poor, in general,—the lowly and the hard-working, met at every step that gigantic St. Christopher, bending under the weight of the child Jesus, and found in him the model of that hard life of toil whose harvest is heaven. Germany was peculiarly fertile in such pious practices, as we now clearly perceive while studying its pure and artless spirit, so totally void of the sarcasm, the scoffing sneer which blights all poetry—while studying its language, so rich and so expressive. It would be an endless task to specify all the innumerable bonds which thus connected heaven and earth; to penetrate into that vast region, where all the affections and all the duties of mortal life were mingled and intertwined with immortal protection; where souls, even the most neglected and the most solitary, found a world of interest and consolation exempt from all mundane disappointments. Men thus exercised themselves in loving in this world those whom they were to love in the other; they calculated on finding beyond the grave the holy protectors of their infancy, the sweet friends of their childhood, the faithful guardians of their whole existence; there was but one vast love which united the two lives of man, and which, commenced amid the storms of time, was prolonged throughout the glories of eternity.

"But all that faith, and all that tender affection, which bound to heaven the hearts of the men of those times, met and settled down on one supreme image. All these pious traditions, some local, others personal, were eclipsed and engrossed by those which the entire world told of Mary. Queen of the earth as well as of heaven, whilst every brow and every heart bowed down before her, every mind was inspired by her glory; whilst the earth was covered with sanctuaries and cathedrals in her honour, the imagination of those poetic generations never ceased to discover some new perfection, some new charm in the midst of that supreme beauty. Each day brought forth some more marvelous legend, some new ornament which the gratitude of the world offered to her who had re-opened the gates of heaven, who had replenished the ranks of the Angels, who had indemnified man for the sin of Eve—the humble 'handmaid,' crowned by God with the diadem which Michael wrested from Lucifer when casting him into the depths of hell. 'Thou must indeed hear us,' said one, with exquisite simplicity, 'for we have so much happiness in honoring thee.' 'Ah!' cries Walter Von de Vogelweide, 'let us ever praise that sweet Virgin, to whom her Son can refuse nothing. This is our supreme consolation: in heaven she does whatever she wishes!' And full of unwavering confidence in the object of so much love, convinced of her maternal vigilance, Christendom referred to her all its troubles and all its dangers, and reposed in that confidence, according to the beautiful idea of a poet of Elizabeth's time.

"In the spirit of those ages, wherein there was so great an abundance of faith and love, two rivers had inundated the world; it had not only been redeemed by the blood of Jesus, it had been also purified by the milk of Mary—by that milk which had been the nourishment of God on earth, and which reminded him of heaven; it had incessant need of both; and, in the words of a pious monk who wrote the life of Elizabeth before us, 'All are entitled to enter the family of Christ, when they make a proper use of the blood of their Redeemer and their Father, and of the milk of the sacred Virgin, their mother; yes, of that adorable blood which encourages the martyrs and soothes their torments \* \* \* \* and of that virginal milk which sweetens the bitterness of our cup by appeasing the wrath of God.' And again, we must say, the enthusiasm of this filial tenderness was not enough for those souls so devout towards the Virgin Mother. They required a sentiment more



tender, if possible, more familiar, more encouraging, the sweetest and the purest that man can conceive. After all, had not Mary been a mere mortal, a weak woman, acquainted with all the miseries of life; who had endured calumny, and exile, and cold, and hunger? Ah! it was more than a mother; it was a sister that Christian people loved and cherished in her! Hence she was constantly implored to remember that fraternity so glorious for the exiled race; hence, too, a great saint, the most ardent of her votaries, hesitated not to invoke her thus: 'O Mary,' said he, 'we beseech thee, as Abraham besought Sara in the land of Egypt \* \* \* \* O Mary!—O our Sara! say that thou art our sister, so that for thy sake God may look favorably on us, and that, through thee, our souls may live in God! Say it, then, O our beloved Sara! say that thou art our sister, and because of our having such a sister, the Egyptians—that is to say, the devils—will be afraid of us; because, of such a sister, the angels will stand in battle by our side; and the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost will have mercy on us on account of our sister.'

"It was thus that they loved Mary—those Christians of former days. But when their love had embraced heaven and its Queen, and all its blessed inhabitants, it descended again to the earth to people and love it in its turn. The earth which had been assigned for their dwelling; the earth, that beautiful creation of God, became also the object of their fertile solicitude, of their ingenious affection."

#### Victory gained by Recourse to Mary.

John Comnenus, Emperor of the East, gave a very striking proof of the devotion he had to the images of the Mother of God. The Scythians had made an irruption into Thrace. They had precipitated themselves on that country with much violence; finally, by an usurpation worthy of their bad faith, they had made themselves masters of it. The Emperor, in that province of his empire, had recourse to the Queen of Heaven, and by the visible protection which his army received from her, he expelled the barbarians and totally routed them. Then, far from being ungrateful to his protectress, he openly attributed to her all the honor of the victory. He placed her picture upon a triumphal car magnificently drawn by four white horses, mounted by the first princes of his empire; and he himself, walking in front of the triumphal car, bare-headed, with a cross in his hand, referred to Mary all the glory. Let us honor the images of the Queen of Heaven as those great personages did, and by every means in our power.—*Year of Mary.*

Translated for the AVE MARIA.

## THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST; OR, The New Month of Mary.

BY JOHN DE VICQ, DOCTOR IN THEOLOGY.

### CHAPTER V.

PERSONAGES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT THAT HAVE  
PREFIGURED MARY AND THE PRIEST.

One of the principles of theology is, that nature has been made for grace. This being granted, it is logic that the world of grace is, in some degree, found in the world of nature: in emblems, in images, or in similitudes. We could not, then, be surprised if Jesus, Mary, the Church, the Priest, and in general all the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the supernatural world, cast forth their grand shadows over the physical creation; and if the holy Fathers, the Doctors, the theologians, have searched for and found under the exterior of creatures some traits of the divine beauties revealed to the earth by our Saviour Jesus Christ, considered in this relation, nature is no longer a closed or inexplicable book. On the contrary, it initiates us into the mysteries of heaven. We have seen how it has portrayed one by one to us all the virtues, all the prerogatives of the Mother of God, and in the meantime we have spoken only of unintelligent nature. It remains for us to see how the history of the people of God reflects the figure of His august Mother, by causing those women to pass one after another before His throne, who have rendered illustrious the house of Israel, and whose virtues, as also sometimes whose sublime mission, traced in advance the virtues and the mission of Mary, and analogically the virtues and the mission of the Priest. The first woman who had the honor of typifying our Queen was Sarah. Sarah had her son Isaac in a miraculous manner, when, naturally speaking, she was incapable of conceiving; and in becoming a mother, says the Scripture, she experienced an unspeakable joy (Gen. ii, 1). Mary also conceived in a miraculous manner, *quia virum non cognosco*—"because I know not man"—and in bringing into the world the Desired of nations, she could say with Sarah: "The Lord has given to me wherefore to be happy; the sorrow of Eve will become by me the joy of the universe; whosoever shall hear this news will rejoice with me, for I have to-day given birth to joy for angels, grace for the just, pardon for sinners." Who will not be astounded on hearing that the humble hand-maid Mary nourished with her milk Him who nourishes everything; that she clasped and supported in her arms Him who rules the universe? Is it not miraculous also that a

simple man, a sinner, is elevated to the dignity of Priest?

Cannot the Priest, in his turn, repeat all these words pronounced by Sarah, and repeated by Mary with a more just claim, when he has said his first mass, when at his voice "the joy of angels, the grace of the just, the pardon of sinners" has descended upon the altar, has mystically become incarnate in his hands? Surely the earth will have occasion to be struck with astonishment on perceiving this wonder-work. The second prophetic figure of the Virgin was Rebecca, whom the Scripture portrays in these sweet words: "an extremely comely maid, and a most beautiful virgin, and not known to man" (Gen. iv, 16). She gave water not only to the servant of Abraham, who had asked her for it, but also to his camels; and when she was departing with Eliezer, her family addressed her with these wishes: "Thou art our sister, mayest thou increase to thousands of thousands, and may thy seed possess the gates of their enemies." (Ibid. verse 69.) The portrait of Rebecca is, so to speak, but a pale lineament detached from the portrait of Mary; for the beauty of Mary has nothing comparable. From the first instant of her conception, she attracted the attention of all the empyrean; the angels chanted in ecstasy: "Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising?"—*Quæ est ista quæ progreditur quasi aurora consurgens?* (Canticles vii, 9.) Mary offers the water of her grace and of the Divine clemency, with which she herself has been adorned, not only to the servant of Abraham, that is to say, to the just, to holy souls, but also to the camels, that is to say, to sinners, to degraded souls; never has she refused this beneficent water; all those who invoke her find her full of indulgence and goodness. (St. Anselm, *De Excell. Virg.*) The thousand generations which have believed in the blessed fruit of her womb, and acknowledged herself as their Mother, will not cease from attributing to her the honor of their victories over the enemies of the soul and the body. In contemplating her in her glorious Assumption, each one will say, *Soror nostra*, (Gen. 24)—"You are my sister by your human nature; exalt yourself now above the angels, and through you may your child also one day occupy the place in Heaven, the place whence were driven the demons, your enemies and mine." (Albert, *Loc. Cit.*)

The Priest also has been placed by the Lord at the source of graces; his mission is to draw from it, and he draws from it continually, so as to offer it to Eliezer and to his camels; in other

words, to those who ask him for it and to those who do not ask him for it; to the just and to sinners—more even to sinners than to the just, because sinners have more need of it. This is the object of his zeal, of his labors, of his preaching, of his sacrifices. That which Mary effects from on high by her power over the heart of her Son, he effects by the labors of his apostleship and ecclesiastical function.

Therefore, when the Lord is going to take a person in his natal country so as to crown him with the priesthood, in order to make him the minister of His altars, he always receives from his Christian family, of intelligent and devoted piety, the wishes which Rebecca received in departing from her paternal home: "Thou art our brother, as man. May you increase to a thousand generations; may you gather in your heart celestial blessings and the grace of perseverance! May you obtain triumphs over the enemies of the Church and of God, and extend, even to the extreme limits of the world, the empire of virtue and of love divine."

Is it necessary to mention Rachel, whose beauty made her preferable by Jacob to all other women? (Genesis.) She symbolizes the beauty of Mary; of that one to whom her celestial Spouse said: *Tota pulchra es, amica mea, et macula non est in te* (Canticles iv, 7)—"Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is not a spot in thee." She symbolizes also the beauty of the priesthood: *regale sacerdotium, gens sancta et immaculata*—"regal priesthood, a race holy and immaculate"—that beauty which has overjoyed all the saints.

The prophetess Debbora conducting the leaders of armies to victory, Jahel inflicting death upon Sisara by driving with a blow of a hammer a nail into his head (Judges 4, etc.), figures the "Mother of good counsel"—*Mater boni consilii*—the Queen triumphant who crushed under her feet the head of the infernal serpent. They foreshadow also the Priest, who is the natural and immediate counsel of the faithful.

It is our Lord Himself who sent back to the Priests those whom He had healed: *ite, ostendite vos sacerdotibus*, "Go, show yourselves to the Priests," because in the Priest is wisdom. It is in him that He has deposited "the words of life eternal," that is to say, the words which lead to life. Continuator of the work of Mary, he makes war upon the enemies of souls, and by his prayer and by his sacramental words, he inflicts death upon him; he holds him enchained. Statuary has realized this magnificent emblem of Mary and of



the Priest, crushing with victorious foot the head of the infernal serpent. It is thus that it represents them,—Mary in her Immaculate Conception, which is her grand victory over hell, and the Priest, Saint Ignatius of Loyola in his apotheosis.

The joyous mysteries and the dolorous mysteries of the Holy Virgin appear in the very affecting history of Noemi. On seeing Noemi, the Bethlemites cried out: "This is that Noemi!" (*Noemi* in Hebrew signifies *beautiful*) Noemi responded to them "Call me not Noemi (that is, beautiful,) but call me Mara, (that is, bitter,) for the Almighty hath quite filled me with bitterness," (Ruth i, 19-20.)

Now, Mary justifies this double signification: *Tota pulchra, mare amarum*, "all beautiful, bitter sea." Her advent to Bethlehem, many centuries after Noemi, in order to give birth there to the Saviour of the world, is already a striking coincidence. But the most striking is in her joys and in her dolours. Beautiful and joyous she was in the womb of her mother as in the solitude of a temple—God exempted her from sin; when Gabriel announced to her the grand and glorious news of her maternity; when she felt the Son of the King of glory palpitating in her womb. But times must change!

Ere long she will in haste leave her country in order to preserve her Son from the massacre of the innocents: *vox in Rama audita est, ploratus et ululatus multus: Rachel plorans filios suos, et noluit consolari, quia non sunt*—"A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning: Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." (Matt. ii, 18.) Ere long she will hear the shouts of a populace in rage, and will see the bloody Cross of Calvary, and in the midst of so many anguishes, she will exclaim with much more reason than Noemi, "Call me not beautiful, but call me bitter, for I am an afflicted Mother,"

*Stabat Mater dolorosa,  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa—*

"At the Cross her station keeping,  
Stood the mournful mother weeping."

(Albert the Great and St. John Damascene.)

Assuredly all human lives are subject to alternations of joys and sorrows; but the causes of these sensations are various. Those of the Priest have this peculiarity that they are identical with those of the Christian Noemi, the Virgin Mary.

As she, he rejoices in the abundant graces that the Lord confers on him; he rejoices in his vocation; in his power; in his familiarity with the Divine Lamb; he rejoices in seeing virtue bloom-

ing in souls; in hearing the concert of praises which piety continually offers to heaven. But after these spiritual joys, which make him say as Saint Paul *superabundo gaudio*—"I exceedingly abound with joy," he breathes forth in the bitterness of his heart the exasperated wish of the same Apostle: *Quis me liberabit a corpore mortis hujus?*—"Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" He is not without such kings as Herod, who seek Jesus in order to put Him to death: these are the scandalous, the assassins of the soul; and it is necessary for him to brave all enemies, to undergo all fatigues, in order to impede the carnage of the innocents. He sees Jesus crucified anew, blasphemed, insulted; His temples unfrequented, His sacraments neglected or contemned. To those who delude themselves with respect to the worldly happiness of the Priest, to those who compliment him on account of the sublimity of the character with which he is invested, he can respond as the sister-in-law of Ruth to the Bethlemites, and as Mary to the daughters of Jerusalem "Call me not Noemi, brilliant, magnificent, happy, but call me *mara*—"bitter," sad, man of dolours."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### The Mother of Our Lord.

If our Lord was to have a human mother, it must be plain to one who knows the ways of God that she must occupy some such place in the world as that which the Church teaches us God has assigned to her. Nay, we should expect her place to be higher, more influential, and in some sense perhaps more independent; and it is our firm belief that, hereafter, so it will be found to be, and that we shall learn in heaven that of a truth Mary's grandeurs are such as could not safely be taught on earth because of our infirmities. No province of theology will have to widen itself so much as that which speaks of her. In her measure she will be as new to the saints who have loved her most, as the Vision of Bliss itself will be. Even on earth the last ages of the Church are to have a knowledge of her which would amaze and oppress us now. In the Mystical City our Lady complains to Sister Mary of Agreda that most writers about her have been too timid. She says that their "reserve" is in reality "indevotion," and assigns this as the reason of our Lord's having arranged that devotion to her in the Church should grow in this way of development.

F. W. Faber.

Translated for the AVE MARIA.

LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

No. 1.—The Prisoner of War.

BY L. D'APPILLY.

CHAPTER V.—SLAVERY.

When they had disappeared on the seaward horizon, and when the wind had swept away the clouds of dust that marked their retreating footsteps, the caliph said to his prisoner:

"Glory to Allah! The land of the Frank is a fine country. Is it not?"

"It is for one who returns to it glorious and triumphant—"

"But if victory is impossible?"

"Then it is better to die."

"Now hast thou seen that the breath of the Most High has scattered the pride of the infidels. They will not come here to break thy chains. Has their flight convinced thee of the folly of thy hopes?"

"The French imprudently put their confidence in traitors, and trusted their honor to their enemies. As soon as the news of this disaster shall reach our provinces, millions of brave men will rise with indignation, and rush hither to avenge it."

"Fifty years have passed away since the waves first bore to our shores the warriors of the cross. Before the arrival of these avengers, thy bones and mine will be mouldering in the grave."

"Blessed be God! If I can no longer shed my blood for him, I hope that Our Lady will take pity on her servant, and obtain for me that God may be satisfied with the little I have done, in expiation of my sins."

I admire thee, in truth! What! thy God forsakes thee, while thou art fighting for Him; He delivers thee up to slavery and captivity, and yet neither His treachery nor His ingratitude can weaken thy blind fanaticism!"

"Is not His mercy extended to me even in my prison?"

"Ah! It is to Him thou wouldst give thanks! And have I no title to thy gratitude. However, when my soldiers brought thee hither, vanquished, drenched in gore, bound hand and foot, it was not the cross that saved thee from torture and death. My religion enjoined me to exercise towards thee the right of war, and to slay thee. And if chance had put me in thy power, what mercy wouldst thou have shown me?"

"I have never made prisoners; the Saracens could never endure my approach; they strove only in speed against my courser."

"And if I had entered?"

"Thou wouldst have been stretched in the dust, like the others."

"The populace thirsted for thy death: the blood of my soldiers which thou hadst shed, cried against thee for vengeance: the imauns enjoined me to deliver Islam from so dangerous a foe. I refused to listen to every suggestion. But this is a trifle; if I had not banished from thy bedside, the angel of darkness, who had already covered thee with the fatal shadow of his wings, thou couldst long ago have discovered, in the other world, that Mahomet is the true prophet of Allah: but I would not permit thee to die; I would not even have thee exposed to the contagions of the hospital. I brought thee into my own palace. My own physicians employed, to cure an infidel, the secrets that we owe to the true believer Averrhoës. It was fated that thou shouldst die; but was it fated that I should load thee with presents and favors, and that thou shouldst be insensible to thine obligation?"

"Adore Christ and I will follow thee unto death!"

"Fanatic! Wouldst thou have me adore a God who allows His own people to be slaughtered? If He exists, would He not crown your arms with victory; and would He not be His own enemy, if He permitted those to perish who were fighting in defence of His empire?"

"This crusade did not deserve to succeed, since there were so many traitors engaged in it!"

"But hast thou deserved thy fate? My protection has preserved thee hitherto from the sufferings and evils consequent on captivity, but if I withdraw my hand—"

"I never begged anything at thy hand."

"Dost thou not know what will happen? Dost thou not know that, left to the derision and insults of the mob, thou wilt become the sport of their resentment and rage."

"They have fled before me long enough to gain boldness to insult me."

"It is that which will stir up their anger, when they fear thee no longer, and can outrage thee with impunity. Listen to me. Expose not thyself to bear the weight of slavery; expose not thyself to fall beneath the yoke of a pitiless master, who will condemn thee to hard labors, who will bring thee down to the level of those wretched beings who drag out a miserable existence, harnessed like beasts of burden, to wagons and carriages—"

"I am a freeman and a noble; I can wield the lance, but I will never stoop to servile labors."



"The rod and the scourges will make thy spirit pliable."

"They are weary of life who would lift a threatening finger against me."

"I have dungeons deep and dark. Hunger and thirst will outdo thy pride."

"War is a stern teacher;—I have learned to despise sufferings and privations."

"Art not afraid to irritate me by thine obstinacy—art thou not afraid lest my anger may execute my threats too soon?"

"I fear God, for I feel myself humble in His sight."

"For the last time,—wilt thou embrace Islamism?"

"May God confound Mahomet and all that put their faith in him!"

"Let thy destiny be accomplished!"

As he left the palace, Berenger thought he saw his esquire, dressed in the costume of the country. He called to him in a loud tone—

"Rayboul!"

The man continued on his way, without turning his head.

A little farther on, passing through the marketplace, he heard sounds of lamentation and groaning. Raising his eyes he perceived an unhappy slave, on his knees before his master, who was beating him with rage. Berenger could not stand this sight. Overcome with pity, he forgot the threats of the Caliph, rushed upon the Mussulman, seized him by the throat, and threw him down.

The slave begged mercy for his torturer. The Baron de Montier released his grasp, and with regret let go the Saracen, who gazed upon him with terror and respect, and fled without daring to complain.

"Our Lady will reward thee for thy compassion," said the slave. "I am a Christian like thee; but I am not worthy to suffer in this place of martyrdom. It was here that all the faithful were slaughtered that were surprised by the Arabs when they seized the city; it was here that the hand of Saint John Damascene remained nailed the whole day, three hundred years ago. It was here that the Caliph massacred all the prisoners that he was able to take."

The Crusader pensively moved away.

At the gates of the palace that the caliph had given him, he found a troop of soldiers, who put him in irons. He was without arms and made no resistance. They led him to the house of a gardener who lived in the suburbs.

The gardener was a large and robust man; he

had six sons as vigorous as himself. After having exchanged some words with the soldiers that the Provençal did not understand, he took his slave into the garden.

He placed in his hands an immense hoe and ordered him to use it. The Baron only half understood the language of his master; he took the implement however, although resolving never to lower himself to the employment of serfs and plebeians.

The gardener repeated his order in louder tones, accompanied by an impatient gesture. Brutal, gross, and confident in his own strength, when he saw that the Christian would not obey, he resolved to curb his spirit at once, and he struck him across the face with the handle of his whip.

At this servile chastisement, the pride of the southern blood boiled in the veins of the Crusader. Furious, unable to control himself, he flew upon his master, and grasped his throat with such violence that he strangled him.

At this sight, the gardener's sons, who were working not far off, ran to assist their father, armed with their iron gardening tools, and they rushed upon the Christian to kill him.

Berenger saw them coming; he had been accustomed to fight without counting the number of his adversaries. He awaited their approach with firmness, using the hoe as a mace. He whirled it round his head, defended himself, cut down some, and put the rest to flight, remaining master of the field.

After this battle he left the gardener's house, and in spite of the weight of his chains, made his way towards the gates of the city.

But he was surrounded and stopped; and by the order of the Cadi he was taken and cast, bound, into prison.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### An Impenitent Sinner Softened.

The Venerable Father Bernard, that holy priest so celebrated in Paris during the last century, for his charity towards and his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, was attending to the gibbet a man condemned to be hung. The wretched man added to all his other crimes the most horrid blasphemies against God. Although he had already tired out the patience of all who had exhorted him, Father Bernard was not discouraged. He ascended the scaffold with him, urged him with all possible zeal, and was about to embrace him when the furious criminal pushed him away and with a kick threw him from the ladder to the pavement. Although wounded, Father Bernard arose, and

falling on his knees, invoked his powerful mediatrix by his usual prayer: "*Memorare O piissima.*" Admirable effects of Mary's protection! The prayer was no sooner ended than the criminal was seen to burst into tears of repentance, was converted, asked pardon, confessed, and edified as much by his repentance as he had horrified by his obstinacy.

### THE POPE'S MONTH OF MARY.

*Being a Parallel between the Life of the Holy Father and that of the Blessed Virgin.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE "ROSIER DE MARIE," BY MARIODULUS.

#### THIRD DAY.

CONSECRATION OF PIUS THE NINTH TO THE HOLY VIRGIN BY HIS PIOUS MOTHER—CONSECRATION OF MARY TO ALMIGHTY GOD BY HER VIRTUOUS PARENTS.

"Happy the man," says the Sacred Scripture, "for whom God, from the sweet treasures of His mercy, prepares a wise and virtuous spouse. This companion of his life will bring perpetual joy into his house. If thou shouldst fly to the extremities of the earth, thou mightst yet find nothing to compare with such a treasure. The heart of her husband rests with confidence upon her. She heaps her benefits upon him—she never returns the bitterness she may receive from him. She opens her hand to the needy, and she extends her arms to the poor passing by; she sees that all her household are clothed with double garments. The words of wisdom are always upon her lips,—kindness and meekness never depart from her tongue. Her sons surround her, and call her blessed; her husband is seated with glory amongst the noble of the earth, and when he comes to the council he blesses her vigilance, and praises her good works."

Children of Mary, such was the wife that Count Jerome Mastai Feretti had the happiness to obtain—such was the mother that Heaven chose for Pius the Ninth. This illustrious lady, who, with a fervor ever renewed, continued in Sinigaglia the admirable practices of virtue and good works which she had found in her husband's family, devoted herself to her new-born son with a love of predilection. The child, doubtless by a disposition of the designs of Divine Providence in his regard, received in baptism the names of John Mary; John, to whom the dying Saviour said from the cross, pointing out to him the Blessed Virgin, "Behold thy mother!"—Mary, to whom the same Jesus said, designating the beloved disciple, "Behold thy son!" Now, these two names, which recalled the memory of two such holy persons par-

ticipating in so sorrowful a scene—these two names, at the same time a prophecy of grief and an immense fund of consolation, joined to the name of young Mastai Feretti made the mother of Pius the Ninth involuntarily tremble. When she saw him placed in his cradle, she did, it is true, detect in his infant look something that was not altogether of earth; but in his first cry she also felt the presage of an anguish extraordinary and almost divine. It is God, who brought maternal love to perfection by descending himself into a mother's heart—God sometimes thus reveals to true mothers by a look, by a smile, by an infantine cry, the whole destiny of their children. The Countess Mastai, whom mysterious presentiments in the bottom of her heart instructed in the future, remembered the lesson of Calvary; she cast herself on her knees at the foot of an image of Her whom we call the Mother of Sorrow and of Joy, and raising her son in her arms she cries, "O Mary, deign to adopt this child as you adopted the beloved disciple! I consecrate him to you; to your care I commit him!" \* \* \* \* \*

This pious oblation of this noble child to the Queen of Heaven, servants of Mary, had its precedent in the consecration that the virtuous parents of the Holy Virgin also made of her to the Lord. Tradition teaches us that Saint Joachim and Saint Anne, having been for a long time united in wedlock, and afflicted to the heart that their marriage had not been blessed as yet by Heaven, passed days and nights in prayer, imploring the Almighty to take away the reproach of their barrenness from the midst of Israel. As if they would even use a gentle violence, and oblige Him, so to speak, to put an end the sooner to their continued disappointments, they began by making three parts of the extensive property they had inherited from their own parents: the first was brought to the temple, the second distributed to the poor, and the third kept for the needs of their own simple household. But this sacrifice, however praiseworthy and disinterested it might have appeared, was not efficacious with the Lord; He asked of them a greater; He wished for a sacrifice of the heart—the entire holocaust of the heart. It was then that Saint Anne, enlightened by a thought which she believed came from above, recollected the mother of Samuel, miraculously rendered fruitful on her solemn promise of consecrating to God the issue of her womb. Prostrating herself, then, many times before the Supreme Consoler of suffering hearts, she also engaged, by solemn vow, to give to the Most High, in His temple, the child that she



might have the joy of bringing into the world. So admirable a spirit of devotedness to His sovereign will, pleased the Lord, and the Virgin Mary was the late blossom that burst into bloom, to reward the soft dew of Her mother's plenteous tears and the lively fervor of her persevering and humble prayer.

When the gentle maiden had attained the age of about three years, and had thus begun to be able to do without a mother's most necessary care, her pious parents had nothing more deeply at heart than to keep their promise. Accompanied by some of their neighbors and friends, who wished to do what they could to spare them the loneliness and sadness of their return, they took the road to Jerusalem, and presented themselves at the gate of the Temple. Anne, followed by Joachim, advanced, with her head respectfully veiled, to the High Priest of the Lord, and according to an oriental tradition to be found in the Koran, said to him with emotion, as she offered him the blessed fruit of her womb, "Behold the gift I come to present to you.. It is just that I render it unto you, for it is from God that I have received it." The Priest received the heavenly gift. (*Vie de la Sainte Vierge*, according to tradition, by L'abbé Bégel.) The Temple was closed, and the holy spouses, after being separated from their sweet and radiant child, resumed, weeping, the road to their distant home.

And we, servants of Mary—if we wish to draw down the protection of God upon our children; if we wish to have sons and daughters who will fill us with joy by their virtue and their love, by their attention and filial piety; what have we to do, after what we have just read? Is not the way magnificently traced out for us? Let us consider to what an eminent degree of sanctity Mary, the humble handmaid of the Lord, and Pius the Ninth, the great servant of. Mary and the servant of the servants of Christ, have been elevated. Let us reverently think that the piety of their virtuous parents, in seeking for them from the most tender years a protection in heaven, may have been one of the principal causes, the sole cause, perhaps, that they were, in after days, rendered so pleasing to God. Oh! let us turn our eyes to this altar and this cross; let us beat our breasts, and cry out with a holy contrition:

Lord, take pity on our wanderings; pardon our culpable errors! The children Thou hast given us to love us, to console us in our labors, to assist us in our troubles, to support us in old age—scarcely have they been brought into the world

when we forget to whom we owe them. Instead of acknowledging that they belong to Thee rather than to us; instead of preparing them for that Heaven in which they are destined eternally to dwell, we think only of educating them for this world, where, like ourselves, they must pass but a few days, and then die. They shall embrace such a state, say we; they shall undertake such an enterprise; they shall contract such an alliance, so that they may become rich—happy—esteemed. Of God, who sent them to us—not a word! Of God, who could take them again—nothing. Lord, bring us back from our errors this very day; after the example of Saint Anne, who humbly made to Thee the offering of her daughter, we, in our turn, offer Thee our children! After the example of the pious mother of our Pope, Pius the Ninth, who consecrated him to Mary, we also consecrate them to Her. Jesus and Mary, watch over our children, preserve their innocence and their virtues!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the AVE MARIA.

### Ave Maria.

BY MARIE JOSEPHINE.

"*Ave Maria, full of grace,*  
*Our Lord is with thee;*" unveil,  
 O Mother of fair love, thy face,  
 And catch our vesper hail;  
 "Blessed art thou among," Maid-Queen.  
 "Women"—upon the Gospel-page  
 As stars—as stars who stand—sweet seen  
 To glow through every age,  
 "And blessed is the fruit," dear fruit  
 "Of thy womb, Jesus," given,—  
 The living vine from Jesse's root,  
 Flower of the Rose of Heaven.  
 "Holy Mary," Flower of thy breast,  
 Son-glory of the Infinite;  
 "Mother of God," so lifted, blest,  
 Drop us one smile to-night.  
 "Pray for us now"—we ask but that,  
 Saint-Maid of Bethlehem;  
 Pray for us exiles now "and at  
 The hour of our death, Amen,"

AVE MARIA, sweetest prayer,  
 Ever human lips may breathe,  
 Mother take us to thy care,  
 Who thy beauteous brows enwreathes,

AVE MARIA, tenderest hail,  
 Ever troubled lips may sing;  
 When the storms of life prevail,  
 Guardian-mother, succor bring.

AVE MARIA, dearest spell,  
 When the wiles of sin assail,  
 Beating back the powers of hell. —  
 AVE MARIAS, never fail.

AVE MARIA, matchless name,  
 Take it, breath of every gale;  
 Send it forth from NOTRE DAME,  
 Bear it round the world, sweet hail.

## St. Patrick and St. Bridget.

Ireland, the virgin island, whose soil was never pressed by the foot of the Roman proconsul, nor ever contaminated by the orgies and exactions of pagan Rome! It is the only place in the world where the Gospel has been introduced without the effusion of blood.

The great branch of the Celtic race, known under the name of Hibernians, of Scots, or of Galls, whose descendants and language have continued until the present age in *Ireland*, in the *Highlands of Scotland*, and in *Lower Brittany*, adopted with enthusiasm the law of Christ; and when in Gaul and Great Britain, the Celtic vitality seemed destroyed, under the double pressure of Roman *decadence* and Germanic invasion, Ireland appeared, among all the Christian nations, the most devoted to the Catholic faith and the most zealous for the propagation of the Gospel. As soon as *green Erin* saw the rising of the sun of Faith she vowed to it all that ardent and tender devotion which has become her proper life. The course of ages has not interrupted it; the bloodiest and most implacable persecutions have not shaken it; the defection of all southern Europe has not drawn her within its vortex; and amid the splendors and miseries of modern civilization, and Anglo-Saxon dominion, she keeps alive that inextinguishable fire, which sustains and unites with the most intact orthodoxy, that admirable purity of morals, which no conqueror, no adversary can contest, equal or corrupt.

Two slaves gave the faith to Ireland and at the same time established therein the religious life.

The Gallo-Roman Patrick, relative of the great Saint Martin of Tours, at the age of sixteen was captured by pirates, and sold as a slave, in Ireland. Here he guarded his master's flocks; cold, hunger, and the harsh pitiless orders of his master, initiated him into all the sorrows of servitude. After six years captivity, he regained his liberty and returned to Gaul; but ever in his dreams he saw the children of those pagan Irish, whose yoke he had borne, extending their little arms towards him. His studies and his sleep were alike troubled. He seemed to hear the voices of these innocents, begging for baptism, and crying "Dear Christian child, come back among us! come back and save us!" After having completed his studies in the great monastic sanctuaries of Marmontier and Lerins; after having accompanied Saint Germain of Auxerre, in the mission undertaken by this great champion of orthodoxy into Great Britain, for

the extirpation of the Pelagian heresy so dear to the Celtic races, Patrick went to Rome; and was sent by Pope Celestine, as Bishop, to Ireland, where he commenced to preach the faith. The kings, chiefs and warlike and noble people, of the Emerald Isle, listened to him, followed him in crowds, and testified for him that passionate veneration, which has become that most popular tradition among the Irish, which thirteen centuries have not been able to weaken. After thirty-three years of apostolic labors he died, leaving Ireland almost entirely converted, and filled with schools and communities, destined to become the nursery of Missionaries for the West.

The life of Patrick has been a favorite theme for history and legend.

Nothing is more poetic in legendary lore than the interview between the Gallo-Roman apostle with the Irish Bards, who formed a hereditary and sacerdotal caste. From among them he received his most faithful disciples. Ossian himself, the blind Homer of Ireland, was converted by him, and was permitted by Patrick to sing for him, the long epoch of Celtic kings and heroes. (Ozaam.) But concord was not established between them without some preliminary storms. Patrick threatened those too profane warriors, whom Ossian delighted to glorify, with the torments of hell; and the bard replied to the Apostle, "If even thy God were in hell, my heroes could draw him out!" But truth triumphant ratified peace between poetry and faith. The monasteries founded by Patrick became the asylum and hearthstone of Celtic poetry. "Once blessed and transformed," says one of the old authors, "the songs of the bards became so beautiful that the angels of God inclined from heaven to hear them," (La Villemarque, Celtic Legend,) and this is the reason why the harp of the Bards has remained the symbol es-cutecheon of Catholic Ireland.

In his history, nothing is better proved than his zeal to preserve the country, wherein he himself had lived a slave, from the abuses of servitude, and particularly from the incursions of the piratical Scots and Bretons. One of the most authentic records we have of Patrick, is his eloquent protestation against the king of a Breton horde, who, landing at a village whose inhabitants had been baptized the preceding evening, massacred many of them and carried off the remainder to be sold in distant countries. "I, Patrick, ignorant sinner, but constituted Bishop of Hibernia, refugee among barbarous nations on account of my love for God, write with my hand these letters, to be



transmitted to the soldiers of the tyrant. I do not address you as my brethren, nor as the brethren of the saints of Rome, but as the compatriots of the devils, the apostate Picts and Scots, who live in death and fatten themselves upon the blood of the innocent Christians whom I have regenerated in Christ. \* \* \* Does not the Divine Mercy, which I love, oblige me to act in this manner, for the defence of those who, but a short time ago, held me in captivity and massacred the servants of my father?" Elsewhere he praises the intrepidity of the female slaves, whom he had converted, for their heroic defence of their modesty and faith, against their unworthy masters.

Buying and selling human flesh was in those days as common among all the Celtic nations, as it was during the last century upon the coast of Africa. It was more difficult to destroy slavery and the commerce of slaves, than to uproot Paganism. Nevertheless the Christian faith bloomed in Ireland under the fostering care of two slaves! With the name of Patrick is associated in an eternal bond, that of Bridget, daughter, according to legend, of a bard, and a beautiful captive, whom her master had driven away, like Hagar, at the suggestion of his wife. Born in sorrow and shame, Bridget and her mother were received and baptized by the disciples of Saint Patrick. Vainly her father sought to obtain her and give her in marriage.

She devoted herself to God and retired to a forest of oaks, that had formerly been consecrated to false gods. The wonderful cures she performed drew a crowd around her, and in a short time she founded the first monastery for females, that Ireland had ever known, under the name of Kildare—the *oaken cell*. She died there, at the age of seventy, after a life of labor and of love. Over her tomb burst forth that inextinguishable flame, called *St. Bridget's fire*, which her religious continually nourished, and which guarded, during a thousand years, the love and faith of an unhappy people, as the light-house of the country, until the triumph of a sacrilegious reform; in our days it has again enkindled the muse of a patriot poet:

"Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,  
And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,  
Is the heart that afflictions have come o'er in vain,  
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!  
Erin! Oh Erin! thus bright through thy tears  
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears."

Innumerable convents ascribe their origin to the Abbess of Kildare. Wherever the Irish monk went, in Cologne as well as in Séville, churches have been erected in her honor; and wherever, in our age, British emigration has penetrated, the

name of Bridget distinguishes the woman of the Irish race. Deprived by misery and persecution from constructing monuments of stone, they testify their undying devotion to this dear memory by giving her name to their daughters. Noble and touching homage of a race always unfortunate, and always faithful to the Saint who was herself a slave and a Catholic. There are glories more lauded and more splendid, but can we find many that reflect more honor upon human nature.

A more distinctive characteristic of the Irish monks, as of their nation, was the imperious need of seeking or carrying afar science and religion; they penetrate the most remote regions in order to combat heresy, consequently this monastic race became, par excellence, *the missionary race*.

While strangers flocked to Ireland, to receive religious instruction, she sent her missionaries abroad. They covered the lands and the seas of the West. Indefatigable navigators, they landed upon the most remote islands; they inundated the continental regions with successive emigrations. Incessant visions showed them the known and unknown world to conquer for Christ. The poem of "*The Pilgrimage of St. Brendan*," that monastic odyssey so celebrated in the Middle Age; that popular prelude to the *Divine Comedy*, exhibits the Irish monks battling with all the dreams and wonders of the Celtic ideal. Later we see them battling with the reality. We will speak of their metropolis upon the rock of Ionia in the Hebrides. We will tell what they did for the conversion of Great Britain; but we must first follow them into Gaul—into that country from whence the gospel had been carried to them by St. Patrick. It was towards the end of the sixth century that the action of Ireland upon the country directly under the dominion of the Franks, became decisive. Then most generously did she acquit herself of the debt she owed Gaul. She had received Patrick and in return she gave Columban.—*Montalembert*.

#### Diocese of Fort Wayne.

On Sunday 28th of May, the corner stone of a splendid new Church, to be dedicated to the Blessed Mother of God, was blessed at Lafayette, Ind., by Rt. Rev. Bishop LUERS, assisted by Rt. Rev. Dr. ROSECRANS, and by Rev. J. FORCE of Logansport, Rev. C. MAUGIN of Crawfordville, etc. The eloquent Doctor preached both at High Mass and on the spot outside, where the ceremony took place, in his usual clear, logical and cogent style, to a large and admiring audience. This is the nineteenth Church the zealous pastor, Rev. Geo. HAMILTON, is now undertaking. May he live long enough to build as many more. We will refer again to this subject, doubly interesting to us.

## Oh! Balmy and Bright.

F. W. FABER.

Oh! balmy and bright as moonlit night,  
 Is love of our Blessed Mother;  
 It lies like a beam  
 Over life's cold stream,  
 And life knows not such another,  
 Oh life knows not such another!

The month of May with a grace a day  
 Shines bright with our Blessed Mother;  
 The angels on high  
 In the glorious sky,  
 Oh they know not such another,  
 Nay, they know not such another!

The angels' Queen, the beautiful Queen,  
 Is the sinner's patient mother;  
 With pardon and peace  
 And the soul's release,  
 Where shall we find such another,  
 Where shall we find such another?

O Mary's Heart, the Immaculate Heart,  
 The Heart of the Saviour's Mother!  
 All heaven shows bright  
 In its clear sweet light,  
 God hath not made such another,  
 God hath not made such another!

## Religious Chronicle.

FROM ROME.

A most violent tempest arose as the Cardinals were leaving the secret Consistory held by His Holiness, in the Vatican, on the 27th of March. It lasted more than two hours; the hail fell with such force as to destroy entirely the glass galleries which surround the court of Saint Damasus at the Vatican; the door of the Pope's grand stairway was torn from its place, and the enormous windows which light it, were hurled with a stunning noise upon the marble steps. The Swiss Guards barely escaped death. Providence most visibly protected the Cardinals, who left the Consistory in a body the moment of the accident. Two minutes later and they would have been buried beneath the avalanche of wood and broken windows.

FRANCE.

The history of the last moments of Bishop d'Amatha, of New Caledonia, who died in 1853 a victim of his devotedness to his people, decimated by frightful epidemic, has been most touchingly related in one of the late Sunday evening re-unions at Notre Dame des Victoires, by Father Forestier, Marist. The following scene in his life was given by the pious orator:

The storm rapidly increased in violence. The roaring of the waves, and the fury of winds announced immediate danger. The young Tadinan, still a catechumen, trembled at the thought of dying without being a Christian; "We are going to the bottom of the sea," said the Bishop of Amatha to him, "then we shall see our good God." "Epikpo," (Bishop) replied the poor child, "I am not very happy at that thought."—"You may be, for you are baptized!"—"But alas, I am not. Oh, baptize me, I beseech you! and then I also will go and see the good God." Bishop Douarre performed the ceremony, and said: "My child, now you are an angel; pray to God and to Mary to help us;" and the child, happy in baptismal grace, calmly replied; "Oh Epikpo, would it not be better to

die and go to Heaven, where we would never again suffer from hunger and cold?" But the obedient child prayed, and the vessel was saved.

[A painting at Notre Dame de Fourvières represents the Sainly Bishop baptizing his young catechumen in the midst of the tempest.]

## THE EXILES OF VILNA.

Our readers are doubtless familiar with the history of these poor Polish religious, lately expelled from their cloister and their country. Their touching reception in Paris, where their arrival was wholly unexpected, is most affectingly related in the following letter from the Superior of the First Visitation Convent in Paris:

Tuesday, March 21, we received a word, written in pencil, from Mother V. Constance, informing us that herself and her family, composed of forty-eight persons were at the depot of the Northern Railroad, and within less than half an hour, eight omnibuses brought the Refugees to our door. The door was opened and we perceived a *cloud* of Religious filling the church-yard; conspicuous among them were four large white Carmelite cloaks; for the dear Mother of Vilna, with the confiding charity of a true daughter of our holy Founder, had extended her wings to shelter these four daughters of Saint Theresa, who, on the eve of her departure had implored her to take them with her.

All these beloved exiles were gathered within our cloister. On leaving their own monastery they had kissed its walls, and they seemed ready to do the same to those which now offered them the precious benefits of regular life in community. These dear Sisters fell upon their knees and kissed the hand, not only of the Superior, but of every Sister in our monastery: in their humility and gratitude they seemed to see Superiors in all who received them with so much joy. "Thanks!" "Thanks!" were heard on all sides, in German, French and Polish; we answered by our tears, and they understood us, for this language of the heart belongs to all countries.

After every one had entered into the Convent, all our Sisters were eager to offer them refreshments; but no dinner had been prepared. The Sister of the kitchen rushed to her furnace, assisted by many volunteers. A repast was speedily improvised; tables, benches, napkins and dishes were brought; everybody took part, but with little mutual understanding, for hearts were too full to leave much room for presence of mind; and during this time these well-beloved Sisters, who were still fasting, solicited and obtained the happiness of receiving Holy Communion; the sanctuary railing was watered with their tears; to us they said nothing, but I think our Lord made their hearts feel that *where the Holy Eucharist is, there can be no exile*.

The rest of the day was spent in organizing lodgings for the wanderers; and our Lord, who multiplied the loaves, this evening seemed to enlarge our walls for the accommodation of all, leaving even two cells vacant. The Chapter-room and every little available corner was transformed into lodging purposes, it was so natural for every one



to have a degree of holy rivalry in offering her cell to those who, for their attachment to their faith, had not whereon to repose their head. It seemed that they had said, with Saint Paul, "Who will separate me from the charity of Jesus Christ?" All they brought with them was the crucifixes from their cells, each one placing her own upon her heart.

It would be difficult to describe in what a state of destitution they were in after the vicissitudes of "so long a journey."

#### Maria Aurora.

Te nascente ut aurora  
Vult e celo sine mora  
Mitti sol justitie.—NEOT POETA.  
Like the coming of the dawning,  
Mary, lovely Star of Morning,  
Givest thou the joyful warning,  
That the Sun of Justice comes.

Mary is that day-dawn, which the Psalmist says the Lord would create with his own hands. The name of Aurora, whatever be its origin, is admirably appropriate. Whether we derive it from *aurum*—gold—or from *hora aurea*—hour of gold—the advent of Mary into this world was the morning of the golden age of Faith and Grace, terminating the iron age of infidelity, of sin, of ignorance, and of the law. Precious Aurora! Mary offers us the immaculate gold of her virginal purity, the glittering gold of her ardent charity, and the pure gold of wisdom and goodness; she is filled with love, inundated with the Divinity—this happy woman "clothed with the Sun."—Other authors assign the origin of the name Aurora to *aura rorans*—breeze shedding dew—or *hora roris*—the dewy hour—because it is the moment when the heavens distill dew upon the universe. So also it is by Mary that divine grace is shed over souls to extinguish therein the fires of sin; it is by the consent of Mary that the Divine Word has been enabled to deposit the dew of the Divinity in the bosom of human nature. Others, again, derive this name from *avium hora*—the hour of birds—who awake with the dawn to send forth their canticles of gratitude to the Creator. When Mary entered the world, what songs of joy resounded in heaven! what canticles of thanksgiving in the house of Anne and Joachim! When our Aurora sheds its first glimmer in the soul of a sinner, the souls of the saints, the birds of this world, borne towards heaven upon two wings of gold, the love of God and the love of their neighbor, unite their voices to the concert of angels saluting the new day.

Often the aurora is called *aura* on account of

its transparent whiteness. What whiteness may be compared to that shining whiteness of the Virgin Immaculate? Mary is, then, the true aurora, empurpled with the fires of the rising sun, our Lord Jesus Christ, whom she carried in her arms. Her glory is derived from Him whom she brought into the world. She sheds over us the dew of the celestial benedictions; then, as we see the flush of morning deepen with the rising sun until it is all absorbed in him, so does the brightness of our Aurora increase until love unites her to Jesus, and she is lost, so to speak, in Him whose universe she is.—*St. Bernardin of Sienna.*

Arising from the bosom of shadows, the dawn puts an end to the night, and spreads over creation a new light, filling it with joy. Mary is born, arising from the long night of sin that extends from Eve to her immaculate conception. She rises from amidst the shadows of ignorance, of infidelity, of sadness, of sorrow—she inaugurates the day of knowledge, faith, joy, immortality—she brings into the world Him in whom are "hidden the treasures of the knowledge and of the wisdom of the Father," the "desire of the eternal hills," our peace and our consolation: Mary arises from the shadows of the law, from the obscurities of the Synagogue, to commence the glowing day of the Church whose Eternal Sun knows no setting. The aurora is the necessary midway between the waning night and the coming day. Mary is the mediatrix placed by the Divine mercy between man and God, between the sinner and his Jesus.

When the day-dawn begins, objects decolorized by night resume their colors, the flowers unfold their tender corols to drink the dew of heaven. These delicate flowers nourished by celestial emanations, are the saints, the splendid apparel of the garden of the Spouse, the holy Church—these objects resuming the colors of which the night has deprived them, are sinners whose souls revive at the first rays of our Aurora; at its rays they arise from the sleep of death wherein their faults have plunged them, and go forth to labor in the field of the Father of the family; the dreams and phantoms of the night have given place to the smiling images of the day; to the night-birds, evil desires, have succeeded holy contemplations; the demons have fled before the angels who form the court of Mary; vices have disappeared "like smoke, and as the wax before the fire." (Ps. lxxvii, 3.) Then the traveler, the pilgrim, remembering that he has not here a permanent city, (Heb. xiii, 14,) resumes his staff, the cross, ascending the path—

way which discovers to him that Aurora whose Son is called "the way, the truth, and the life." (John xiv, 6.) He knows that the monsters of the night have ceased to gnash their teeth, that the beasts of the forests have returned to their dens, the day-dawn has dispelled all perils and the sluggard alone dares to excuse himself and say: "A lion is in the path." (Prov. xxvi, 18.) The return of the dawn brings a smile of happiness to the lips of the dying; he feels again the freshness of the morning hour, the glow of health calming the pangs of suffering. Mary heals our fevered souls, she restores us to health, she saves the world in giving it Jesus.

Jacob struggled all night with an angel, and when the morning came, he who had resisted him, said, "Let me go, for behold it is break of day." (Gen. xxxii, 26.) This angel represents the Divine Majesty opposing itself to the prayers of the patriarchs for the coming of the Saviour. This word "Let me go," being equivalent to "Cease your entreaties," for already glimmers the Aurora which precedeth the Sun of Justice.

O Virgin most blessed, mystical aurora, may thy propitious brightness dissipate the shadows of our souls and the painful gloom of our griefs. Virgin most holy, turn towards us those pitying eyes and lead us from evil, and conduct us to eternal happiness,

All our ills expelling,  
Every bliss implore.

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New Publications.

*POINTS OF CONTROVERSY: A Series of Lectures*, 497 pp. By Rev. C. F. SMARIUS, Missionary of the Society of Jesus. New York: Rennie, Shea & Lindsay.

A book from Father Smarius! It must be a gem, if the author is in any way to compare to the speaker. It is more than a gem; it is a *chef-d'œuvre*.

This work, in the form of doctrinal lectures, has for its object the conversion of souls to God, the leading of them to abjure error and embrace the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

Timely antidotes must be applied to arrest the workings of the poison incautiously imbibed in consequence of the effects sought to be produced by the continued misrepresentations of those who, outside the pale of the Church, are influenced by prejudice, or endeavor to sustain their positions by argument, weak even to puerility. For this purpose the valuable book before us was written.

The Rev. author places it under the protection and care of the ever Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and patroness of the infant Church in the United States of America, and begs her to bless it, its author, and its readers.

We give the table of contents—Indifference in Religion, page 7; The Bible not the Rule of Faith, page 50; The Church of Christ, page 109; The Roman Catholic Church, the Church of Christ, page 170; Confession, page 248; On Purgatory and Indulgences, page 296; On the Real Presence, page 342; Honor and Invocation of Saints, Veneration of Images and Relics, page 411; On the Honor and Invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, page 453.

As is seen from this, Father Smarius, like a true son of the Church, as he is, devotes one chapter of the nine which make up his book, to the Blessed Virgin, and with it beautifully closes. He writes as he speaks, and he speaks as one whose heart and lips are overflowing with the fervor of heavenly love and devotion; his utterances have wings and bear us away up to the empyrean where we find ourselves among angels and saints. There is a precious value, a sacredness, a true incense in this book. The flowers of beauty scattered through it are living, fresh, blooming, varied in shape, fragrance and hue.

Everywhere is there singular excellence of thought, varied with wonderful richness; everywhere is the writer copious and accurate, fervent and enthusiastic; everywhere has he shed beams of sunny brightness and a poetic charm over his pages. We realize in it our ideal of what such works should be. The book is controversial and therefore very instructive, for when conducted in a proper spirit and with a sincere desire to ascertain the truth, discussion is discovery. He enters fully into an examination of the popular objections to the belief and practice of Catholics, as far as regards the subjects which he treats, and completely disproves them. He has something to tell, and he proceeds at once to do it. "Infidelity and a general indifference to all religion are the characteristic traits of the age." In our unwise hurry in life's forced march we pursue with zeal and earnestness everything conducive to the gratification of our senses, while we are sunk in a total apathy, are dead to all that appertains to our higher and more important interests.

The age in which we live is distinguished for its great indifference to the essentials of religion, and by a peculiar eagerness for everything which a sincere love for religion considers vanity. People *seemingly* wish for a morality without religion, but the experience of man has shown that the two are inseparably connected.

Religion, true practical religion, is almost forgotten, or looked upon as visionary and chimeric.



cal. The meek but earnest call of duty is unheard or unheeded amidst the clamor of business. We are fast becoming irreligious—forgetting that man was made to be sanctified, that man was made for God, and that no one liveth for himself. The sacred fire of faith is fast going out for want of fuel, and the contents of just such books as this of Father Smarius is the means of supplying the fuel by which the fire of habitual piety must be kept up, and the flame of fervent devotion daily enkindled. Any positive belief is better than unbelief.

You may straighten the gnarled and crooked sapling, but who can make a dead branch, severed from its parent stem, grow green again? Who can quicken the dead pulse into life, and send the blood once more bounding through the veins on its life-sustaining mission? Father Smarius traces the cause of the moral degeneracy of the age to the principle of private judgment, as the highest and only authority, in religion and morality; a principle introduced by Luther and Calvin, and which made religion the slave of man, subject to his prejudices and passions, his freaks and fancies, and man no longer obedient to her divine authority; a principle that dethroned reason itself, and made feeling the exponent of truth, so that men judged of religion as they did of their breakfasts and dinners. The error of man was substituted for the teaching of Christ; the Scriptures lost their objective value, and became the property of each subjective understanding—the natural result of all which was apathy, indifference, finally infidelity. Unity in faith and belief was destroyed, and the flood-gates of Atheism thrown open. If there is one thing more convincing than another, which goes to prove the divine origin of revelation, it is this same characteristic of unity. To remedy this evil we must go back to first principles, “and deduce from these the obligations which have been disowned, the duties which have been neglected.” This the writer endeavors to do, and he does it well.

Seldom has it been our good fortune to see a more philosophic view and lucid discussion of the teachings and practices of the Church—so much misconceived and so often misrepresented by an ignorant prejudice. We predict for it an extensive circulation among Catholics, while among Protestants those who look into and study such works will find what Protestants have found before; will see what Protestants have seen before—and we take it from their own lips—those who have followed Catholicity into her schools and

colleges, into her monasteries and convents—to hospitals, asylums—the abodes of poverty—and blessed God! they will see men and women, actuated by the spirit of the first great twelve, putting into daily practice the sweet story of our suffering Saviour's life; and on seeing the beautiful *within* they will exclaim with Saint Augustine, as Protestants have exclaimed before: “Too late have I found thee, O beauty so ancient and yet so new! too late, too late, have I begun to love thee!”

We earnestly advise all our readers to procure copies of this work of Father Smarius who promises, ere long, to issue another volume which we shall hail with delight.

We are very sorry that for want of space we cannot at present give a longer extract than the following on the Blessed Virgin. We intend to return to the book again.

“Is it pride, madness, or inspiration, which makes a young maiden, scarcely sixteen years of age, the descendant of a royal but fallen family, the inhabitant of an obscure town, exclaim, in the bold language of the text above cited, ‘Behold! from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed?’

“Pride or presumption it cannot be, for the words which precede the text give the Virgin's humility as the reason of her bold language. ‘Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid. Behold! from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed!’ Much less was it madness; for who dares blasphemously assert that the infinite Wisdom of the Father should have chosen a woman that was crazed for His beloved mother? It was, then, the voice of inspiration, the voice of the Holy Spirit, the voice of the Most High, which made her exclaim: ‘Behold! from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.’ As the voice of inspiration, we must examine the meaning of the prophecy. The sense is plain and obvious. Mary prophesies that from that very day, onward through the ages, all generations shall call her blessed. To call one blessed is the outward expression of inward respect, honor, veneration, which the person deserves. Mary, then, foretells that from the day on which she became the mother of Christ, all generations should continue to respect, honor, and venerate her as she deserves. The objective reason of this respect, honor and veneration was evidently her divine maternity,—the fact that she had become the mother of Christ.

Hence, we may infer, without doing any violence to the text, that the full meaning of the prophecy is as follows: Behold, from this day, on which I am the mother of Christ, true God and true man, all Christian generations shall call me blessed. There was then to be a succession of Christian men and women, in all ages, among all nations, who from the commencement of Christianity till the end of time, should, in the self-same manner, show Mary that respect, honor, and love which her dignity as mother of the Redeemer entitled her to from that very day.”







# AVE MARIA.

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No. 6.

## CORPUS CHRISTI.

[We love to believe that Father FABER's works are household words with all the readers of the AVE MARIA; and in proportion as they are charmed with the writings of this gifted son of St. Philip, so we are sure they will thank us for giving, in these days consecrated to the Blessed Sacrament, his exquisite tableau of the Catholic world on Corpus Christi.]

It is the Feast of Corpus Christi. Let us put before ourselves as on a map the aspect which the whole Church is presenting to the Eye of God to-day. O the joy of the immense glory the Church is sending up to God this hour; verily! as if the world was all unfallen still! We think, and as we think the thoughts are like so many successive tide-waves filling our whole souls with the fullness of delight, of all the thousands of masses which are being said or sung the whole world over, and all rising with one note of blissful acclamation from grateful creatures to the Majesty of our merciful Creator. How many glorious processions, with the sun upon their banners, are now winding their way round the squares of mighty cities, through the flower-strewn streets of Christian villages, through the antique cloisters of the glorious cathedral, or through the grounds of the devout seminary, where the various colors of the faces and the different languages of the people are only so many fresh tokens of the unity of that faith which they are all exultingly professing in the single voice of the magnificent ritual of Rome! Upon how many altars of various architecture, amid sweet flowers and starry lights, amid clouds of humble incense and the tumult of thrilling song, before thousands of prostrate worshippers, is the Blessed Sacrament raised for exposition, or taken down for benediction! And how many blessed acts of faith and love, of triumph and of reparation, do not each of these things surely represent! The world over, the summer air is filled with the voice of song. The gardens are shorn of their fairest blossoms to be flung beneath the feet of the Sacramental God. The steeples are reeling with the clang of bells; the cannon are booming in the gorges of the Andes and the Apennines; the ships of the harbors are painting the bays of the sea with their show of gaudy flags; the pomp of royal or republican armies salutes the King of kings. The Pope on his throne and the school-girl in her village, cloistered nuns and sequestered hermits, bishops and dignitaries and preachers, emperors and kings and princes, all are engrossed to-day with the Blessed Sacrament. Cities are illuminated; the dwellings of men are alive with exultation. Joy so abounds that men rejoice they know not why, and their joy overflows on sad

hearts and on the poor and the imprisoned and the wandering and the orphaned, and the homesick exiles. All the millions of souls that belong to the royal family and spiritual lineage of St. Peter are to-day engaged more or less with the Blessed Sacrament; so that the whole Church Militant is thrilling with glad emotion, like the tremulous rocking of the mighty sea. Sin seems forgotten; tears even are of rapture rather than of penance. It is like the soul's first day in heaven; or as if earth itself were passing into heaven, as it well might do, for sheer joy of the Blessed Sacrament.

Crowds that were in sin yesterday now for the love of Jesus have made to-day's sun to rise upon their penance; and over each one all heaven's angels rejoiced, more than over a newly-created world. Millions have made their preparation for Communion, and the least fervent of them all did something for God he would not else have done. The same millions communicated; and think of all that Jesus did in them, and with them, and for them, while the sacramental union lasted! The same millions made their thanksgiving, and what a choir of praise was there. How many aged men will the evening find less worldly than the morning saw them! In how many souls of children has not faith started and grown, strong, supple, juicy shoots, more than a whole year's growth in one brief day; and what a glorious thing is each growth of faith in a childish soul, seeing there comes along with it such a glorious promise for eternity! And what shall I say of those deeper depths, the souls of mortified men? I suppose that the mere exercise of faith, to say nothing of love, in a saint is something so deep and high, so far-reaching and full of union with Christ, that we common Christians can know nothing of it. And how many real saints, how many hereafter to be raised on the altars of the Church, have been in rapture, in ecstasy, in transcendent communion with God this day, through the stirring of the life-giving mystery in their souls. The silent cloister has sent up thousands of sweet perfumes from espoused souls throughout the day; acts of faith enough to win grace for unconverted tribes, acts of love sufficient to expiate a sea of blasphemies and a world of sacrilege, acts of union which have strengthened and invigorated the whole Church, and quickened all its pulses in places far remote from the cells, where the acts were perfected in solitude and prayer and austere concealment. Who can tell the vocations begun or achieved to-day, the conversions suggested or effected, the first blows given



to a sinful habit or the crowning virtue to a devout resolve, the sins remitted or the sinful purposes abandoned, the death-beds illuminated or the souls liberated from purgatory through the quickened charity of earth? There has been a vast and busy and populous empire of interior acts open to the eye of God to-day, so beautiful, so glorious, so religious, so acceptable, that the feast of the outer world has been the poorest possible expression of the inner feast of the world of spirit. And what is it all but triumph—the triumph of our hidden Lord?

Corpus Christi is essentially a feast of triumph. It is a day of triumph rather even than of joy, a day of power, of fearlessness, of public profession of faith, of the heavenly insult [defiance] of truth over doubt, heresy, falsehood, sacrilege, and blasphemy. Its position immediately following upon Trinity Sunday is a sort of type of this. It does not come after the Ascension in unbroken order, as one feast of our Lord following another, nor even at once after Pentecost, when the descent of the Holy Ghost had been as it were the fruit of the Ascension and the sweet token of the strange truth that it could ever be expedient for us that our Lord should go away. But it waits until the Church has led up all her mysteries into the secret fountain, the mother mystery, of the Most Holy Trinity, as if the whole collective devotion of the year rose up into the unapproachable light, and fell back again in showers of glory and in streams of celestial power and beauty upon men in the grand and consummating mystery of Transubstantiation. Hence its character of triumph. The Church Militant is blended for a moment with the Church Triumphant, and forgets her exile and her militant condition; and the worship of the Holy Trinity, which is a sort of antepast of Heaven, finds its adequate expression in the joyous adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. It is a day when we cannot be still, and hence a day of processions. It is a feast of shout and song, one while against the earth, as if the walls of the great city of the world were miraculously falling down before our faith, while we encompass it, marching, angels and men, to the martial strains of our *Lauda Sion*; another while, in praise of the Church, while the whole world resounds with the acclamations of the redeemed bearing their Redeemer round the ramparts of His own impregnable Sion.

Look now with the eye of faith at the Blessed Sacrament, and remember simply what our catechism teaches us about it. Is it not a magnificent thing to be a Catholic? Faith is such a glorious gift. Think how it makes over to us, as if they were, and they truly are, our own hereditary possessions, all the grandeurs of the universal Church, the famous Church, the martyr Church, the Church that is never old, but ever has a perpetual freshness like the Holy Trinity, ever virgin as Mary herself, ever wet with blood as the martyrs were, ever teaching like the apostles and doctors, ever witnessing like the confessors, ever suffering innocently like the Holy Innocents themselves, and sending up a perpetual song of victory even out of the fires of persecution. O how we ought

to bless God, now that we know Jesus, that we were not born in the poor times of the patriarchs and prophets before the Blessed Sacrament! Ah! how they desired to see our day and saw it not! Nay, we even seem privileged in our day beyond elder Christian times: for the longer the Church battles with the world the more venerable she seems to become, and her victories of grace more brilliant, and the heavenliness of her ways more wonderful. Time "writes no wrinkles on her brow," but adds line after line of glory and of freshness. She seems, because we know her better, to grow more beautiful, more powerful, more bright of face, more sweet of voice, more strong in arm, more mother-like in manner. Dear Church! to-day is her great day, the Feast of Holy Faith!

For the AVE MARIA.

## JUNE, THE MONTH of the SACRED HEART.

The secret of all devotion to Mary, is man's love of the Sacred Heart! Hence the crowning beauty of the Month of Mary, prefacing, or introducing us, as it were, into the chosen sanctuary of our Heavenly Queen—into the Sacred Heart itself. For thirty-one days we waited in the vestibule—chanting our songs of love and tender devotion, and as the last perfume of the flowers and the incense of the Benediction floated away on the night winds—and the distant echoes faintly whispered the last strains of the organ, then our Lady-Queen, our Mother, drew aside the curtains of the dawning day, and as she placed us, with herself, in her own dwelling—in the Sacred Heart of Jesus—she sweetly whispered "not closed is my Month; on the contrary, it has but commenced in the Month of the Sacred Heart; by your devotions during the Month of Mary, you are prepared to enjoy the wonderful riches and charms of the Ecclesiastical Mid-summer, Corpus-Christi, Whitsuntide, Trinity Sunday and the *Sacred Heart*." Then we began to understand the beautiful little mystery attached to May. Thirty-one days to Mary was not too long a prelude for the Month of the Sacred Heart. We needed to prepare by a closer union with our Mother for the great festivals that unite the last days of our Lord's human life on earth, with the first days of His humanity in Heaven, where He has promised to draw all hearts to Himself; and that we resist not this loving violence, we must open our hearts to the sweet counsel of His Mother.

"She is the Queen of Heaven and earth;" far and wide her empire extends; its boundaries are scarcely distinguishable from those of the Sacred Heart, so closely are they united. Mary holds sway over the Sacred Heart, it does her bidding and she commands with a mother's love; yet she is the subject of the Sacred Heart and rejoices in her subjection. Out of her heart came the blood of that Heart, and it was that Heart from all eternity merited for her the Immaculate Conception. It was the Sacred Heart that made her suffer; but it was the Sacred Heart that changed her sufferings into everlasting joy. She owes all to the Sacred Heart, to whom the Sacred Heart owes its very self. Yet the river is greater than

the fountain, and the Sacred Heart is greater than Mary *by the Infinite*, because it includes the God-head. Mary sits upon her throne and uses all her power to propagate the empire of the Sacred Heart. Her prayer dispenses its graces. Her holiness is the monument and trophy of the Sacred Heart. All her regal splendor, all her wealth of graces and all the mystery of her motherhood are from the Sacred Heart. She is its daughter and its mother, its servant and its queen. And this fountain of the Sacred Heart ever gushes and flows in mysterious sympathy with the source whence it came!

Our age has been destined by Providence in an especial manner to manifest the riches of the Sacred Heart. It selected one humble faithful soul, the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque of the Visitation as its instrument to make known the ineffable views of its goodness and wisdom.

Let us listen to what she herself tells of the visits of her Celestial Spouse; nothing is more touching or more calculated to excite our devotion to the Sacred Heart of our God:

"Being one day before the Blessed Sacrament," (she writes by the order of her Superior,) "during the octave of Corpus-Christi, I received from my God most excessive graces of his love; and wishing to return Him love for love, He said to me: 'Thou canst perform for Me no greater service than in doing what I have so often asked of thee.' Then showing me His Sacred Heart, 'Behold the Heart which has so much loved mankind; it has spared nothing, but has exhausted and consumed itself as a testimony of its love for them. From the greater part, I have received naught but ingratitude, irreverence and sacrilege, by the coldness and contempt they have shown Me in the Sacrament of My Love. For this reason, I require that the first Friday after the festival of the Blessed Sacrament, be honored as a Feast particularly dedicated to My Sacred Heart. And secular persons will find in this devotion all the assistance they need in their state of life—peace and joy in their family—solace in labor—consolation in their afflictions, and abundant benedictions from Heaven upon all their undertakings. It will be a place of refuge during life, but particularly at the hour of death.'

"He also assured me that He took a singular complaisance in seeing His love honored under the figure of this Heart of Flesh, such as He had shown it to me. And He at the same time promised me that wherever the Image Heart would be particularly honored, it would attract the most abundant benedictions."

In the midst of the irreligion of the day, it is most consoling to see the wonderful development made in this devotion to the Sacred Heart. The decree of the Holy Father establishing in its honor a Solemn Festival, has completely realized the desire expressed by our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary. And the late beatification of this saintly soul should stimulate the zeal of all the members of the Apostleship of Prayer. If we were only a little more devoted to Mary and the Sacred Heart, what conquest for Jesus would we

make! What souls would we not be instrumental in saving! *Our own* first and then our neighbors! And it is not yet too late. Let some at least among us become more fervent, and if we have not a host to do the work, then let each one working with Mary in the Sacred Heart be a *host in himself*.

### The Sacred Heart.

In this glorious poem, Father FABER has thrown around the deepest theological truth all the beauties of poetry. It is like the Gospel of the Beloved Disciple, arranged in rich full strains of Gregorian chant. In the third verse how exquisitely he sings "In the beginning was the Word."—

"There reigns the Eternal Father in His lone prerogatives."  
"And in His Father's mind, the Son all self-existing, lives."

This is preceded by the sublime description of eternity before creation, commencing

"And in that ungrowing vision nothing deepens, nothing brightens."

Again, soaring in thought to the abode of the God-head, he tells us, O how touchingly!

"What They owed not to Themselves They stooped to owe to man."

But the gem of the poem is the sixth verse,

"A Heart that hath a Mother and a treasure of red blood."

Thank God for a Faber! who, bringing poetry to its true home, the Church, draws our hearts from the siren songs of earthly loves, back to the love of Mary and the Sacred Heart.

Unchanging and unchangeable, before angelic eyes,  
The Vision of the God-head in its tranquil beauty lies;  
And, like a city lighted up all gloriously within, [win.  
Its countless lustrous glance and gleam, and sweetest worship  
On the Unbegotten Father, awful well-spring of the Three.  
On the Sole Begotten Son's co-equal Majesty,  
On Him eternally breathed forth from Father and from Son,  
The spirits gaze with fixed amaze, and unreckoned ages run.  
And in that ungrowing vision nothing deepens, nothing  
But the living Life of God perpetually lightens; [Brightens,  
And created life is nothing but a radiant shadow fleeing  
From the unapproached lustrous of that Unbeginning Being;  
Spirits wise and deep have watched that everlasting Ocean,  
And never o'er its lucid field hath rippled faintest motion;  
In glory undistinguished never have the Three seemed One,  
Nor ever in divided streams the Single Essence run.

There reigns the Eternal Father, in His lone prerogatives,  
And in the Father's Mind, the Son, all self-existing, lives,  
With Him, their mutual Jubilee, that deepest depth of love,  
Life-giving Life of two-fold source, the many-gifted Dove!  
O Bountiful! O Beautiful! can Power or Wisdom add  
Fresh features to a life, so magnificent and glad?  
Can even uncreated Love, ye angels! give a hne  
Which can ever make the Unchanging and Unchangeable  
look new?

The Mercy of the Merciful is equal to Their Might,  
As wondrous as Their Love, and as Their Wisdom bright!  
As They, who out of nothing called creation at the first,  
In everlasting purposes Their own design had nursed,—  
As They, who in Their solitude, Three Persons, once abode,  
Vouchsafed of Their abundance to become creation's God,—  
What They owed not to Themselves They stooped to owe to  
man,  
And pledged Their glory to him, in an unimaginable plan.  
See! deep within the glowing depth of that Eternal Light,  
What change hath come, what vision new transports angelic  
A creature can it be, in uncreated bliss? [sight?  
A novelty in God? Oh what nameless thing is this?  
The beauty of the Father's Power is o'er it brightly shed,  
The sweetness of the Spirit's Love is unction on its head;  
In the wisdom of the Son it plays its wondrous part,  
While it lives the loving life of a real Human Heart!



A Heart that hath a Mother, and a treasure of red blood,  
 A Heart that man can pray to, and feed upon for food!  
 In the brightness of the Godhead is its marvelous abode,  
 A change in the Unchanging, creation touching God!  
 Ye spirits blest, in endless rest, who on that Vision gaze,  
 Salute the Sacred Heart with all your worshipful amaze,  
 And adore, while with ecstatic skill the Three in One ye scan,  
 The Mercy that hath planted there that blessed Heart of Man!

All tranquilly, all tranquilly, doth that Blissful Vision last,  
 And Its brightness o'er immortalized creation will it cast;  
 Ungrowing and unfading, Its pure Essence doth it keep;  
 In the deepest of those depths where all are infinitely deep;  
 Unchanging and unchangeable as It hath ever been,  
 As It was before that Human Heart was there by angels seen,  
 So is it at this very hour, so will it ever be,  
 With that Human Heart within It, beating hot with love of me!

Translated for the AVE MARIA.

## LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

### No. 1.—The Prisoner of War.

BY L. D'APPILLY.

#### CHAPTER VI.—THE RENEGADE.

The narrative of these events inspired the caliph with a still more violent desire of perverting the baron. He flattered himself that the solitude and weariness of a dungeon would bring down his pride; he also forbade food to be given to him for three whole days.

After this time had elapsed, the imaum was sent to him. The Moslem priest boasted to the famishing prisoner of the feasts and pleasures of the Mahometan paradise. But Berenger remained immovable and answered:

"If your hours resemble the dancing girls that I have seen, I prefer the blue eyes of Etienne; and as for the nectar they drink in your hands, I doubt if it has the flavor and relish of the wines of Provence."

"Thou still hopest to return to thy country! Dost thou not know that the gates of this dungeon will never more open for thee?"

Perhaps; but I have a protection somewhere that will assist me, when all other resources fail. Then thou wilt see things that will astonish thee!"

"Thou art valiant in the fight, but thy wisdom is not equal to thy valor. Thy companions have been more prudent. They have acknowledged the truth of the Koran, and, rewarded by the beneficence of the caliph, they enjoy in peace the happiness that heaven grants even in this life to those who believe and keep his law."

"My companions are not knights of noble blood. If they have perjured their faith towards God, they are recrants and cowards. I pity Mahomet to have such people in his service."

The Imaum exhausted in vain all the artifices of his eloquence. The baron had no ears for him, and would listen neither to his reasonings nor to his solicitations.

However, the deprivation of air and exercise began to weaken the constitution of the Crusader. Painful sores were formed upon his limbs by the rubbing of his chains. His strength began to fail, and he fell, little by little, into a morbid languor. The burning climate of Asia soon changed the wounds on his arms and knees into ulcers. His legs became inflamed, and myriads of insects, generated in the darkness and stifling heat of the

prison, crawled over his body, and left him no repose either night or day.

The soul is united to the body by mysterious ties and close sympathies. Moral suffering reacts upon the organs of the body, and reciprocally even the least maladies of the same organs affect the moral being. The character of the Crusader became enervated as he lost his vigor. While thinking of his position, it appeared to him most frightful. He formed the hope of escaping from his dungeon, and cast about him for the means.

He did not believe himself any longer bound by his parole, and he would have fled without scruple this land of temptation and suffering. But they were thick and deep—the walls of the subterranean vault in which he lay. The daylight entered only by a narrow loop-hole, guarded by heavy bars of iron so well fastened that he tugged at them a whole night without succeeding in loosening them.

As these thoughts engaged his mind, a man whom he did not recognize at first, on account of the darkness, was introduced into his cell. But when a lamp was brought, and his visitor was placed face to face with him, he distinguished the features of his esquire, Rayboul—

"Is it thou?" cried he, making an effort to rise.

"Do I not deceive myself? How dost thou come here? Ah! how sweet to see a friend again, after being so long surrounded by none but enemies and strangers! What art thou doing in this city? What is become of thy companions? What has happened to them? Are they still faithful to the Cross? Are they still alive? Oh! answer me: it is so long since my ears have heard the sounds of our sweet mother-tongue!"

"Alas! my lord,—my good master, in what state do I find thee! Defeated—covered with ulcers, and dying! Is it possible that the most valiant of the French barons should have fallen into such an ocean of evils, and that I am forced to compassionate him who was the terror of the proudest warriors of Europe!"

"Yes; I am no longer the haughty Baron de Montier. Thou seest nothing before thee but an unfortunate prisoner. We have lost all by the fickleness of fortune, but we have no cause to blush: our honor still remains to us, and we are still Christians. For thou art a Christian still, art thou not, in spite of thy dress?—all my esquires and men-at-arms have kept their oaths."

"Thy esquires and thy men-at-arms have not broken their oaths."

"Are they less wretched than I?"

"They will never again see the sun of Provence. I saw them cast headlong from the minarets of the great mosque; and, the night following, their bodies were devoured by dogs in the street."

"Their death was noble, and as glorious as if on the field of battle,—how didst thou escape thy fate?"

"My fortune, my lord, saved me from the jaws of death at the very moment I was about to share their fate. But what tales I heard of thee! They said that thou enjoyedst all the favors of the caliph,—that he made thee sit at his table, and gave thee his eldest daughter in marriage."

"Knowest thou the price I was to pay for those treacherous benefits? I was asked to deny the Cross and adore Mahomet."

"It was a desperate extremity; but what is the use of obstinately resisting a necessity to which we must all one day submit. Sickness and suffering always end by forcing us to yield."

"Forcing me! am I accustomed to break my oaths?"

"It is breaking them only to save thy head."

"Is it not breaking them to deny Almighty God?"

"Heaven may be gained in any religion, provided we follow its precepts in sincerity."

"I am not such a learned theologian! I only know what the chaplain of Montier says,—that heretics, miscreants, and persons excommunicated will be inevitably damned, unless they are converted. And even if thou knowest the truth better than he, there are two loves which I can never banish from my heart; the love of Etienne, baroness of Montier, and that of Our Lady, the Queen of Heaven."

"What will it signify to thy lady the baroness whether thou remainest true to her love or not—she will never see thee again. And as for the Virgin, if she values thine homage, let her work a miracle to help thee preserve thy faith."

"I can ask it of her, at any rate."

"She will not hear thee. Dost thou not see that God abandons us, and does nothing for us? The Crusaders, our brethren, instead of helping us, have not even enquired into our fate, and have fled like cowards. What hope remains to us now?"

"To die without dishonor and without remorse!"

"Glory does not follow a man into the tomb. Once stretched on the bed of death, the memory immovable of past exploits is but a slender and sorry consolation."

"It is now twenty years since my father girded me with my first sword. He died a few days after, and I have not forgotten his last farewell words: 'I leave thee,' he said, 'an untarnished name. Be hardy, brave and loyal; and know that if ever thou stainest thy escutcheon by an action unworthy of thy race, I will break the stone of my tomb and return to chastise thee.' Being then master of my own conduct, I could have easily grown old in my castle in the lap of idleness and pleasure. But I contemned the seductions of sloth,—I placed my happiness in enduring hunger, fatigue, and danger, and if I have by these efforts acquired a little renown, I am not come here to spoil it all and to cover myself with opprobrium."

"The most valiant knights do not think themselves dishonored by surrendering when they are compelled by the fortune of war. Captivity is our enemy. We have resisted as long as we could. Honor is thus satisfied. We may acknowledge ourselves vanquished."

"Never;—they took my arms from me; I never yielded them up."

"What phantoms obscure thy mind! Of what use is thy heroism? To whom will it be known?

We are dead to France, and our resolution, whatever it is, being unknown to our fellow-countrymen, will be equally exempt from blame or praise."

"Could I conceal my cowardice from myself? Could I dishonor the shades of my forefathers? When they appear to my imagination, and demand an account of their good name, what should I be able to answer them?"

"That thou hast yielded only to the irresistible force of circumstances; that fortune is to blame, not thou, for the crime, if it be one; but what obligation is there to quit actually the fold of Christ? Can we not continue to adore Him in the secret of our hearts, while outwardly we follow the ceremonies of the Mahometans? What will it cost us to pretend to comply with their wishes and go with them to their mosques?"

"These are the counsels of a villain!"

"My lord, I love thee, and it is my attachment that inspires my words. I cannot bear to see thee perish miserably in this dungeon, as long as it is only thine own fault that thou art not raised to the summit of power and honor."

"Let others make traffic and sale of their oaths. Life is a burden when it is stained with ignominy."

"My lord Baron, do not be misled by vain scruples. Save thyself, whilst thou canst; do not expire in this prison. The caliph offers thee his friendship; do not reject it. To-morrow, perhaps, the opportunity will be gone. Do violence to thy feelings—thou wilt thank me for this by and by. If thou canst not resolve upon it, thou hast only to let me act for thee. I will promise for thee; and thou wilt not disavow my promises. As for remorse, let not that frighten thee. It is a mere fancy—I have never felt it."

"Canst thou have trampled on the Cross of thy Saviour?"

"Heaven has rewarded me for it; since then I have been rich and honored. I have a splendid house, treasures and dignities. Moslems of the highest rank have given me their daughters in marriage."

"Traitor and miscreant! Thou hast broken thine oath, and gloriest in it! Thou boastest of it before me, and shame does not choke thee! Oh, that I were not chained!"

"Moderate thy pride, lord Baron, I advise thee, and instead of threats, address to me entreaties. I am thy jailor, and I have over thee, in my turn, the power thou hast so long made me feel. Thou shalt change thy faith, Baron de Montier, and thy perjury shall justify mine, or, by the fire of hell, the most frightful tortures —"

"I laugh at thy fury. My body is in thy power, but not my will. I will show thee the difference between the soul of a baron and that of a hypocritical and lying serf. I fear thee not, and God, who is just, will lengthen my life, to witness thy chastisement. It will be, amid my sorrows, a consolation and a relief."

"Frightened in spite of himself by these imprecations, Rayboul, astounded, left, with trembling steps, the prison."



## Hermann on the Holy Eucharist.

A melodious voice sounds from the solitude of Carmel. Let us listen. It is the voice of a holy religious; a model of edification in a monastery of saints; a living trophy of a most brilliant victory over the world wrought by the Divine Eucharist.

Once Hermann was a renowned artist of rare talent. At Paris and London every musical festival witnessed his presence; no such solemnity was complete without him; every day brought him new pleasures, new triumphs. A Jew, without religion, his only worship was that of pleasure. Now he is forever hidden from the eyes of men. Beneath his coarse habit yet beats a burning heart; a heart eager as ever for glory and happiness; but to him this glory consists in belonging entirely to God; this happiness is to unite himself to God in the Sacrament of His Love. Let us hear his cry.\*

Nought in this mighty universe of ours  
My heart can satisfy, my spirit all;  
The world a desert spreads before my gaze,  
And yet my keen desires my bosom thrill.  
Food of my Country! Bread of Life!  
My heart's consumed with fond desire;  
My Jesus, come! appease this strife—  
O Fount of Being! Blessed Fire!

I seek the cup of joy—'tis empty all!  
Ah, who among these arid tracts will come,  
To quench the ardor in my pulsing veins,  
To soothe my pining heart, to lead me home?  
Food of my Country! Bread of Life! etc.

Fain these immense desires would I fulfill,  
But limitless this sea fore'er expands;  
No goods can satiate my fluttering soul,  
And pleasure's cup seems poured upon the sands.  
Food of my Country! Bread of Life! etc.

If Thou hast made our hearts for earthly joys  
Why satisfy they not, Beloved Lord?—  
If we are strangers only, here below,  
Thy Heavenly Manna give, O God adored!  
Food of my Country! Bread of Life! etc.

How long my weary exile! Jesus! Love!  
When wilt Thou call my spirit to its rest;  
Oh! how 'twill speed to thee!—Far thrown aside  
The bonds that keep me from my refuge blest.  
Food of my Country! Bread of Life! etc.

Then will my soul in torrents of Thy Love  
Plunge joyous, all unchecked by flesh or time—  
Quaff Thy life-giving sweetness at its source,  
And gaze upon the Infinite sublime.  
Food of my Country! Bread of Life!  
My heart's consumed with fond desire;  
My Jesus, come! appease this strife!  
O Fount of Being! Blessed Fire!

Also, reflecting on the solemn feasts of the Blessed Sacrament, he is astonished; he laments that men calling themselves Christians should remain dry and cold before this fire of Love; and from the depth of his retreat he calls to them aloud:

"Yes, worldlings, I say it to you, prostrate before this Love misunderstood: if you no longer behold me treading your silken carpets; singing for applause; obtaining futile honors; it is that

I have found my glory in the humble Tabernacle of Jesus in the Sacrament, of Jesus my God.

"If you no longer see me stake upon a card the patrimony of a whole family, or hasten breathless in the race for gold, it is because I have found riches in exhaustless treasure in the Ciborium of Love, enclosing Jesus in the Sacrament.

"If I come no longer to your sumptuous tables, playing a giddy part in your frivolous feasts, it is because I have found a feast of delights, where I may regale myself forever; where I may rejoice in company with the Angels of Heaven; where is found the supreme happiness; where I have found my Well-Beloved; He is mine; I possess Him, and no one can take Him away!

"Poor riches—sad pleasures—humiliating honors, were those I pursued with you. But now that mine eyes have seen; that my hands have touched; that on my heart has palpitated the heart of a God! oh, how I lament that you in your blindness will continue to pursue pleasures powerless to fill your souls.

"Come, then, to this celestial banquet, prepared by the Eternal Wisdom! Come, draw nigh. Leave your toys; lay aside your chimeras; throw far from you those deceitful rags which cover you; ask of Jesus the white robe of pardon, and with a new, with a pure heart, drink of the limpid fountain of His Love. Believe me, now that your Divine Saviour mounts daily upon His throne in your churches to give you audience, He will listen to you with more clemency. Throw yourselves at His feet; give Him your heart, and He will bless you, and you shall taste joys, but joys so immense that I cannot describe them if you come not to taste them. *Taste and see that the Lord is sweet!*

"O, Jesus, my Love, how gladly would I enkindle within my friends of former time the ardor which inflames me! Would that I could make known to them the happiness Thou bestowest upon me! Ah! I venture to say, that if faith did not teach me that the contemplation of Thee in Heaven is a yet greater joy, I could not believe in the possibility of a happiness superior to that I experience in loving Thee in the Eucharist, and in receiving Thee into my poor heart, so enriched by Thee. What delicious peace! What beatitude! What holy joy!

"If King David danced before the Ark—merely typical of Thee, my true Covenant—into what bursts of joy; into what songs of triumph should I not break forth?

"But, alas! here I pause—shut out—cast down; for I cannot infuse into my canticles that fire of the soul I long to express, and I remain powerless, overwhelmed by my task.

"It is to Thee, O, my God, I have recourse. Lend to them that secret virtue with which Thou hast known how to charm me; and then, like a brand cast amidst the fagots, they will enkindle a fire of love for the adorable Host!"

Dear readers, be not deaf to these tender invitations of charity. Let us go,—let us go often during this month, to adore our God in the Sacrament of His Love; let us open our hearts to the influences of His all-powerful graces, and He will bless us.

\* Extract from "Love to Jesus; or, Forty Canticles in Honor of the Divine Eucharist;" words and music by Hermann, (Father Augustine Mary of the Blessed Sacrament, Discalced Carmelite.

For the AVE MARIA.

**Ave Maria.**

Oh, when with joy my soul is filled,  
Exulting in Life's gala-day;  
The air with affluent beauty thrilled,  
In tender impulse let me say,  
As triumphs holiest roundelay,  
*Ave Maria!*

When sorrow melts my eyes to tears,  
And all is lone, dark and cold,  
Oh! then to banish all my fears,  
Relying with a trust untold,  
*This watchword shall my faith uphold,*  
*Ave Maria!*

When wild temptations lash my barque,  
And furious demons gather nigh,  
One *Star* shall guide my wavering ark;  
Nor thunders drown my earnest cry  
To pierce the stormy raging sky—  
*Ave Maria!*

When gentler passions, like sweet strains  
Of harmony upon the air,  
Repeat their rich and pure refrains  
To silence woe and soothe my care,  
*This sweeter strain shall be my prayer—*  
*Ave Maria!*

Thus, thus—all thought, all pain, all joy,  
Blest Mother, shall belong to thee;  
Nor bliss shall please, nor grief annoy  
My soul, through thy dear love made free,—  
My cry through all shall ever be  
*Ave Maria!*

E. M. G.

Translated for the AVE MARIA.

**The Martyrs of Castelfidardo.**

BY COUNT DE SEGUR.

This most touching and interesting work, of which only the first volume has as yet been published in France, is a history of those young heroes who, having left their native lands for the defence of the Holy See, fell upon the battle field, or died afterwards from the effects of their wounds.

In this age of busy confusion the sublime name of martyr is given indiscriminately. It is profaned by the Revolutionists, who audaciously apply it to the most degraded wretches, from Marat and Robespierre, "martyrs for their love of mankind," to the assassins of kings and emperors, "martyrs for the Italian idea." This should not astonish us; Satan who cannot create, counterfeits—he seeks to have his martyrs, as he has his Apostles and Saints.

By the side of the impious who profane the most sacred names, are certain well-meaning persons, who debase and disgrace the word by their manner of using it; they cannot suffer, they will not say persecution, but even the most petty contradiction in a just cause, without a thousand voices being raised to bury them under the name of *martyr*.

In truth it is not in such senses the Church gives a name which she alone has the right to use. Neither is it in this manner the distinguished writer, De Segur, gives it as the title of his work; but in the sense rigorously Catholic, he defines the Martyr to be the Christian, who, having shed his life's blood for the truth, enters by his sacrifice into eternal happiness—such to all appearance be the heroes of that short but immortal day of Castelfidardo; they gave their blood for the cause of the Pope, and they gave it voluntarily, joyfully, not only with the resignation of faith but with

the holy joy of sacrifice. To die for the Pope is to die for the Church. to die for the Church is to die for God, and to die for God is to live the life of eternity.

They are, then, Martyrs in the fullest sense of the word; and they passed from the carnage of the battle-field, and from their bloody couches in the hospitals, to the joys of Paradise.

So at least it has been understood by the Pope and the hierarchy in the glorious words pronounced over these young Crusaders of the nineteenth century, words where all sadness and regret were lost in their joyful strains of triumph.

And so was it understood and proclaimed under similar circumstances in the eleventh century, by St. Leo IX, of happy memory, one of the most illustrious predecessors of Pius IX. This beautiful page in the past history of the Church offers a striking analogy to the chapter of our own times, traced in characters of glory upon the bloody field of Castelfidardo.

In 1053 the Normans pillaged the Duchy of Benevento, in the Pope's dominions, carrying ruin and devastation into the convents, churches, and even into the holy places which had formerly been the object of their pilgrimages. The Sovereign Pontiff, persuaded that his position as king required him to suppress these outrages, called the Italians to arms. To the Emperor of Constantinople he wrote, "Since neither my exhortations nor prayers can arrest the depredations of these people, I have resolved to employ human means, and to go in person to defend the flock Jesus Christ has confided to me."

Firm in his resolution, the Sovereign Pontiff marched against the enemy, with a little army composed of German cavaliers, Lombard lancers and Italian infantry. The Normans concentrated their forces in Capitanata, where, being closely besieged, they had recourse to negotiations, and sending deputies to Leo, proposed to live in peace, and pay an annual tribute to him if he would confer upon them the investiture of the country which they had wrested from the Empire and the Church.

The Pope replied by a refusal full of nobleness and sweetness. Then the Normans prepared for battle, and the Pontifical army was completely defeated. The German cavaliers would not yield, and without exception they all died sword in hand upon the field of Dragonera.

Covered with dust and blood, furious after a victory so dearly purchased, the Normans hastened to Civitella, to capture the Pope, who had sought a refuge in that city.

They set fire to the suburbs and forced the Vicar of Jesus Christ to leave his retreat. Preceded by his cross, he went straight to his enemies.

At the sight of the Venerable Pontiff, who had ever treated them in the most paternal manner, and whose virtue shone with greater lustre under misfortunes, these fierce warriors, in tears, cast themselves at his feet to receive his blessing and listen to his words.

With the simplicity of the dove, and without the slightest bitterness in his heart for the sorrows they had caused him, the Pope stopped in their midst and imposed penitential works, after



receiving from them a solemn oath that they would, as his faithful vassals, fill the place of the brave Germans who had died on the battle-field.

From thence, St. Leo repaired to the theatre of the late combat, where lay a great number of his relations and friends; at the sight of their mutilated bodies, he was overcome with extreme grief; while tears coursed down his cheeks, he called them by name, lamenting that he had not shared their fate.

One circumstance deeply moved all who were present. The dead bodies of the Pontifical army remained intact, while those of the Normans were mutilated and half eaten by savage beasts. The Pontiff saw in this extraordinary circumstance an assurance of the eternal salvation of those who died for him. He passed two days upon the battle-field, fasting and praying, and by the hands of the Normans themselves, he caused the bodies to be interred in a neighboring church.

He returned to Benevento, still sad and sorrowful at the remembrance of those who had died in combating for him. Every day he offered Mass for their intention, until in a vision he was told his prayers were not needed by them, for they were already in the ranks of the Martyrs.

This vision was afterwards confirmed by their appearing to different persons, reiterating the same, and affirming that they were enjoying eternal glory; many miracles occurred as a still further confirmation, and a revelation was granted the Holy Father in his last hours. Exhausted by long sickness, and feeling the approach of death, St. Leo called the Bishops of Rome around his bed, and said: "The moment of my departure has arrived; last night I had a vision of Heaven; I saw all those who suffered death for the Church and Jesus Christ at Dragonera, in the resplendent ranks of the Martyrs; they carried palms in their hands, and their garments were as burnished gold. They called me, in a loud voice, saying, 'Come and rest with us, for through thee we have obtained this glory.' Then a clear voice from the opposite side spoke: 'Not yet, not yet, but in three days thou wilt be reunited to us. Here is thy place, thy seat is prepared and we await thee.'"

According to the revelation, at the end of three days the Holy Pontiff peacefully rendered his soul to God.

And so it happened eight hundred years ago that the Sovereign Judge of all things revealed to his Representative on earth, and by him to all the faithful, that those who died in defence of the rights of the Holy See were really and truly Martyrs. Now, what was *once* true in the Church is *always* true, and the victims of 1860 have the same right to the glorious title as those of 1053.

The cause is the same, that of God and the Church. Our readers will pardon this digression from the Martyrs of Castelfidardo; the analogy is so perfect that we could not refrain from giving this extract from the middle ages. "For the rest," to continue the words of De Segur, "we but continue the old combat, born with the world and only ending with its close. The Church of Jesus Christ has always combated for her Divine Spouse, and the powers of hell have ever been opposed to

Her. These powers are known by different names according to time and place. At Jerusalem it was Judas, Caiaphas, Herod and Pilate; at Rome, Nero, Decius, Diocletian and Julian the Apostate; later they took the name of Arius; later still of Mahomet and Islamism; in our days they are known by the one name which comprises all others, the Revolutionists. But under one name, as under the other, it is always the same struggle, that of evil against good, the flesh against the spirit, barbarism, more or less refined, against Christian civilization.

Italy is now the battle-field of these contending powers. Each army is commanded by leaders worthy of its warriors. On one side Pius IX, our strong and gentle Pontiff and Father, a lion in strength, a lamb in gentleness, representative of all rights and all majesty; Francis II, the young King of Naples (worthy son of the Queen styled the Saint,) who represents the rights of all sovereigns; and, in exile as on his rock of Gaëta, is the most royal figure that our age can show, and General de la Moricière, the valiant captain and first soldier of the Church.

On the other side, Victor Emmanuel, apostate scion of a pious race, who robbed the King of Naples while calling him "my fair cousin," and the Sovereign Pontiff while styling him "my Holy Father!" Cavour, the soul and inspirer of this impious trio, which sought to strangle Italy; and Garibaldi, the revolutionist, whose excommunicated bands are kept united by the corrupting gold of England. Garibaldi, the sworn enemy of the Church, nevertheless the least repugnant of the trio, for he is neither king nor gentleman; he is illiterate and bold; he says what he thinks and desires, and in place of hiding his revolutionary projects under an embroidered robe or black habit, he boldly dons the *red shirt*, worthy emblem of his aspirations and hatred.

Against this impious trio, the heroes of Castelfidardo generously offered their swords and their lives. They hastened to defend the Holy See, knowing well that the members are without liberty or honor when the head is outraged and insulted. This is why the Church salutes them as Martyrs. "Read the acts of these heroic champions; their farewells, the letters of their mothers, the account of their last moments, their deaths, and if you have a spark of faith in your hearts, you will strike your breasts and repeat with us, or rather with the Episcopacy, 'No; these brave youths have not fallen victims to their political passions; they are indeed Martyrs of the Catholic faith, immortal Martyrs of the Holy See.'"

Count De Segur has as yet given but a few of these lives, culled from the heroic French band. We trust that he will continue these affecting recitals at an early day, and include the generous champions from all lands who fell victims in the holy crusade.

It is refreshing and consoling in this day of busy, bustling, material interests—of the earth, earthly—to realize that the "Ages of Faith" have not passed away forever. The Martyrs of Castelfidardo rejoice the heart by the proof they give of a bravery, devotion and piety worthy the first

days of Christianity. They left their homes and countries, in some cases wide domains and rich possessions, to give themselves to the cause of the Church; to combat, to suffer, and if need be, to die for the Pope and the Holy See. And without exception all the members of this Martyr band who fell at Castelfidardo were devoted clients of the Mother of God. In her they placed their hope, their confidence. This is found in all their letters, in all their words, from the moment they felt the heavenly inspiration to fight, to die for the Church, until they joyously rendered their souls to God.

The tears start to our eyes, as we read the touching account of the Martyr, General Pimodan, kneeling by the side of De la Moricière, in Our Lady of Loretto, to receive Holy Communion. Again it is the brave abandon of that model of fervor and innocence, George D. Haliland, who reciting the *Memorare* placed himself under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and then thought only of giving the most blows and receiving the fewest. Then it is the noble De Lippe, in his youthful beauty, kneeling before the Altar of the Mother of God, to offer through her, his life's blood for the Holy See. The Martyr Pareveaux, who, dying, left his soul to God and his body to our Lady of Loretto. And that Angel of earth, the blessed Martyr Guérin, who recited daily the Beads and the Office of the Blessed Virgin. But, by predilection, we select the proto-Martyr of Castelfidardo, Mizael de Pas. Consecrated to the Blessed Virgin from his infancy, in the first flush of youth, with all the brilliant prospects that birth and wealth could confer, while kneeling in the sanctuary of Notre Dame des Victoires, he offered both life and fortune for the cause of the Holy See; the vow was recorded in Heaven and the sacrifice consummated at the shrine of Loretto. He was wounded on the eve of the battle of Castelfidardo, the day on which the Church commemorates the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, and his prayer was granted—that his Heavenly Queen “would come on her Feast of Mercy to release her poor captive.” After the complete defeat of the Pontifical army, they removed Mizael into the very asylum of the Holy House—into the *Santa Casa* itself. In words of exquisite pathos Count De Segur depicts the joy of this dying martyr's soul during the time his poor suffering body rested in this incomparable Sanctuary after which he had so ardently sighed. We almost see his radiant face and his eyes beaming with love, as he gazes around on this lowly dwelling where the Angel saluted the Blessed Virgin, and where the Blessed Virgin had conceived Jesus—her Creator and her God—and where for so many years the Holy Family lived in the obscurity of heavenly humility.

As Mizael de Pas died in the first flush of youthful innocence, we give his life in the Department of the AVE MARIA devoted to the Children of Mary. See page 95.

## SATANIC PROCESSIONS.

While the children of Mary devoutly follow in solemn procession the Sacred Body of her Divine Son, the enemies of His Vicar on earth have also their processions. Of their reciprocal demeanor every impartial mind will judge. We could not contrast better the piety and fervor of our beautiful processions of Corpus Christi, than by placing here, in bold relief, the last chapter of Count de Segur on the “Martyrs of Castelfidardo.”

Meanwhile, Piedmont besieges, despoils, steals the goods of the Church, the rights of the people, millions of the public funds; shoots as insurgents all subjects remaining faithful to their sovereigns, and inaugurates in Italy the reign of liberty by a despotism of fire, of the sword, and of blood! Everywhere the Bishops are put to flight, the good Priests thrown into prisons, religious orders destroyed; licentious books cover the country like a cloud of unclean insects, the theatres resemble halls of debauchery; the good tremble, and the wicked triumph: in a word, revolution shows itself more and more in its hideous reality, and hastens to its end with an audacity and an insolence which assures success. The end it has announced, and daily repeats with the utmost effrontery of cynicism, is the overthrow of the Papacy, the destruction of the Catholic Church. It not only says this, but realizes it by its acts, and wherever it is mitres, manifests it from time to time by scenes of impiety and horror, the mere recital of which revolts the heart with indignation and disgust.

I will give but one example, taken from a letter of Mr. Oberson, Almoner of the Swiss Pontifical Guards, who was made prisoner at Castelfidardo, and confined in the citadel of Alexandria. It is from this prison that he assisted, on the 16th of October, at that truly satanic spectacle which I leave him to recite:

The day had passed in the greatest tranquillity. It was the hush which precedes the storm. Towards 10, p. m. I was overwhelmed by I know not what sad presentiment, when suddenly I heard cries which I could not at first distinguish, then a crowd repeating sometimes *Ora pro nobis*, sometimes *Libera nos Domine*. I hastened to the window and saw emerging from the quarter St. Michael, opposite my cell, a long procession of religious, each bearing a lighted candle. Two drums, beating the processional march, usual at Rome, preceded it; then came an enormous cross, carried by a Capuchin and followed by several hundred of these religious; after these followed religious of every order, in the most eccentric costumes, then Prelates, Bishops and mitred Cardinals, guards, and finally the Pope, borne upon his throne.

At the first glance, seeing Capuchins preceded by a cross, and hearing them chant *Ora pro nobis*, I thought they were assisting at the interment of some officer of distinction. When I saw all those mitres and heard the hideous cries of an unbridled rabble, in the midst of the night and beneath the glare of five or six hundred torches, I could doubt no longer. I witnessed a horrible profanation.

The first words that Saint Francis Borgia was taught to pronounce were the names of Jesus and of Mary.



They were about to inter the Pope, because they were convinced it was superfluous to remain longer faithful to him. A cold sweat burst out upon my brow, my knees sank under me; I thought I should fall, so oppressed was I with the grief and sorrow of seeing a people give themselves up to such horrors. I made an effort, however, to suppress my emotion, that I might ascertain what words these wretches sung.

"The convoy turned to the right, towards the towers of the fortress; suddenly they halted; one of them then pronounced a funeral oration. It was a tissue of the most horrible calumnies against the Pope, the Cardinals, the Bishops and the whole Catholic clergy, pronounced by a demoniac who shrieked like one possessed, and when he happened to say something more enormous than before, the whole crowd cried out: *Bravo! bravo! Viva! viva!* and clapped their hands for him to go on. The conclusion was, that the most beautiful and holiest work in the world was the destruction of the Pope and all his Priesthood; and *this beautiful mission* Providence had reserved to Piedmont, to Garibaldi, Cavour, Fanti, Cialdini, to the Piedmontese army, which was about to instal Victor Emmanuel in the Vatican! These horrors were applauded by thousands of *bravos* and *vivas!*

"Another orator wished also to make himself heard but his feeble voice was soon drowned in their noisy plaudits.

"Very soon they arrived under my window. I shuddered at seeing them, knowing well what scene to expect. I saw them then close to me. O, God what horror! The Capuchins were the soldiers in the National Guard; they had made a Capuchin robe of their *caban*—worn over a shirt in guise of a surplice, making the hood fall back over the surplice; the Prelates, Bishops and Cardinals had enormous horns upon their heads, proceeding from each side of the mitre, to signify so many demons. The Pope was motionless, he had expired under a monstrous tiara, crushed by its weight. The litanies were:

"St. Garibaldi, Liberator of Italy—*Ora pro nobis!*

"St. Cavour, who knows how to unravel the intrigues of the Jesuits—*Ora, &c.*

"St. Fanti, Cialdini, who knows how to crush Moricière and the infamous army of Priests—*Ora, &c.*

"All the saints were of this kind. From time to time *Vivas!* to brethren and friends. Thus, in passing the artillery's quarter they sang:

"Live our brethren of the artillery, who have peppered the soldiers of the Pope!

"Live the Piedmontese army, ever victorious!"

"As with such saints they must have saintesses, at the risk of seeing them desert Paradise, they pronounced names worthy of figuring in the Alexandrian litanies: then came St. Liberty, St. Equality, St. Fraternity, St. Republic! and that it may extend to the extremities of the earth!

"Under my window they chanted, for my benefit: 'From the oppressors of Italy—*Libera nos Domine!* From the Pope and his Priesthood—*Libera nos Domine;*' and a number of horrors so revolting that I would not dare to repeat them. '93 has

certainly produced nothing more impious, more hideous, more disgusting.

"Suddenly there was a profound silence. The Colonel had interfered, when all was finished and the scandal accomplished. It was the policy of the day.

"You will doubtless ask me: but who are these unnatural reprobates who give themselves up to such horrible profanations, such abominable impiety? They are the soldiers of the 'gallant king.'

"This disgusting scene was organized and directed by a major of the National Guard, executed and applauded by the officers and soldiers of the citadel of Alexandria. These are the troops they wished to send to Rome to protect the Holy Father, to guard the holy city, to defend religion!

"My God, be mindful of Thy mercies and restore sight to the blind of our age! No! never has human impiety in the delirium of its rage brought forth more ignominious follies, and indeed it seems, while reading these horrors, as if a corner of the mysterious vail, separating us from the other world, was withdrawn, permitting us to behold the depths of hell!

"And this is the end, the infernal end, the avowed object of this revolution; and it will not pause till it shall have attained it. It aims at the destruction of the Papacy, because it knows that without the Pope there is no longer a Church, as without the head a human being ceases to exist; without the Church, no more Christianity; without Christianity, no more religion; and without religion, no more society, only a debased multitude, pale troops of slaves, bowed down and brutified under the bloody yoke of ignoble communism! This is the aim of the revolution; and yet, thing unheard of! prodigy of blindness! notwithstanding the evidence of this, we see a crowd of respectable people, even of regular and practical Christians, who smile at the progress of events in Italy; who blame the Pope and the King of Naples; who excuse Victor Emmanuel; who almost admire Garibaldi, and who assist with a secret sympathy at all the triumphs of this frightful power; but if there are many blinded, there are also many whose eyes are open, whose views are enlightened, and many who have hitherto hesitated that are now happily at length deceived for the right! In proportion as the wicked manifest themselves, the good withdraw from them, and approach each other in approaching the common centre of justice and truth in this world! The ground in question becomes more and more defined. The good grain and the tares are separated, and soon, with the grace of God, illusions will have become so impossible that there will remain but two camps here below—that of the revolution and that of the Church! Yes, the storm mutters upon the horizon, a threatening crash is heard from every quarter, apparently we touch upon an epoch of universal overthrow! But if there are existences, institutions, and societies apparently tottering to their destruction, there are also others seemingly dead, which are quivering with a restored life! The ancient Orient is agitated under a breath of life in its sepulchre which was believed to be forever sealed! The cross has reappear-

ed free and victorious in China, thanks to the arms of France, who is ever in some way the soldier of God in the world! The conversion of the Bulgarians restores to the bereaved Church numberless children that had become unknown to her, and this reparatory movement seems about to extend itself under the sacredly contagious influence of truth and charity!

"Nearer to us, in fine, in this Italy, where at this moment struggle the destinies of the human conscience and of the civilization of Europe and the world, heroism and self-devotion increase in equal ratio with the iniquity.

"The Pope is still at Rome, protected by the sword of France, and the word of her powerful Emperor.

"The pious offerings of Catholics throughout the world are forwarded to the holy See in ever-increasing generosity; the rich give their treasures, the poor their mite, mothers their children; and rich and poor, from castle and cottage, incessantly press forward to bear to the Holy Father the yet more precious oblation of their devotedness and blood.

"Thus in proportion as the swelling waves of impiety and revolution uprear themselves, the love and generous indignation of Catholics arise also sustaining the bark always menaced, but ever preserved, which bears with the successor of Peter the hope and the salvation of the world! The Bishops, the Priests, the simple faithful in serried ranks, press around their chief and their Father, ready to suffer all with him and for him; they know that revolution, possibly, has yet some hours of triumph, some subjects of sinister gratulation! They know that it may yet heap up ruins, and cause to flow in torrents the tears and the blood of the children of the Church! But they console themselves; they hope, they await with unalterable confidence the day of reparation, the day of resurrection, the day of Jesus Christ; and whilst their enemies, intoxicated with pride and hate, already intone the *De Profundis* of the Church and of the Papacy, they meditate in silence on the two great words of the Gospel which for eighteen hundred years have never failed: 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;' 'Whoever shall fall upon this rock shall be broken, and he upon whom it shall fall shall be crumbled to dust.'

"Live Pius IX, Pontiff and king!

"Live the Holy Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church!

"Live forever Jesus Christ, the Word of God made flesh, who alone art Master, who alone art Lord, who alone art all-powerful with God His Father in the Unity of the Holy Ghost! Amen! amen! So let it be, despite of the blasphemies of impiety! So be it, despite the ephemeral triumphs of revolution! So be it, despite the howlings of hell! So be it, now and forever, throughout all ages, and beyond all ages! Amen!"

*Count de Segur.*

"Jesus Christ," says Saint Bernard, "wishing to redeem mankind, confided the ransom to Mary."

## Ave Maria from Protestant Lips;

OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.

Longfellow, our bard *par excellence*, has made the haunts of our red brethren classic ground, by immortalizing our noble forests, and planting in the garden of poetry the green prairies of the West and the broad savannas of the South. He, also, could not resist the sweet fragrance of the Mystical Rose; but gathers into his grand American garden the fair "Rose, plant of Jericho."

Virgin, and Mother of our dear Redeemer!  
All hearts are touched and soften at her name;  
Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,  
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant;  
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,  
Pay homage to her, as one ever present,  
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good;  
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure.  
This were enough to prove it higher, truer,  
Than all the creeds the world had known before.

We also transcribe a ballad from Miss Wallace, a poetess of Vermont. It possesses quite artistic taste, with tender allusion to the cross and convent, and is softly redolent with that poetic reverence for Mary Mother, that often blooms in some souls even in the wilderness without the fold:

### Athenwood:

Were you ever in Montpeller?  
Not that fine old town of France;  
But a fair Green Mountain village,  
Young for legend or romance.

Brave and hardy are the people  
Of our Northern State frontier;  
So affirmed a bold invader,\*  
And the knowledge cost him dear.

Firm in Doric strength and beauty  
Stands their Capitol, its dome  
Looking down upon a river  
Something like the stream of Rome.

Winding through the verdant valley,  
Like a shaken silver chain,  
Flows the mountain-born Winooskie  
To the beautiful Champlain.

But we follow not his current;  
For the theme will bid us stay  
'Mong the hills that nurse his torrent,  
Near the Capitol to-day.

Just across the sparkling river,  
Where yon hill-road winds away,  
Lightly lifts the graceful elm-tree  
Many a slender waving spray.

Where the tiny song-birds rally,  
Chirping from their leafy screen,  
And the mountain breezes daily,  
Coming down a bright ravine.

There, above the village murmur,  
And the din of mill and forge,  
Stands an artist's quiet dwelling,  
In the green and narrow gorge.

On a sultry day of summer,  
Sank beneath the wayside tree,  
One who sighed in foreign accent,  
'Mary Mother, pity me!'

'Twas a woman, sad and weary,  
With a child of tender years,  
On her feet the soil of travel,  
On her face the stain of tears.

Surely she can toll no farther  
'Neath the bright unpyling sky;  
But for that sweet, patient infant,  
It were well that she should die!

Her's had been a happy bridal  
In a distant father-land;  
Her's a husband brave and noble,  
Firm, yet gentle—hopeful, bland.



Tyranny proclaimed him rebel,  
For a patriot heart had he :  
They in wait had fled from peril,—  
He was buried in the sea.

In her land of cross and convent,  
Sweet Madonna, pale and fair,  
Shrine of saint or tomb of martyr,  
Wins the stricken soul to prayer.

Now she scans that peaceful cottage—  
Gray its walls and sloping eaves—  
Lifting up its modest gables,  
Carved in pendant oaken leaves ;

Rustic porch with open portal,  
Arched windows, diamond pane—  
Sure it bore no slight resemblance  
To some humble rural fane.

Was it not a wayside chapel,  
Built in form of Holy Cross ?  
Was it hermitage or dwelling ?—  
Long she mused, and much at loss,

Till an organ-tone came swelling  
On the silent summer air ;  
Quick she mounts the rocky terrace—  
Lifts her child from stair to stair.

In the softly shaded parlor  
Minnie had sat down to pray  
Hopedful hymns that cheered her husband—  
These should while the hours away.

On she played and sang, unheeding  
Her who on the threshold stood,  
Dreaming of an old cathedral  
Far beyond the ocean flood.

Through the curtain came the sunlight,  
With a crimson-tinted ray ;  
So it fell from storied window,  
Where in youth she knelt to pray.

Near her stood a slender table,  
Fair the Parian vase upon 't,  
Quaintly carved from antique sculpture—  
Was it not a marble fount ?

On the walls hung glowing pictures—  
Autumn-scenery richly wrought,  
Graceful forms and gentle features—  
Not the haloed head she sought.

When the soaring anthem ended,  
Timidly she moved to say,  
" Lady, please is it a chapel ?  
I have need to rest and pray."

Oh, not utterly mistaken,  
Was that simple fervent heart ;  
Less than Heaven's own altar only  
Is the shrine of Love and Art.

Minnie placed a couch with pillows  
Offering rest and sweet relief ;  
Spoke as woman speaks to woman,  
In her trial hour of grief.

Bringing food, the cup of water,  
Covering for the sunburned child,  
Laughed the winsome little creature,—  
Sweet the way-worn pilgrim smiled.

" Now my weary heart is lighter ;  
Mary Mother heard my plaint ;—  
If I found no priestly altar,  
Surely, I've not missed a saint."

\* Sir John Burgoyne.

The Month of Mary came to us from Italy which may well be styled the classic land of devotion to the most Blessed Virgin. Gratitude for this sweet and pious benefit should make it a duty for us to pray, especially during the month, for that unhappy country where the Church, in the persons of her ministers, is so deeply afflicted. The *Unita Calolica* gives us the names of forty two Bishops now in exile; also the Abbé de Monte Vergine, the zealous defender of the cause of the venerable Maria Christine.

## Religious Chronicle.

FROM ROME.

On the thirteenth of May, at the Vatican, and in Rome, the Pope's Seventy-Fourth Birthday was celebrated. Thank God, Pius IX carries most vigorously the weight of years, burthened, as he has been, by many tribulations. His health is excellent, and promises long years—perhaps the *years of Peter*. The father of his Holiness lived to the age of ninety-six. One of his brothers, eighty-six years old, still enjoys excellent health. A correspondent of the *Rosier de Marie* relates the following: "In an audience lately granted me by Pius IX, I congratulated him upon his green old age, and mentioned the opinion of one of our medical celebrities: 'The Pope has still fifteen or twenty years to live.' His Holiness smilingly replied: 'Gently, gently—you know the saying, *non videbis annos Petri*, (thou wilt not see the years of Peter,) and history is there to confirm the sentence.' Happily, most Holy Father," I replied, "this sentence is not of faith, and we have the firm hope that God will change it in the case of your Holiness."

Saint Peter governed the Church twenty-five years, three months and two days. Pius VI filled the chair of Peter twenty-four years, eight months and fourteen days, after Peter, the longest pontificate.

The twenty-first of this month will commence the twentieth year of the pontificate of Pius IX.

The solemn beatification of the venerable servant of God, Sister Mary of the Angels, barefooted Carmelite, who died in 1717, took place on the fourteenth of May. On the twenty-eighth, the beatification of the venerable John Berchmans. The Reverend Fathers of the Roman College, assisted by their pupils, and presided over by his Eminence, Cardinal de Ricsach, proceeded in solemn procession to the vaults of Saint Ignatius' Church, where the body reposed in a sepulchre of porphyry. They carried it to the interior of the Church and placed it in a magnificent urn of *lapis lazuli*, under the splendid new altar erected in the Church for the young Saint, immediately opposite the altar of Saint Louis Gonzaga. Berchmans sanctified himself by simply doing the same works imposed upon his companions, but in doing them with an angelic fervor and simplicity. He is, indeed, the perfect model of youthful innocence. His beatification was solemnly announced in the church attached to the Greek College. The Holy Father made the announcement in Italian. Among other beautiful things, he said: "I, a septuagenarian, am happy to proclaim the holiness of this young man of twenty years and to ask of his youth a protection for my old age."

It is a great glory, or rather a triple glory, for the Jesuits to number in their ranks the three saintly young men, Stanislaus Kostka, Louis Gonzaga and John Berchmans. What protectors for youth, and what a holy emulation should it excite among others to see this triple example of holiness in young collegians.

The spirit of God breathes where it wills. One of the greatest pianists of the age, M. Liszt, chamberlain of the King of Saxony, decorated with the

insignia of more than twenty orders, in all the full zenith of his brilliant career, has torn himself away from the ovations of the world of art, to embrace the ecclesiastical state.

But a short time since he was the observed of all observers; his fame was universal; now this great artist only signs himself the Abbe Listz; to God he has consecrated all the talents he received from Him. He will celebrate his first mass on Pentecost, at St. Peter's or St. Cecilia's, and it is said that the Pope will name him a canon of St. Peter's, and maestro of the pontifical chapel.

### New Publications.

THE YEAR OF MARY; OR, THE TRUE SERVANT OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN, translated from the French of M. D'Arville. Published by Peter F. Cunningham, Philadelphia. The careful revision, by Mrs. Sadlier, of this admirable work is a sufficient guarantee of its correct and elegant style. We have for years admired the book in the original, and hail with delight this happy translation. It is written not only for pious Confraternities and Religious Communities, but also for the edification and instruction of all pious persons, or those who wish to become so.

It is divided into seventy-two exercises, in honor of the number of years our Blessed Lady spent upon the earth.

The exercises are most agreeably diversified and enriched with choice passages from the Holy Fathers, followed by examples, or historical traits, and every exercise terminated by a prayer composed by some one of the Saints in honor of Mary.

This work was written with the ardent desire to increase, more and more, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the practice of which is so glorious to God and so useful to others. It combines, in the most happy manner, all that is necessary to accomplish these sublime ends.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD: A Monthly Eclectic Magazine of General Literature and Science; New York.

THE MONTHLY: Edited at St. Mary's of the Lake; Chicago.

We have long felt the want of two such periodicals in the United States; one producing and encouraging native Catholic literature, the other reproducing from our trans-Atlantic authors. That Catholic literature is rich beyond competition, is not a question even to be doubted. Yet this fact is strangely ignored, and the old stereotyped slander of the Church throwing fetters around the intellect is repeated by all the readers of the last new novel, writers of the last spirit-manifestations, and believers in the last philosophical question. We are often tempted to smile and place these good people in the same category with our Chinese neighbors, who are so well con-

vinced of the ignorance of all mankind outside of the Celestial Empire.

The June numbers of the two Monthlies give ample proof of their power to destroy this popular fallacy, and to show that in the paths they have so happily selected, they are equaled by few, surpassed by none outside the Catholic fold.

May their mission be a complete success.

### Journals in Honor of Mary.

#### ITALY.

LA VIRGINE. Saint Mary Magdalen, from the Opusculum of Father Lacordaire. To the Virgin Mary, a Prayer. Acts of St. George, the Great Martyr, from Christian Rome in the First Ages, by Dandolo. Month of Mary. The desire of the Little Shepherd.

IL SERTO DI MARIA. The Twenty-seventh of April and a New Miracle—Different Titles Given to Pius IX by the Italians. The Glories of Mary in the Bible—The Dialogue with the Serpent—Parallel between the Dialogue of Eve with a fallen angel and Mary with the Archangel—The first Dialogue caused the Fall of Man, the second his Redemption.

I GIGLI a MARIA—published at Naples, containing interesting historical and dogmatic articles relative to the Blessed Virgin.

#### FRANCE.

ROSTER DE MARIE. The Hour of Justice, a Legend—St. Joseph of Valencia—Catholic Cemetery—The Voice of thy God—Antiquity of the Devotion to Mary—Essay on Devotion to Mary—Correspondence from Rome.

### THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

We are urged again to take to heart the interests of the Apostleship of Prayer. Indeed we have no wish to delay our action in the holy cause. No better opportunity can be desired or presented. The Month of June is open, and the glorious Feast of the Sacred Heart at hand. We know that Father Ramière will give us no rest until we have defined our ground with regard to the Apostleship of Prayer. We will not quarrel with such a holy man on such a beautiful subject. Let him know, then, that his admirable "*Messenger of the Sacred Heart*," which we receive monthly, will be published in four of our columns every week. Thus will Jesus and Mary be properly united again, to the fullest satisfaction of our readers. How could we separate the Mother from the Son? As soon as we say *Ave Maria*, we add almost instinctively *Dominus tecum*.

We are always with those we love; and when we love God, then—it is Himself who says it—He really comes to us, dwells in us, in the happiest and most intimate union. Thus, without doubt, the Lord was with Mary; never did a soul love God, nor will ever love Him, as she did. This is but little; her privilege was still more admirable. Behold, when the Son of the Eternal descended from heaven it was to her bosom; He took flesh, it was hers; His blood was from her veins; His life was from her life; nine months He breathed her breath, and His Heart learned to beat from contact with the heart of Mary. This is still but little: He came into the world, it was in her arms; He was nourished, it was on her breast; He was car-



ried, it was in her arms; He was rocked, it was upon her knees; He was caressed, it was upon her heart; He grew, it was in her presence; He worked, it was with her and for her; He went into the world, she followed Him; and His first miracle was made at her request. Then came the hour of His sorrows: Mary was ever there; she accompanied His bleeding steps, attached herself to His cross, obtained His last word and His last look, received Him dead in her arms, and laid Him in His tomb. On the third day she was the first to see Him gloriously risen; forty days after, she kissed His divine feet as He left the earth, bowed herself beneath the filial hand which blessed her, and her whole heart ascended into heaven with Jesus. Soon her body followed Him, upon the wings of love.

Thus Jesus was ever with Mary: *Dominus tecum*. And now he is still there, always her Son; it is in vain our wandering brethren murmur—Jesus and Mary are inseparable. It is not we who have confounded, so to say, these two souls and two lives; we merely believe that what God has united it is a crime in man to separate.

Closely, then, to unite all hearts to the Sacred Heart of Jesus through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to establish between this Divine Saviour and all His brethren that community of interests and feelings which constitute true friendship, to induce Christians to offer all their prayers and all their works in union with the intention of Jesus Christ in offering himself upon the cross and daily upon the altar, and thus to engage all the faithful in a most fruitful Apostleship, by assisting with their prayers the ministers of the Church; such is the object of the Association already disseminated throughout the world under the title of the *Apostleship of Prayer*.

This devotion is the evident and natural fruit of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the accomplishment of the great precept of Charity. The most indifferent actions thus animated by the intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, become highly meritorious, and of truly apostolic efficacy.

To enjoy these advantages, and to gain the numerous indulgences accorded to this Association, it is sufficient to offer at least once a day, the works of the day, for the intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This may be done by reciting the *Pater, Ave and Credo*, with the aspiration, *O Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may love Thee more and more*; or, *Amiable Heart of my Jesus, grant that I may love Thee ever more and more*. This practice will gain not only the indulgences of the Apostleship, but also those of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart to which the Apostleship is aggregated. [To this we beg all our readers to say daily in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for the conversion of America, one Hail Mary with the ejaculation, *Oh Mary, conceived without sin, etc.*

A celebrated artist, in a painting of the Last Judgment, portrays a group of saintly persons raised to heaven by the strength of their love and drawing after them the souls they had saved by their prayers and charity. Admirable figure of the truth! For man is never alone, so to speak, in

his loss or in his salvation; in his fall or in his elevation, he draws many souls with him. And if generous souls find so much happiness in loving and sacrificing themselves for their brethren, what will be the joy of the elect at the sight of those for whom they gained heaven?

The Saints well understood the price of a soul. Saint Francis Xavier would willingly have gone to the extremity of the world to save one soul. Read the seraphic Saint Teresa and Saint Catherine on the vehemence of love for the salvation of souls. And would not our hearts also be influenced with this love, if we truly regarded a soul in the light of faith? It is the image of God; judge then what it is by what it represents. It is made to love God, to possess Him through all eternity;—judge then of its dignity and its destiny. It is the price of the blood and the death of a God; judge then of its value by what it costs.

Who among us would not strive for the immortal glory of being the savior of his brethren in saving himself? The means to do so is in our hands: it is the *Apostleship of Prayer*, which obtains the conquest of souls at the foot of the altar without exacting anything on our part. It draws blessings upon the labors of the apostle, it unites itself to his merits, it accompanies him and follows his steps to distant countries. "See what great things you can do," Father Lacordaire one day said to some young men: "You can save souls; and if you but knew what a soul is in its ravishing beauty, you would faint with joy at the very thought that you could do it any service. In the next life you will be astonished to hear yourself called "My father," by souls in heaven, who will surround you; and when you seek the origin of this spiritual generation, you will find it in a word, an action, a *prayer*, which you had forgotten. There are men who have converted kingdoms without ever having left their own homes. Yes, I believe in spiritual intercourse between men; I believe that in virtue of this intercourse immense good can be effected; I believe in the *Communion of Saints*."

Let us then unite our prayers for those who pray for the salvation of souls, and we will produce marvels which will ravish us at the day of Eternal Justice. By union of prayers you will open heaven for immortal souls. After having partaken of the mission of the Saviour you will share His glory and merit the promised recompense. To save souls is the end of religion, the cause of the Church itself.

The Apostleship of Prayer can be aggregated to any existing Sodality or Religious Order. It is not a Confraternity, but a union of hearts for the conversion of souls.

We will be happy to distribute the diplomas, already signed by Father Ramière, to Pastors and Superiors of Religious Communities, the consent of the Ordinary having been obtained. On receiving the diploma, a register is opened for the names of the associates in that locality. Each associate receives a certificate.

Individuals, residing in places where the Apostleship of Prayer has not been commenced, can receive a certificate of association, by applying to the editor of the AVE MARIA.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

We begin with this number to dedicate the two last pages of the AVE MARIA to our little friends, the Dear Children of Mary. It is our earnest desire to interest and instruct them, to edify them, to increase their love for the Blessed Mother of Jesus, and through their prayers to bring down new blessings on their beloved parents and ourselves.

The Pater and Ave of Pio Nono.

A TRUE STORY.

In the year 1799 or 1800, a bright and beautiful boy, of seven or eight summers, sported gaily amid the beds of perfumed flowers that adorned his ancestral chateau. Day by day the warm sun of Italy gave fresh color to the cheek and brighter lustre to the eye of the young Mastai Ferreti (now Pius IX). The Countess Mastai Ferreti loved most tenderly her gentle, noble boy; and, as a Christian mother, above all other things she sought to inspire him with true and solid piety. Every day, kneeling with her little son, she taught him his morning and evening prayers; and as she was a true and devoted child of the Church, under her pious teaching, the young Mastai from his infancy learned to mingle with the name of his own father, and those of Jesus and Mary, the name of the Supreme Pontiff who then possessed the glorious inheritance of the Apostle Saint Peter.

Pius VI, of happy memory, occupied the Pontifical chair, and in consequence of the undaunted firmness he displayed in defending the rights of his throne, and the liberty of the Church, the Holy Pontiff was the victim of the most bitter vexations from the impious men, who at that period exercised supreme authority in France.

Deeply grieved at the sorrows which overwhelmed the soul of the common Father of the Faithful, appalled at the dangers which menaced him, and understanding at the same time, how the hearts of all Christians should supplicate Heaven in his behalf, the Countess Ferreti taught her young son to say, at his morning and evening prayers, a *Pater* and *Ave* for the Pope.

The first time she added these petitions to his usual devotions, she said, "Dear child, great misfortunes threaten our Sovereign, Pius VI, and he is in deep distress; we will pray together to our Dear Lord, and beseech Him to remove all sorrow from our Holy Father, and protect him against all danger." "Oh yes!" replied the sweet boy, "I will pray with you for the Holy Father, and I promise you to say such a good prayer."

Ever after this promise, morning and evening, the young Mastai was careful to remind his mother of the *Pater* and *Ave* they had to say together for the Pope.

One evening, as they knelt to recite the customary *Pater* and *Ave*, the Countess, embracing her son, while tears flowed from her eyes, said: "My darling, oh! how fervently must we pray to-night for the Holy Father! The misfortunes we feared for him have come at last! Wicked soldiers have seized Pius VI; he is their prisoner, and they are taking him far away from Rome." At these words, the child, who had been listening with

deep emotion to his mother's words, commenced weeping also, and joining his little hands, prayed with all the fervor of an angel. Then raising his bright eyes still dimmed with tears, he turned to his mother, and in a hesitating voice, said: "But how can the Good God permit the Pope, who is the representative of Jesus Christ, His Son, to be so unhappy? Why does He let him be taken prisoner, and treated like a malefactor, when he is so good?"

"My child," replied the Countess, "it is precisely because the Pope is the Vicar and Representative of Jesus Christ that God permits him to be treated so cruelly. Do you not remember the history of Jesus Christ, which I told you? This Divine Saviour was goodness itself, nevertheless he had enemies—bad men hated him. And one night they took him prisoner, and after having made him endure the most frightful torments, they put him to death.

"And, my darling, God has often permitted the Popes, after the example of Jesus Christ, to suffer from the injustice of men. This has now happened to our Holy Pius VI."

"But, mamma," interrupted the young Mastai, "these men who treat the Holy Father so cruelly must be very wicked, are they not? and shall we not beg God to punish them?"

"My child," replied the Countess, "we must not ask God to punish any one. Do you not remember how Jesus acted while hanging on the Cross? He prayed, and begged God to have pity on his enemies, and to change their hearts. This, I am sure, is the prayer of Pius VI at this moment. Let us, then, unite our prayers with his, and beseech God to convert all these impious men who have raised their hands against the Holy Pontiff."

On hearing these pious words from his mother, the young Mastai again knelt down and repeated, in his sweet, childish tones, a *Pater* and an *Ave* for the enemies of Pius VI.

Oh venerated Pius IX! in this manner, from the tenderest years of your childhood, under the happy influence of a Christian mother, you learned to compassionate the sufferings of the Head of the Church, to understand that in the designs of God, Sovereign Pontiffs are not exempt from the trials of earth, and to open your young heart to the sublime sentiments of forgiving injuries and praying for enemies.

If after so admirable a conversation with your good Mother, an Angel of God, unveiling the future, should have revealed to you, that in fifty years you would be the fifth successor of Pius VI, upon the throne of the Roman Pontiffs, what would not have been your astonishment; and if opening before your eyes the pages of the history of your Pontificate, the Angel of God had permitted you to read of the storms of adversity that would burst over your head, of the enemies you would encounter, of the tears of the faithful, at the sight of all your sorrows, of their suppliant hands raised to heaven for you, of your sweetness, charity, long patience; ah, then you would have understood still better, that the tiara of the Sovereign Pontiff does not shelter the august head from all



danger, and that if God seems to reserve for all of them a portion of the bitter chalice which Jesus drank, He knows also to teach them how to suffer like him, and like him to pardon their enemies.—

And now, dear little children of Mary! is there no lesson for you to learn in this beautiful *true story*? Have you ever said a *Pater* and *Ave* for the sweet little boy who prayed so fervently for his holy Father Pius VI? That dear child is now your Holy Father Pius IX.—He once had to fly from wicked men, far away from Rome; and although he returned, yet these same bad men have raised up armies to try and take Rome from his Fatherly care. Then, if you have never yet prayed for him, I am sure this very evening you will kneel beside your mothers and beg them to say with you a *Pater* and *Ave* for our good Pope.

In many parts of Europe, these prayers are said daily, after Mass, for the preservation of the Sovereign Pontiff, and His Holiness has enriched this pious custom with forty days' indulgence. Now, if this long word, "indulgence," is not understood by the *very* little Children of Mary, they must ask their good mother to explain it, and in some of our next numbers we will give them a pretty story, all about indulgences.

#### Mizael Le Mesre de Pas.

THE YOUNG PROTO-MARTYR OF CASTELFIDARDO.

COUNT DE SEGUR.

After the name of General Pimodan, the first which presents itself is that of the pure and gentle youth, Mizael de Pas, the victim chosen from among those who voluntarily offered themselves to God at the altar of Our Lady of Loretto. He was perhaps the first who thought of going to offer himself to the Pope; and he was certainly the first to shed his blood in the cause of the Church, for he died of the wounds sent him from God, on the eve of the battle of Castelfidardo. General de la Moricière, touched by the strength of soul which was concealed under his frail constitution and candid heart, loved him exceedingly and deeply mourned his loss.

Born of parents devoted to the Church, Mizael de Pas was from his childhood a pious and fervent Christian; of a quick, impetuous nature, he had so entirely overcome those dispositions that at his death he might well be characterized as "meek and humble of heart."

Those who knew him love to recall his delicacy of sentiment, his amenity of character, his distinguished manners, and, above all, the beautiful angelic modesty which, even in the gay scenes of the world, exhibited the Christian under the charms of youth. His apparent reserve and diffidence in himself in no way detracted from the strength and vigor of his character.

The desire of worthily filling his position in society was early developed in his soul, so strengthened by noble and pious family traditions. To his eyes, the heritage of his ancestors was secondary to the more precious legacy of paternal virtues, of which he wished to prove himself worthy. He early manifested his inclinations for the mili-

tary life, and his mother, fearing the temptations and dangers of a military school, consulted a holy priest, who had long been an intimate friend of the family; he replied:

"We cannot shield Mizael from a knowledge of evil, but his religious principles are firmly grounded, and I know the strength of his character; he will see in evil all its hideous deformity, and will be shocked and disgusted with it; notwithstanding the dangers, his morals will remain pure. Be not uneasy—better a life of activity, than of inactivity for him."

This prediction was fully realized in the noble child. The firm, artless, angelic and engaging manners of Mizael were a daily reproach to his new comrades; yet he was a general favorite, and constantly shielded the many annoyances and trials so common in schools and colleges.

When preparing to pass an examination, which promised to be successful, he was seized with a dangerous illness. Three times he resumed his studies, with characteristic ardor; three times he was checked by sickness, and his bright dreams of the future destroyed.

Was there not something providential in these obstacles? Was it not the way of trials by which God wished the young soldier to pass, as a preparation for that future which was to be meritorious and glorious far beyond his most sanguine hopes?

On his return to the paternal mansion Mizael sought, in works of charity, food for the activity of his devoted soul, and he preluded, by the sacrifice of his time and pleasures, that other *sacrifice* which at a later period he made of his life. He loved the poor with a singular affection; as a member of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul he devoted much time to hunting up the destitute little children from the haunts of moral and physical misery. He instructed these, and taught them how to purify their souls (oftentimes as black as their faces, and more difficult to cleanse); his greatest pleasure was to prepare them for their first communion.

With the most touching charity he devoted himself to these poor people; nobly and devotedly he served Jesus Christ, in the person of his suffering members, before he went to offer his life's blood in the service of His earthly Representative.

But these pious occupations were not sufficient to fill up his life, and the thought that he was useless upon the earth, often threw him into profound sadness. His delicate health, as already mentioned, had obliged him to renounce the military career he loved so well; this lost vocation left a bitter regret in his heart, and a void in his life that naught else could fill.

"How easy it is," he exclaimed with a sigh, "to say, to do something—but do what? can you tell me what to do! For me, the military schools are closed; as soon as I commence serious study I become sick, and besides, I have no taste for jurisprudence or diplomacy; I am continually told to amuse myself. What is meant by all this? That I should marry, pass my time in cultivating and embellishing my estates—and amid the pleasures of the chase?" (TO BE CONTINUED)







Volume I.

Number

LEVE  
ONE

# LEVE MARIA



NOTES FROM INDIANA.  
1865.





# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

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Translated for the Ave Maria.

## Sanctuaries of Mary---Notre Dame de la Garde.

"There is one fair shrine I remember,  
Which holds the struggle and strife  
Of a grand and powerful city,  
As the heart holds the throb of a life—  
For long ages and generations,  
Have come there to strive and pray;  
She watched and guided them living,  
And does not forget them to-day.  
And the votive hearts and the anchors  
Tell of danger and peril past;  
Of the hope deferred and the waiting,  
And the comfort that came at last."

At Marseilles we find this celebrated shrine of Notre Dame de la Garde. Since the thirteenth century, ages and generations have come there to strive and pray. Popes have scaled on foot the mountain-path to the pilgrimage. Princes and princesses, from Louis XIII to the Duchess of Angouleme, from Francis I to the Duchess of Berry, came to pray before the altar of Notre Dame de la Garde. Many sovereigns sent their votive offerings to the *Good Mother*: Charles X of Spain, when held a prisoner in Marseilles by Napoleon, disposed of all his plate to make to the Patroness of the city an offering not too unworthy of a Bourbon.

In times of public calamity the city turned towards its protectress, and the statue was carried in triumph through the streets. Marseilles still holds in grateful remembrance its consecration to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, in 1720, in thanksgiving for having been delivered from the plague through the intercession of Mary. Several times since, this scourge has passed over the city and its horrors have always been arrested by prayers to Notre Dame de la Garde.

In prosperity, the Marseillais go up to visit their patroness, but when her children are in mourning she descends to them. For seamen particularly, Notre Dame de la Garde has ever been a shrine of peculiar veneration; when returning from a long voyage the pilot catches a glimpse of the *Good Mother*, watching, as it were, the coming of her children, every knee is bent, the *Salve* intoned, and the guns from the quarter-deck salute the "Star of the Sea."

In 1852 it was found necessary to rebuild the chapel on a larger scale. Pio Nono headed the list of donations for this beautiful work; the new building is of the Roman byzantine style; it is built of white and green marble.

The epoch of the consecration of this chapel was selected by His Holiness for a public reparation for the scandals and sacrileges of the Revolutionists. Marseilles, on the highway to Rome; Marseilles, the oldest city of Gaul, in whose port float the flags of all nations, was to be the theatre

of this reparation. The fourth and fifth of June, 1864, were enriched with precious indulgences by the Pope. Four hundred thousand pilgrims passed in procession through the streets of the city to Notre Dame de la Garde. The splendor of the festival and the lively faith of the multitude rivaled the renowned assemblies of the middle ages.

The Pope was represented by the Venerable Cardinal Villecourt. Three other Cardinals and four Bishops (Chamberlains of His Holiness) were present, together with forty other Bishops and four mitred Abbots.

The following discourse was pronounced by his Eminence Cardinal Donet, Archbishop of Bordeaux:

"The venerable and worthy Bishop, called to govern a Church which has for the first link in the chain of its Pontiffs, the brother of Martha and Mary, over whom Jesus wept, the friend whom He raised to life, wrote us a short time ago, that, among all the consolations of his Episcopacy, there was none more precious to his heart than the solemnity of this day.

"You have heard, pious citizens of Marseilles, from his eloquent lips, that if in all the sanctuaries of the Catholic world, the benefits of Mary are celebrated; if every city and village blesses her maternal love, Marseilles is still the grand city, where, during so many ages, she has loved to display all the tenderness and power which God has deposited in her heart.

"With what emotion have you not read the origin and development of the homages which have surrounded the venerated statue of Notre Dame de la Garde?

"You know, my beloved brethren, the abundant blessings and graces which have flowed from this Sanctuary over this city, and those countries to which our sailors have carried the souvenirs of the Queen of Heaven; we have read of the many conversions obtained at this shrine, of the sick restored to health, of miseries alleviated; and we seem to hear the echoes around us still continue their hymn of gratitude to her whom we call the Mother of Mercy—*Salve Regina, mater misericordie!*

"It is not necessary, in the midst of the eminently Catholic population of Provence, to justify the devotion, love and honor which we offer to Mary. It will be sufficient to remind you how this devotion has grown with the Church, and as the Church it takes all forms. Is there, in reality, a single road of life over which the Queen of Heaven does not assist our steps?

"Every suffering, every want of the heart of man,



inspires devotion to Mary. On the summit of the Alps and Pyrenees, in the vast Basilics of Loretto, Clery, Saragossa, Chartres and Milan; in the belfries of Fourvières, Pey Berland, Verdélais and Avignon; over the abyss of Rockamadour as on the steep rocks of Marseilles and Puy; at the entrance of a palace and over the door of the cabin or in the workshop of the mechanic, everywhere, it insinuates a thought of love, a sentiment of confidence which fortifies and consoles: *Salve Regina, vita, dulcedo et spes nostra, salve!*

"The Christian devoted to Mary is never alone. By the glimmer of the lamp which burns at the feet of his Madonna, as a mysterious symbol of the Providence which ever and always watches, he chants a hymn to his Queen and peace returns to his heart. O my God! in giving Thy Mother to be the Mother of all Christians, Thou hast opened for them the source of the most abundant consolations. Enriched with this treasure, they can easily dispense with all that man refuses them; and they have the full confidence of arriving more readily at Thy Heart through the Heart of Her whom Thou lovest.

"It would weary you, my brethren, were I to mention the numberless benefits obtained at this shrine through the mediation of the Mother of God, and in enumerating them I would only repeat what you already know. I cannot read, without emotion, the history of this blessed pilgrimage, so long the object of a faithful people's gratitude.

"I do not ignore that all ages of faith, and our epoch in particular, is reproached for a too credulous belief in the marvelous, particularly in apparitions. I shall merely reply that the Church has always been very severe in the examination of such circumstances; but I must add that she has ever energetically maintained the supernatural which forms the basis of her existence. To-day, as in the past, she recognizes the power and goodness of God, the right of intervention when it pleases Him and the manner it pleases Him in the things of this world.

"In conclusion, no one will deny that such has been the constant belief of mankind, even out of religion.

"Before men had a knowledge of our God, their hearts had felt, their reason had recognized, their pride had been forced to acknowledge, the existence of an Invisible Power which manifested itself by inexplicable derogations from the natural order. Christianity, in multiplying these phenomena, has gone still farther; she has comprehended the object of them, and to minds enlightened by faith, she has revealed their mystery; from the day when the Apostles made themselves understood by those whose language they did not understand, until this moment when I now address you, the supernatural has been constantly present upon the earth.

Nevertheless we will declare that, without rejecting them when they present themselves to us with all the guarantees which sound reason has a right to exact, accepting them even with humble gratitude, yet we are far from seeking new supernatural facts. Did she possess but the miracles of her Gospel, the Church would be rich enough.

German philosophy proclaims this incontestable truth when it exclaims by the organ of one of its chief leaders, "*It is not in this manner we invent.*"

"We are far from asking new prodigies from God. In drawing your attention to the prerogatives of Mary, we merely preach a succession of miracles; for what violation of all ordinary laws is not an Immaculate Conception, a fruitful virginity, and a divine maternity?

"After the honor given to God, one of the most striking characteristics of Catholicity is devotion to Mary. The sanctuaries dedicated to her, the associations placed under her patronage, the hymns chanted in her honor, and above all, this ravishing and joyous month of Mary, which Marseilles has just celebrated with so much pomp and piety, give to the children of the Church a certain cheerful, gracious countenance which is not found in non-Catholic countries; for something is ever wanting in the heart that does not love the Mother of God.

"As respiration in man, says one of the Holy Fathers, is a sign of life, so we may say is devotion to Mary, in society and in the household circle, a sign of orthodoxy, we might almost say of predestination.

"Oh, all ye whose lives pass without one motion of the heart towards the Queen of Angels; you who refuse to say with us *Hail, full of grace*; you who repudiate the Gospel from which we borrow these sweet and significant words; you who know not how to give her the sweet name of mother; Oh how much you deserve pity!

"It would be a grave error, my dear brethren, to believe that the devotion of love and respect rendered to Mary is sterile in good fruit; do we not see, on the contrary, that this devotion is often changed into a devotion of imitation? Even in the midst of the tumult of wars and wordly confusion, we see develop the taste for silence, the love of sacrifice, the consuming fire of prayer, the divine sentiment of purity, which are as the perfume of heaven sent by the *good Mother*.

"I shall not speak of the utility of all Catholic works. It is easily understood that the construction of the Sanctuary of Notre Dame de la Garde, and of so many churches that have sprung up, as if by enchantment, in Marseilles and every other part of France, is a fruitful source opened for industry and the arts.

"This is an important fact, and whatever may be our alarm at the view of the multiplied efforts of irreligion, it is not hoping against hope to expect much from an age which opens so many asylums for childhood, old age and infirmity; which renders so much homage to God and His Blessed Mother.

"Skillful administrators, whose generosity and devotedness, the grateful city loves to publish; noble warriors, upright magistrates, energetic defenders of the defenceless; irreproachable merchants, whose name is synonymous with honor—you have all found in this blessed place of prayer the sweet consolations, the touching familiarity which draws us close to God.

"Brave seamen, known as well by your love for the *good Mother*, as by your valor; when you

planted, with the soldiers of our armies, the colors of France in far distant lands, your hearts bounded with irrepressible enthusiasm. To-day, at this solemn hour, under the eye of Jesus and His divine Mother, how different are your impressions! Here you are under the influence of grace, and the breathing of the Lord alone, passes over your souls, melting them into tenderness.

"Beloved brethren, we have finished, but we cannot descend from these altar-steps without beseeching those of our venerable brothers who form with us a part of the august senate of the Head of the Holy Roman Church, to carry to him the expression of the love and fidelity of all the Pontiffs, Priests and faithful of every class here assembled:

"Eminent Cardinals, you will tell our Pius IX with what *eclat* the city of Marseilles has surrounded the triumph of her Queen. We also assembled here, from every part of France; we will say to our beloved children, that, since the homages rendered at Rome, when Mary was declared 'conceived without sin,' no Festival in her honor has been celebrated by so great a number of Pontiffs, or welcomed with such spontaneous enthusiasm. The solemnities of Notre Dame de la Garde have been for our country the crowning of all the terrestrial glories of Mary; the souvenirs of which will exist until the most remote generations."

The procession lasted six hours. It would be impossible to say how many thousand banners, flags and oriflames distinguished the different confraternities. All the colors of the rainbow were reflected by the golden sunlight. On reaching the summit, they defiled in graceful ranks, column after column concealing the rocky irregularities of the hill, and displaying the most graceful and majestic tableau that the imagination of a painter could ever create.

But, above all, the attitude of this assembly should have been seen when the large silver statue of the Virgin was borne in triumph to the new residence prepared for it by the piety of Marseilles. It was touching, it was sublime; with that meridional spontaneity which attests a lively faith and an ardent affection, from every breast burst forth the cry *Vive Marie!* which was carried afar by the waves to the isles of the Mediterranean; and from every part of the Mountain, (from whence the sun was just withdrawing his beams) down to the streets in the centre of the city, pealed forth the hymn, *Triomphez Souveraine!* all hearts exulted with joy and melted into tenderness.

Radiant with joy, eyes filled with tears, but exhausted with fatigue, leaning upon their crosiers, the mitred Abbots, Bishops, Archbishops and Cardinals blessed the multitude on the right and left.

After placing the statue of Our Lady in its Sanctuary, the Prelates, on their knees, recited the

ACT OF CONSECRATION.

"Virgin most Holy and Immaculate Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Word Incarnate, Spouse of the Holy Ghost, Queen of Angels and of Saints, we prostrate ourselves at thy feet to acknowledge the incomparable privileges with which God has endowed thee, and to consecrate ourselves to thy

heart, most pure and compassionate and full of maternal tenderness for us, thy children!

We loudly proclaim our belief in all that the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church teaches of thy dignity, sanctity and power. We believe thy Immaculate Conception, thy maternal dignity, thy perpetual virginity, thy purity without blemish, and thy Assumption, body and soul, into Heaven. We believe that thy power, goodness, mercy and all thy virtues are proportioned to thy ineffable dignity of Mother of God, and thy glorious title of Queen of Heaven and earth. We joyfully believe that thou art, as the Church proclaims, the Mother of grace and mercy; Refuge of Sinners, our hope and advocate with Jesus Christ; and that thy protection is the surest means of obtaining all we desire from thy divine Son for this life and the next. We believe that thy Immaculate Heart is, after the Heart of Jesus, the richest treasure of graces—and the most worthy of our veneration, love and tender devotion.

"Therefore; Oh most holy Virgin, our Mother, we prostrate ourselves at thy feet and consecrate to thy Immaculate Heart our body and our soul, all the thoughts of our mind; all the movements of our heart, all the labors of our life. We give ourselves entirely to thee; we beseech thee to bless us, protect us, and enable us faithfully to love and serve Jesus Christ.

"We most earnestly beseech thee, Oh Immaculate Heart of Mary, to combat, in our midst, by thy most abundant graces, the spirit of impurity, which causes the loss of numberless souls. Oh, holy Virgin! be our refuge, our light, our strength, our aid in all our wants. Grant that we may draw from thy Heart, purity, humility, patience and above all, love of thy Divine Son. Our hearts, soiled with a thousand sins, are, we confess, unworthy to be presented to thee; purify them, detach them from creatures, penetrate them with the love of Jesus Christ, make them like unto thine own, in order that they may be united to thee in Heaven, there to love God eternally with thee!

His Eminence Cardinal Matthew, Archbishop of Besançon, in a voice broken with emotion, addressed the multitude from the terrace of La Garde:

"*Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, civitas Dei!* (Ps. lxxxvi.) Mary is *par excellence* the chosen city of God, the sacred temple which He has selected for His dwelling place. With what eagerness of heart we offered her our homages to-day. With what devotion we exalt her, who has been exalted above the choirs of angels! But we are not alone in paying our tribute; the multitude of faithful preceded, accompany and follow us in crowds up this mountain of benediction, whence Mary commands the sea.

Oh Marseilles, cherished city of God! to-day what beautiful things hast thou shown our faith and taught our heart! The splendor and order of thy ranks have raised our spirits to God our Saviour; and our joy is great when we reflect that all our brothers of the Sacred College and in the Episcopacy, assembled here to celebrate this day, will promulgate afar the transports of Marseilles, the brilliancy of this Feast, the merits of her chil-



dren who shared in it, their devotion to Mary and their zeal for her glory; in all truthfulness they can speak of this city with enthusiasm and say wonderful things of it. *Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, civitas Dei.*

Yes, city of Mary, and by that title city of God, rest upon the borders of the sea, to send afar the renown of thy faith, and to bear to other nations the love and service of the Lord, Who reigns in thee as in His own domain. May His throne be strengthened and the name of the City of God rest with thee, *Civitas Dei.*

### I KNOW -----

TO THE DEAR NUNS OF KENWOOD:

BY MARIE JOSEPHINE.

#### "For the Son, for the Mother,"

I know, I know of a place  
From the city stir apart,  
Where the hills seem touched with grace;  
They call it the SACRED HEART,—  
Beautiful name! beautiful name!  
I drew to this spot one day,  
One day in the rose-month time,  
When the airs are richer than May,  
Rich month of the Heart Divine,  
Encharmed with the glow of that name.

Encharmed,—a spot that dares, may dare—  
I talked, as I came, to my soul,—  
To take the name of *His* Heart to wear  
In this world of sin and dole,—  
Sacred name! sacred name!—  
Should be hid and shut from the sin  
And soil without, from the taint  
Of their touch encloistered in,  
As close as the heart of a saint  
Is wrapped in that Heart of flame.

I came to pray—to think;—"neath the trees  
The nuns make pictures in crape,  
And the softened breath of the breeze  
Stole straight by the rose and grape,  
By fruit and by flowers to them,  
As they walked with a thought of God,  
Pale spouses of Christ. To His Heart  
They are the lilies of His sod,  
Those brides of the Mary-part,  
I said, as I envied them.

Envied? (for the truer word,) almost,  
The calm that is gay and more,  
The irksome cares of a world well lost,  
And all blessed things before,  
The heart of that heavenly part,  
Their Lord in His Sacrament-vest  
On His altar with them away;  
And I never would love a place so blest,  
Less than was learned that day,  
Dear shrine of the SACRED HEART.

And ever since, I know, I know,  
In the bosom of summer lies  
A month, o'er-lit with the crimson glow  
From the Heart that drops from the skies  
Each morn to His altars down—  
I know—now, as flame, this Heart unseen,  
To feed on our homage stops;—  
And she, o'er our worship, sweet Queen,  
Each sigh in her hand that drops,  
There's no dearer gem in her crown,

*Feast of the Sacred Heart, '65.*

Daily invoke the Blessed Virgin, to obtain her sure assistance at the hour of death. Saint John of God, when in the last extremity, having had recourse to that mother of goodness, heard these gracious words - "John, I do not abandon my servants at this hour."

Translated for the AVE MARIA.

### LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

#### No. 1.—The Prisoner of War.

BY L. D'APPILLY.

#### CHAPTER VII.—THE TRIUMPH OF THE FAITH.

[Concluded—Reproduction interdicted.]

The renegade kept his word. To the sufferings that the prisoner already endured, he added the much more cruel torture of his cowardly insults. He could not pardon Berenger for his fortitude, as it was the condemnation of his own apostacy. He wreaked on him the vengeance of his own remorse, and displayed towards the faithful Christian a refinement of barbarity which made the Moslems themselves shudder.

The prisoner opposed nothing to his rage but a disdainful courage. But sometimes his countenance lit up with a look of such terrible meaning, as he fixed his eyes upon those of his jailor, as to make the latter turn pale with a fear that pierced the very marrow of his bones.

The caliph cursed the constancy of his prisoner, but he could not help admiring him. When he thought of the contempt with which Berenger treated his offers, spite and fury took possession of his mind; but then, the secret hope of eventually perverting him appeased his resentment. Undetermined, vacillating, he racked his brain to invent some means of gaining him over, and still could find none.

"This Frank is not of the same flesh as other men," he said to himself, "any one else would have given up long ago. But he must be mine, no matter what it costs. I will try again to persuade him, and if he refuses—well, woe to him! Nothing shall hinder my vengeance. He shall perish."

He went down into the prison.

The Baron lay immovable upon the damp ground, a prey to an agonizing fever, and to the gnawing pains of the ulcers that were eating him away. All his strength was gone; and, enfeebled, nerveless, he had become indifferent to existence. He did not look up at the noise which the door made in turning upon its heavy hinges. He did not stir; and the caliph gazed upon him for a moment with compassion.

"Unfortunate man," said he, bending over him, "art thou not yet tired of suffering. What insane obstinacy pushes thee on to destruction? Open thy eyes! I bring thee salvation."

"There is no more salvation for me upon the earth. Death has already placed his heel upon my breast, and I have no wish to escape him."

"He was still nearer thee on that day when my soldiers took thee, covered with gore, from beneath thy horse's dead carcass. Thou mayest yet hope for life, for my physicians can bind thy wounds with healing herbs that will cure them in a few days."

"Why should I desire a cure that will only prolong my misfortunes?"

"Ah! now I see that all thy pride was but a

mask. Despair has entered thy heart, and thy courage has given way!"

The prisoner was aroused by these reproaches; he started up suddenly, and shaking off the numbness which had fettered his limbs, he replied in a stern voice:

"When hast thou ever seen me cowardly and disloyal, that thou shouldst have the right to despise and outrage me?"

"I am come to try now whether thy soul is not quite dead to glory and ambition. For many years I have been amassing immense treasures in my palace. The Crusaders have not carried them all away. I have taken care to assemble around me the most valiant soldiers of Arabia and Asia. By an astute system of political intrigue, I have kept up quarrels among all the neighboring princes. I have connived at rebellions and revolutions in their cities. Emessa, Farsus, and Bagdad, only wait for the signal to open their gates to me. It depends on my will alone to extend, in less than two years, my empire from the banks of the Tigris to the mouths of the Nile. My armies are ready to march, they only need a general. Wilt thou lead them to victory? Thou shalt choose for thy reward whatever kingdom thou pleasest; be it Egypt, or be it the throne of Constantinople itself; I will furnish thee with all the gold and men necessary to make thee master of it, and thou hast only to reap what I have sown and ripened."

"I will not make war upon Christians; I have sworn to defend them till death."

"Thou wouldst say, thou art afraid to fight. Thy false pride only serves to cover thy degenerate soul. A distaff would suit thy worn-out arm now, better than a lance!"

"Command that my chains be stricken off, and set me against the bravest of thy knights. I defy them, on foot or on horseback, with the battle-axe and sword, in whatever enclosed field thou shalt choose."

"Thy defeat would be no triumph. Thou art not worthy of the rank I offer thee. I had not known thee!"

"It is not danger that I fear—it is apostacy. Thanks to God, my memory will never be burdened with the reproach of cowardice."

"So, thou dost decide to brave me to the last?"

"I will not sell my faith."

"I will leave thee still one night to reconsider thy resolution. To-morrow, at day-break, the executioner will bring me either thy conversion or thy head."

"Why put it off? The night will not change my mind. Let me be slain to-day."

The caliph went out. The imann received him at the door of the prison and accompanied him to the palace, and he excited the caliph's wrath so skillfully, that he sent for one of his guards immediately to cut off the head of the prisoner.

Berenger did not expect to be put to death before the morrow, and he had not yet prepared his soul to appear before his Maker. Nevertheless, he was on his knees when the soldier entered, praying to God, and particularly to the Blessed Virgin.

He rose and approached the executioner with an angry mien, shaking at him his manacled hands:

"What dost thou here?" asked he in a threatening tone. "Dost thou dare to look Berenger de Montier in the face?"

The soldier had been engaged in several battles where that redoubtable name had been heard with terror. The remembrance of it, the tall figure of the baron, the fury of his voice, the darkness, the loneliness, and perhaps also the secret interposition of the Mother of God, struck the executioner with alarm, and froze his limbs. He hesitated—trembled, and like him who was charged to kill Marius, let fall the sabre he held, and fled precipitately.

"Strange!" cried the caliph on receiving this news. Then, after a little reflection, he continued: "To-morrow, I will have him cast from the top of the mosque."

His eldest daughter happened to be by his side.

"If my father would permit," she suggested, "I will attempt in my turn what no one has been able to accomplish."

"Thou!—but he is a hardened fanatic!"

"Allah is great, and sometimes a woman finds words that bewilder men and make them pliable. To-morrow if I fail, thou canst execute thy resolution."

"I will give him to thee for a husband," said the caliph, "if thou canst make him abjure the Cross."

We must not be astonished that a caliph should authorize his daughter to take so hazardous a step. The seclusion of Mahometan ladies is not so rigorous as is generally imagined. Besides the liberty they enjoy in the interior of their houses with their slaves, the zeal for proselytism excuses the impropriety of these interviews, and permits even the spouses of the Chief of Believers to converse with strangers without a veil.

Those who have paid any attention to the chronicles of the Crusades, know that Saracen princesses have frequently, and with impunity, played the temptress in this manner. Thus, in the legend of Notre Dame de Liesse, we read of the daughter of the Sultan of Cairo, descending by the command of her father, into the dungeon where three brothers Hospitallers are immured, who, by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, convert even her who had come to induce them to apostatize. Similar tales are found in many histories, which it would be unnecessary to cite here.

The young lady called her attendants and dressed as for a festival. When she had finished the details of her toilet, and had satisfied herself with the glitter of diamonds hanging from her ears, and pearls around her neck, she smiled with pride at the reflection in the mirror, and murmured as she left her apartment:

"He will be blind indeed, if he does not admire me."

Meanwhile Berenger, who had just, without knowing it, escaped from certain death, after the flight of the executioner, sank upon his knees, and, for want of a priest, confessed aloud to the walls of his dungeon:



"Most Holy Mary, my lady and mistress," said he in his prayer, "I beg and beseech thee very earnestly, for the love that I have always borne thee, to plead the cause of my salvation, when God, my Saviour and Sovereign, shall examine into the crimes and disloyalties I have committed against Him. I pray thee also to make known my decease to Etienne, my good wife, that she may have prayers and psalms recited for the repose of my soul. I do not ask of thee to free me from captivity: there is no longer any means; but if, by a prodigy of thy bounty, I behold ever again the shores of Provence, I give thee my word as a Baron and a knight, that I will build thee on my lands a chapel of white marble."

Suddenly a brilliant light shone around him, and a young lady, in dazzling costume, her head covered with jewels, appeared on the threshold of his prison. Risking the infection from his wounds, she approached him and stood by his side, saying, with smiles, and in a caressing tone:

"I am the caliph's daughter, whose hand thou hast disdained. I thought that, after seeing me, thou wouldst no longer slight my beauty."

"Daughter of the caliph, thine alliance tempts not my desires. I have placed my heart higher than thou canst ever reach!"

"But, behold me! Dost thou not find me lovely? What raiment, then, do the ladies of France wear?"

"Thou hast not even the noble and modest simplicity that encircles the brow of Etienne. And since thou art not equal to a mere baroness, judge if I can prefer thee to the Queen of Virgins, who unites all perfections in herself."

"Whatever may be her advantages, has she, like myself, the power to rescue thee from the torture that awaits thee?"

"Assuredly. But I do not desire that she should; death will put an end to my sufferings."

"Has all thy courage left thy heart, and has the sweetness of life departed from thy lips? Thou hast suffered, but thy sufferings may be blotted out. Open thine eyes to hope! A mighty future extends before thee, and the years that remain to thee will be long enough, by my father's assistance, to conquer a kingdom."

"The only kingdom to which I aspire is the kingdom of God, promised to those who repent of their sins and die invoking Him."

"Death is a sad bride; and knowest thou the death destined for thee?"

"Whatever it be I prefer it to thy love."

"Oh!" cried the princess, in a violent rage, "could any one do me a more flagrant injury? I come to save thee, and thou answerest my goodness with insult and contempt. Go! Thou shalt obtain the bride thou desirest. Far from imploring pardon for thee, I shall hasten thy torments."

Berenger, left alone, applied himself again to prayer. Then, oppressed by an unconquerable desire to sleep, he laid his head on the dungeon stone and was soon in the land of dreams.

It seemed to him that an angel entered the vaults of the prison, and, bending over him, unbound, in silence, his manacles and fetters, touching his ulcers and curing them. The prisoner

thought also in his dream, that the angel lifted him in his arms and carried him through the air so quickly as to take away his breath.

At last the wings of the celestial messenger relaxed their speed, and, extended and hovering, they struck the air no more, nor moved, except to moderate the headlong descent. The earth soon appeared, and Berenger, still asleep, beheld himself laid upon a bed of fresh moss, under the shadow of a gothic castle.

He began to awake, and the memory of the dream remained so fresh in his mind that he dared not open his eyes for fear that the sweetness of the illusion might add to the horror of the reality.

The well-known sound of a bell surprised him, and completely awakened him. He looked around. O, marvel! the walls of his prison had disappeared; a green landscape spread before him its undulating carpet of verdure; his chains no longer weighed him down; his hands, free and untrammelled, were lifted to heaven in gratitude; he bounded with joy; he entered his castle, and the first person he met was the Baroness de Montier.

This is the winding up that the tradition of the country assigns to this story—we have not desired to strip it of its miraculous coloring. Nothing would be easier than to explain the facts by natural means—a ransom; an exchange of prisoners; an escape, even, would not be open to the criticism of the most skeptical and incredulous; but, in our opinion, it would spoil the legend, of which the marvelous is the essential and distinctive character. However it may be, the chapel built by the Baron de Montier still exists, and bears testimony to his gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin, to whom he attributes his deliverance.

#### Rev. Father Smarius again.

[We beg leave to come again to our illustrious friend, the Rev. Father Smarius, whose admirable work ("Points of Controversy,") we have already introduced to our readers, and from which we will quote until we know that it is in the hands of them all. We say it from deep conviction, our people sadly need a more comprehensive knowledge of our Holy Faith: we know of no book in our language that blends more happily the charms of eloquence with the lucidity and solidity of arguments for our time and country. While we are yet within the Octave of the Blessed Sacrament, let us illustrate the above assertion by a few lines taken from the chapter on the Holy Eucharist:]

Can you believe that the Son of God should have come on earth only to exchange one error for another, one kind of idolatry for another? It is blasphemy to entertain the thought. After all that has been said, our separated brethren may now, perhaps, understand what before seemed to them unintelligible, if not ridiculous. First of all, the difference between our and their own public

worship. When a Catholic enters any one of our churches, he has scarcely passed the threshold, ere the eye of his faith directs the eyes of his body to the altar, and the tabernacle, in which his Lord and Master dwells. His first act is a genuflection, by which he adores his Lord and God; on entering his pew he does not immediately seat himself and glance from worshiper to worshiper, to discover which of his friends or acquaintances have come to church, much less to discover the peculiar fashions which make their appearance on the occasion, but devoutly kneeling, he continues to adore the sole object of his love. Hence the profound stillness, interrupted only by the solemn chant of the priest or choir during the celebration of the tremendous mysteries. Hence the pomp and grandeur of the liturgical rites, the richness of the sacerdotal robes, the splendor of gold, the beauty of precious stones, the fragrance of flowers and of incense. Hence the celibacy of our clergy. Do you see that beautiful, that well-proportioned, that lovely form which stands at the foot of the altar, dressed in all the splendor of sacerdotal apparel. He is the son of a merchant-prince, the heir of millions. Scarcely had he finished his academic course when, one bright morning, in anguish, he remained, after mass was over, kneeling in his pew, as if wrapped in ecstasy, and burning with charity. "Dear, sweet Jesus," whispered the youth, "Thou hast given me a heart to love. I feel the genial warmth of its flame. But, oh! the objects that surround me in the world, and which would gain my heart, are loathing and disgusting to me. I cannot love flesh which is doomed to undergo the process of corruption; I cannot cherish blood which boils with the heat of unhallowed concupiscence. And yet, my youthful heart loves and yearns to love. But it would love Thee alone. Sweet Jesus! Oh, that Thou wouldst allow me to espouse Thee, as the only object worthy of my love! Would that I might satisfy my desire, by daily standing at Thy altar, there to become united, in that most pure, chaste, and intimate manner, in which flesh can become united with flesh and blood with blood; grant me to minister within Thy sanctuary; make me, sweet Jesus, the dispenser of Thy mysteries; make me Thy priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedec." His prayer is heard; his vow is recorded in Heaven. Jesus has espoused the noble youth as His own forever. No, the love of Jesus in this Sacrament cannot allow the blending of the profane, carnal, with His holy virginal love, in the ministers of this august, this thrice Holy Sacrament.

It is at the foot of the Blessed Sacrament that our young maidens learned to devote themselves, by the most solemn and binding vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, to the service and imitation of their beloved Spouse. What has taught that beautiful, universally loved and admired daughter of a Senator to go and shut herself up within the narrow confines of a gloomy cell, to breathe away the fragrance of her youth in solitary contemplation and prayer! Desolate, afflicted mother, what brought that sister of charity by your side, at the moment your noble, patriotic boy was

pressing his farewell kisses on your tearful cheeks—what was it made her say, in her own gentle way: "Be comforted, weeping mother—behold, here am I to act a mother's part. I shall follow your noble boy to the field of battle; I too shall be found upon the hard-contested field. And should a fatal bullet be sped from hostile gun, into his patriotic heart, I shall be there to extract the deadly missile, or close his dimming eyes in death. Under the open heavens—in the fetid atmosphere of the hospital—whatever fate betide him, I shall be there to wipe away his tears, to staunch his bleeding wounds, or prepare his soul for Heaven." Where has she learned this heroic fortitude—this spirit of sacrifice? At the foot of her convent-altar—at the holy table where her soul fed so often on the bread of strength, on the wine of virgins. Far away from that altar, exposed to danger, with only a blanket to wrap around her weary frame,—like the soldier, on half rations—she regrets not the simple, yet soothing, comforts of home. The only loss she feels, is the absence of the daily sacrifice, and the frequent communions to which she was accustomed in her convent home.

Tell me what inspired the master-mind of that architect who raised yonder lofty temple to the name and glory of the God of Hosts? Who taught him to fling those vaulted arches, as if in rivalry with the Architect of the Universe, aloft in air? Whence did he learn to flute and hoist those towering columns, to crown them with their rich and varied foliage, in breathing stone and marble? From Him, who, however concealed, is to be present in the magnificent sanctuary of that temple, and to make it His dwelling-place among the children of men.

Tell me, thou thousand-tongued organ, and ye thousand chorists, who blend your varied voices in perfect harmony with that instrument of magic sounds, who trained your author's and master's mind to this strange, soul-ravishing melody? Who taught your Mozarts, your Haydns, your Cherubinis, your Le Sueurs, and your Lambillottes, the secret of their wondrous art? He who, although mute and silent in His earthly temple, sent the musical winds upon their noisy tour—who caused the stars to sing together—who filled the pine forest with the dirge-like notes of the everlasting susurrus—who caused the zephyrs to whisper to the flowers, and the rivulets to murmur to the rocks—who blent with all, as in a mighty fugue, the roar of the cataract, and the peal of the thunder!

To conclude: Who can tell all that our separated brethren have lost in losing the Real Presence? The food of their hungry souls—the drink of their thirsting hearts—their real comfort in affliction—their light in darkness—their counselor in doubt—their strength in weakness—their shield and armor of defence in danger—their hope in despondency—their life in death—their Jesus—their all. Oh! that they, like ourselves, could take once more this bread from Heaven, and know how sweet is the Lord; and having been their delight during life, oh! might it prove to them the sure pledge of everlasting life in Heaven!



Translated for the AVE MARIA.  
**THE VIRGIN AND THE PRIEST;**  
OR,  
**The New Month of Mary.**

BY JOHN DE VICQ, DOCTOR IN THEOLOGY.

CHAPTER V.

FIGURES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT WHICH HAVE REFERENCE TO MARY AND ARE APPLICABLE TO THE PRIEST.

The heroines of Israel form for Mary a brilliant crown, which would seem to us to take away something from her glory, if we should neglect to name them all. We will collect then, in this chapter, these scattered lineaments of the beauty of our Mother, and we shall see in the light of faith how they are reflected on the grand figure of the Priest, in his virtues and in his mission.

As we know, Moses, the guide of Israel into the promised land, is the image of the Son of God, descended from Heaven in order to place Himself at the head of nations and lead them into His celestial country, the land promised to virtue. Consequently we may not be surprised if the mother of Moses brings to mind the Mother of Jesus, and if certain details of the one are perfectly suited to the other. There is one circumstance especially, which is so clearly interwoven with the existence of Mary and the Priest, that it seems to reveal a preconceived design of Eternal Wisdom. Moses, cast upon the Nile, floated with the winds, until the daughter of Pharaoh, having come to the river to bathe, perceived the precious basket and sent one of her maids to take and carry it to her. On seeing the infant crying, she took compassion and said: "This is one of the babes of the Hebrews." At that time the sister of the babe, who afar off took notice of what was done, approached, "Shall I go," said she, "and call to thee a Hebrew woman, to nurse the babe?" "Go," was the response. And immediately the young girl went, and called her mother. The daughter of Pharaoh said to her: "*Take this child and nurse him for me; I will give thee thy wages.*" "The woman took, and nursed the child; and when he was grown up, she delivered him to Pharaoh's daughter." (Exod. ii, 5, 9.)

Almost all the commentators have seen in all this an image of that which was to be effected mystically in the incarnation of the Saviour of the world. According to some of them, the daughter of Pharaoh was the type of the Eternal giving up His Son to Mary, and saying to her: "Take this child, and nurse Him for me, I will give thee thy wages." According to some others, she typified the human race; both agreeing upon one point, namely: that Mary did not conceive and bring forth and nurse Jesus for herself.

And indeed, when we examine this fact of the incarnation of the Word, in order to ascertain the purpose of this Divine event, good sense as well as theological reason and the authority of the Scriptures teach us that God had another intention than that of honoring a simple woman. It is for Himself, in the first place, that He asks; Himself he has in view, *Omnia propter se operatus est Deus*—"God performed everything on account of Himself." But it is also for others, *immediately for*

*others, ultimately for Himself.* The deplorable situation of Israel, at the birth of Mary, was only a feeble image of the degradation of the human race at the nativity of Jesus Christ, and in the same manner as the daughter of Pharaoh, in saying to the mother of Moses: "Nurse this child for me," prepared the liberator of Israel, so the Holy Trinity, in addressing to Mary the same words, prepared the Liberator of the human race.

Saint Paul, and after him the whole Church, has proclaimed this Divine truth: *Semetipsum exinanivit, [pro nobis], formam servi accipiens,*—"But debased [made himself as of no account] himself [for us] taking the form of a servant." (Phil. i, 7.) "If he had not been man," says Saint Augustine, "man would not have been delivered,"—"Sed si ille non esset homo non liberatur homo." (Sup. Psalm iii, 7.) It is, then, for us that Christ was born, that He lived, that He died; it is for us that the Virgin nurtured Him, *nutri mihi*,—"nurse for me," and it will be even to the consummation of ages the subject of the hymns of gratitude that all humanity will sing to the Mother divine and her Divine Son.

Let us now substitute for the name of Mary the name of the Priest; the difference of persons by no means alters the truth of the words and the identity of the relations; for every Priest is taken from among men, and appointed for men in that which appertains to God, that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins, that he may have compassion on those who are ignorant and err; because he himself also is encompassed with infirmity. (Hebrew v, 1-2.) When, then, on the day of his ordination, he receives, as Mary on the day of her Annunciation, the commission, to conceive God and bring Him forth in souls, it is not for himself but rather for others, that he is raised to the sacerdotal dignity, *pro hominibus constituitur*.

And, in reality, what is the life of the Priest? A perpetual act of abnegation. As soon as he has crossed the steps of the sanctuary he no longer belongs to himself; he is all for God and for His people. If he prays, he prays for His people, *parce, Domine, parce populo tuo*, "Spare O Lord, spare Thy people;" if he celebrates the holy sacrifice of the Mass, it is for the people, *ut offerat dona et sacrificia pro peccatis*, "that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins;" if he administers the sacraments, it is always for the people, *ut offerat dona*. Every hour of the day and night that any one comes to find him, or when any one comes to call him, he is obliged to respond, as the prophet, *paratum cor meum*—"my heart is in readiness." The Priest makes a great mistake who believes that he has been elevated from the slime of the earth to the heavenly summit of the Priesthood, to enjoy his own glory, and to contemplate himself in his splendor; who has received the Divine fecundity in order to profit himself alone of its fruit. God, the Church, the poor, the ignorant, all nature cries out from all parts to him; *Nutri mihi* (nurse for me). Take this child and nurse Him for us. Take Christ Jesus, not to enjoy alone His caresses and the glory which there is in carrying Him in your hands, but to give Him to us, to

communicate His grace to us, to ingraft His life upon ours, and to deliver us from sin." O Priest! reflect upon this personification of Mary in the mother of Moses. She is also an image of your grandeur, but still more the remembrancer of a grand duty, *tolle et lege*—"Take and read."

Abigail, so commended in the Bible for her wisdom, her prudence and her clemency, is also a picture of the Mother of God. In fact, David, in his indignation, wishing to slay "the fool" Nabal [*the name Nabal, in Hebrew, signifies a fool, and so she extenuated his fault, by attributing it to a deficiency of understanding,*] this woman, prudent and wise, endeavored to appease the king, and she had such success that David cried: "Blessed be thy speech; and blessed be thou who hast kept me to-day from coming to blood." Nabal, says Saint Bonaventure, represents the sinner. He is called *fool*, precisely because he is the image of those who sin, according to this saying: *Stultorum numerus infinitus est*—"The number of fools is infinite." David, irritated, represents the Lord detesting crime, and Abigail prefigures the sweet and indulgent Virgin interposing herself near her Son in order to stay His arm ready to strike.

This quality of mediatrix is so far the characteristic of Mary that, in her anticipated and figurative history, it seems to occupy the principal rank; for none of her natural or supernatural prerogatives has had emblems or personifications so multiplied.

Saint Bonaventure discerned her in Abigail; Albert the Great finds her in the woman of Thecua, who went to ask David to protect her son against the people, and to pardon the people: "They seek to quench my spark which is left," said she; and the king said to her: "As the Lord liveth there shall not one hair of thy son fall to the earth." (2 Kings, ch. xxiv.) The same Doctor finds her also in Resfa.

This intrepid mother, having seen her sons crucified by the Gabaonites, with the prohibition of burying them, took hair-cloth, and spread it under her upon a rock at the side of their dead bodies, till water dropped upon them out of heaven; and did not suffer either the birds to tear them by day, or the beasts by night. (2 Kings, ch. xxiv.)

Touched by the fond love of Resfa, David concluded by granting burial to the dead.

How is it possible now to perceive Mary in these tender and devoted mothers? Placed on the steps of the throne of the Great King, she does not cease from interceding by her tears and sobs in favor of the guilty, and from exercising an agreeable coercion over the heart of her Son. Sinners are the dead bodies which God, in His anger, seemingly wishes to deprive of sepulture. But Mary is there, keeping sentry, to prevent the infernal vulture from making them his prey; that is to say, that she raises them up to Divine Mercy; and, by continuity of supplication, she overcomes justice by the constancy of her compassionate prayer. She obtains not only an honorable sepulture for her unfortunate children, but also resurrection, a full life, an exuberant life which glorifies God anew.

After Resfa, and others, all the women of the Bible, who had a name or a particular mission, as Abigail, the Shunammite, Bersabee, the mother of Solomon, Judith, Esther, produced in nations a presentiment of the distinguished favor that God would one day confer upon men, in giving for a Mother to them her who had called Him her Son.

Therefore, one can say of the Virgin that which Saint Paul said of Christ: Virgin yesterday, Virgin to-day, Virgin forever and ever. For this mission which the august Mary fulfilled during her terrestrial existence, and which she still proceeds with in Heaven above by her sweet influence, she continues to visibly exercise upon the earth through the ministration of the Priest.

The Priest is created exclusively for man, *pro hominibus constituitur*. He weeps between the vestibule and the altar for so many souls which are lost; he weeps in order to appease the anger of Heaven, and obtain for his spiritual children an honorable burial, a holy death; and by his supplications and by his sobs, he often disarms justice, he brings back to the banquet of a life divine the unfortunate wrecked in the foot-path of death.

Therefore it is with good reason that the Christian family hails him with the salutation triumph-er, and acknowledges what Israel addressed to her heroines and the entire earth addresses to Mary; "You are the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, the honor of our people." (Albert the Great Comment, on Judith.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Translated from "Il Serto di Maria."

The Mother of Francis II.

BY AUGUSTIN GALITZIN.

Like a mother, instinctively aware of the cares required by each one of her children, the Church presents to each successive age of the world, models of the virtue most necessary to it. In ours, all classes of society are evidently possessed of an unbridled desire to attain with rapidity a condition of ease and abundance. To this general luxuriousness our divine instructress boldly opposes a mendicant, a vagabond, who had not, and would not have, a home; and we have seen civil authorities who would have arrested him living, obliged to incline themselves before the relics of the blessed Joseph Labre, actually compelled so to do by the patriotic piety of a whole people. In another order of ideas, the Church, constantly attentive to the legitimate aspirations of nations, prepares to show them a new exemplar of Christian royalty in Maria Christina of Savoy, Queen of the Two Sicilies.

She was herself a queen, the daughter, wife and mother of kings, and if she is now about to be canonized, it is not so much on account of the singular graces with which she was favored by heaven, nor on account of those she procures for us at present by her intercession, as because she fulfilled in their whole extent the duties of a queen.



Last scion of the Savoyan sovereigns who have ever stood forward as the defenders of the Holy See, niece of the blessed Clotilda of France, Maria Christina was born in 1812, and grew up in exile. Sorrow early conquered her to God; prosperity did but attach her the more closely to Him; an orphan, she longed to consecrate her entire life to Him in one of those refuges which gladden the earth that they protect, when the Divine will revealed itself to her under the form of a reason of State, of the happiness of Italy, which could be really consolidated by an alliance between its two most important crowns. Once convinced of this, she no longer hesitated to sacrifice her own tastes to the urgent requests of Charles Albert who had procured the abdication of his father, and whose son was to accomplish his, by those ignoble means so well known to the world of to-day.

Thrown into the midst of a divided family and a dissipated court—to that she brought peace, and this she gradually moulded to a more regular kind of existence. “The Neapolitans are too beautiful,” said she, to her ladies, “to need expensive toilets. Truly, they have no pretext for having recourse to illicit subterfuges;” and by a little pleasantry, and much example, she succeeded in banishing from the society of Naples those foibles that people try to explain as owing to her beautiful climate, while foreign importations have only increased them.

She manifested the same prudence and the same celerity in remedying the evils of the inferior classes. “Almsgiving,” she often repeated, “is more indispensable to the rich than to the poor; it is the support of the latter, but it is the salvation of the former. By alms the poor live and the rich are saved.”\* She permitted no attenuation of this fundamental precept which she fulfilled with a grace and an intelligence, the remembrance of which, it seems, Piedmontism has revived. She ever sought to *plene* those whom she *benefited*; with the assistance she bestowed, she mingled an exquisite delicacy, and everywhere spread her own spirit of devotedness. On one feast of St. Ferdinand she presented her husband, with some piece of her own needle-work, as was her wont: “This is not,” said she, “my best gift; I have had 4,000 ducats distributed this morning, in your name, to the necessitous.” Docile to the inspirations of his angelic wife, this king, who compensated for his evil beginning, by a subsequent dignity and a respect for the Church, too rare to be passed over, left to the poor, by will, the tenth of his private fortune.

Maria Christina occupied herself earnestly in diminishing the number of the poor in her States. Her counsels inspired a new activity in public works. To her, Naples owes its first Exposition of Industry and a series of other measures which would speedily have developed the commerce of a country so richly endowed by nature, if revolutionary excesses had not checked their results.

In a word, Maria Christina was simple and erudite, circumspect without scrupulosity, dignified without haughtiness of pride. A Benedictine savant, the Abbot of Montevergine, Postulator of the cause of her beatification, solicited by two hundred and eleven persons of great eminence, in drawing up from irrefragable documents the his-

tory of her life, has wisely made prominent her political perfection, if I may thus express myself; and this work, serious and impressive, seems specially to correspond with a great need of our epoch. The world, even of our time, seems to manifest some deference to Christianity for the services it has rendered to society, but this is merely an insulting similitude of impartiality; it admits that religion has played an important part in the past, but it is only for the facility of denying its influence in the present and the future. To such tactics, it is useful to incessantly oppose living examples of the entire compatibility of the Christian and the social virtues, and it is this that Rome now does in presenting to our veneration the mother of Francis II.

\* Madame Soetchine.—This maxim is engraved, and better still, practised in the hospital named after and founded by the Count de Falloux, at Segre, France.

From the Pittsburgh CATHOLIC.

#### Pastoral Letter of Right Rev. M. Domenee, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh.

We regret that our columns restrict us to brief extracts from this admirable Pastoral, in which the Encyclical is treated in the most saintly and masterly style. We hope it will soon be published in pamphlet form; it should be in the hands of every Catholic for edification and instruction.

“Our faith teaches us the respect and veneration with which we should receive the words of the Holy Father, and the filial love and affection with which the Sovereign Pontiff is invested. \* \* \*

“If the present Encyclical Letter has created so great sensation, it is because it condemns the popular—we may say, the pet errors—of the present age; the Sovereign Pontiff exposes and probes to the very bottom, the fetid ulcers which are preying on the vitals of modern society; he applies the knife with a skillful but unsparing hand; and the patient, though beyond the reach of ordinary remedies, pleads and protests with all his might against an operation which, while it wounds his pride, cuts to the very quick. Another reason is, because the world thought—yea, it was almost convinced that the power of the Pope was dead; that that power, so colossal in the middle or so called dark ages, had vanished before the light and intelligence of modern times. How little does the world reflect that the Church of Christ, as Christ himself, her Divine Spouse, is immortal; that the Church is the body of Christ, and that the body cannot live without its head. Yes, the power of the Popes shall never die. The Popes shall, till the end of time, sit on the Chair of Peter, invested with power Divine, to diffuse throughout the world the light of Christian faith. Sooner shall the natural sun be extinguished—be blotted out of the heavens—cease to exist—than the power of the Popes become extinct. The same God who said let there be lights made in the firmament of heaven, to give light upon the earth (Gen. c. 1, v. 14, 15,) has declared to Peter, “I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; confirm thy brethren.” Sooner, then, shall the natural sun cease to give

light upon the earth, than the successors of Peter to enlighten the world with the rays of Christian faith. "Heaven and earth may pass away; but my words shall not pass away." \* \*

The history of the lives of the Popes is the history of the exercise of their office, of their functions, and of their powers, as living representatives of Christ on earth, appointed to exercise supreme dominion in His Church, and hold the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. What Pius IX has done by the present Encyclical Letter, has been frequently done by his illustrious predecessors, in every period of the Christian era, whenever there was cause or reason for doing it. \* \* \*

At the conversion of Constantine the Great, when Christ was publicly adored as God, His Vicar on earth was honored; and when the Cross of Christ, no longer the occasion of ignominy and contempt, became an object of reverence, and the brightest object on the crown of the Cæsars, then also, the Roman Pontiff became an object of respect and veneration to a believing World. Thus closed the contest between the Church and Paganism, to the honor of the Church and its visible head; thus ended the struggle of the same Church against the invasion of the Northern barbarians, to the still greater glory of the Church and its visible head, for then the Roman Pontiffs were made the temporal kings of Rome; and such, we are confident, will be the issue of the present contest, between the Church and modern infidelity.

### Religious Chronicle.

#### ROME.

In Rome every church and sanctuary has its particular feast in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The celebration of these festivals is ordinarily preceded by a *triduum*, the expenses of which are usually covered by legacies, left by some pious servant of Mary for this purpose. When these funds are wanting the piety of the Congregation supplies what is needed. But the Feast of Mary, Refuge of Christians, celebrated in the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, is an exception. This is a feast of devotion, not only for Rome, but for the Pontifical States, in commemoration of the return from exile, of Pius VII, in 1814. As it recalls the tribulations of the Church, the Romans here celebrated it, for some years past, with a constantly increasing devotion.

Appropos to this feast, we give the translation of an *Invito Sagro*, addressed on the occasion of the late festival, to the faithful, by the Cardinal Vicar:

"The protection of the Blessed Virgin extends in a special manner over the city of Rome. Facts which the hypocrisy of men cannot conceal—emphatically prove it. Scarcely was an open and violent war declared against the Church, when you hastened, O Romans, to Mary; you honored this good Mother under the most august title of *Refuge of Christians*, and Rome resisted, and still resists all attacks. This resistance is a victory, and this victory we owe to Mary, who aids us in the struggle, and always insures a triumph. Woe to us, if we grow weary in employing the weapons of prayer against impiety and error; they alone are effica-

cious. Never let us abandon the arena, nor grow lukewarm in the spirit of prayer. While Moses elevated his hands to Heaven, the people of God triumphed over the Amelecites; but when his hands fell the Amelecites were victors. In order not to be overcome by these modern Amelecites, let us also raise our hands to heaven; let us have recourse to Mary.

On Monday last, the 8th inst., Major-General George Tylee, of Devizes, died here in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and "died like a Saint," as I was informed by the Parish Priest of Sant' Andrea delle Fratte, in whose church his funeral took place yesterday. Your readers may recollect that it was owing to the benefactions of that generous convert, that a new Catholic Church was opened in Devizes, a few months ago. I understand that the gallant General was converted to the Catholic faith in India, and that he was anxious to promote to the full extent of his power, the spread of the Faith in his native town, as some compensation for some follies of his youth which he spent there. It is truly marvellous to see how God selects His own chosen souls out of our hardened British world.

Sicily is in such a frightful state of rapine, murder, brigandage, crime and disorganization, that the English Consul-General at Palermo, Mr. Ingham, who is above suspicion as to liberalism, having been Lord Russell's principal agent in the Revolution of 1860, has been obliged to issue a circular to the consuls under his direction, desiring them to warn all British subjects residing in Sicily, that they must provide, as best they can, for their own safety, as the Italian Government is incapable of undertaking their protection.

NOBLE ACTION.—Albert A. Walker, Commissary Sergeant of the 16th Connecticut Volunteers, who has just returned home from the rebel prison at Andersonville, informs the *Hartford Courant*, that a Catholic priest named Whalen, of Savannah, visited the prisoners daily in person, when ministers of other denominations deserted them. This priest was unusually kind to them, conversed freely, and told them that if he could have his way, he would have them all released. At one time, this kind-hearted man distributed to the men \$2,700 in Confederate money, and, one day last winter, he laid out \$400 in gold, of his own money, for flour for the prisoners, which was baked into bread in the hospitals and distributed among the soldiers. Such deeds are worthy of record.

TRANSLATION IN EVERY LANGUAGE OF THE BULL *Ineffabilis*.—This is the Document in which His Holiness Pius IX proclaimed the Immaculate Conception of Mary a "Dogma of Faith." The work was commenced in 1860—when finished, it will consist of thirty volumes in quarto, of 500 pages each. Every translation will be elegantly illuminated in the style of the manuscripts of the Middle Ages. This translation of the Bull *Ineffabilis* in all languages is a wonderful work, which nothing but the spirit of Catholicity could inspire. It is but an episode in the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and we may judge by it of the prodigious fruitfulness of this great act of Pius IX.



## Rev. F. Caro---Important Suggestion.

The following letter was received by us more than two weeks ago from a Rev. gentleman. The importance of its suggestions made us anxious to have the benefit of his well-known signature attached to them. We therefore deferred its publication until we had written to the Rev. author for permission to use his name. Rev. F. Caro's name is familiar to every one in America, and even in Mexico and California, having been a missionary priest in the Arch-diocese of New York for the last twelve years, and having been sent at one time by the Propaganda to California and Mexico as Visitor General.

This morning we are in receipt of a second letter, in which the Rev. gentleman not only grants the desired permission, but further adds: "The AVE MARIA is a welcome visitor to my house, refreshes my mind, and fills my heart with joy. Anything you will require of me for this, and any other subject connected with the Mother of God, I shall be most happy to contribute."

We sincerely return our humble acknowledgments to the worthy missionary, and while fully endorsing his ingenuous plan, we feel confident it will meet with a hearty and extensive co-operation.

COLD SPRING, N. Y., May 30, 1865.

Very Rev. Sir: Within you will find a five dollar bill for two years' subscription to your welcome AVE MARIA. But, allow me to suggest in behalf of the paper an idea of mine, which if it meet with your approbation, will be fruitful of an immense good. The terms, as they are, are above the range of the generosity of poor Catholics. In order, therefore, to give a chance to every man and woman in the country to become enamored of the Virgin Mary, my idea is to send a circular to all the Pastors with the request of establishing in each church a society under the name of Children of Mary, the members to be obliged to buy the paper weekly at six cents each, and the Pastor to be responsible for the amount. In this manner, not five or ten copies would circulate, but five hundred and a thousand; and, although the amount at the end of the year would be the same, yet the arrangement would prove more accommodating, and surely within the power of the poorest member of the church. I, for one, will be most happy to do anything to see that the devotion to the Mother of God is introduced in every home-circle. Indeed, we ought to labor most zealously and incessantly towards the accomplishment of this end. America is destined to be a Catholic country yet, and this great blessing will come down on the nation through the intercession of Mary, the privileged Mother of our Blessed Redeemer.

Very Rev. Sir, you can scarcely believe how

happy I felt at the announcement that there was going to be an AVE MARIA in circulation in our *virgin land*, and more *virgin people*. God may bless your work, and the Mother of God may make you partaker of her glory in the Kingdom of her Son; for it is written that: *Qui elucidant me vitam aeternam habebunt.*

Believe me with great esteem to be,

Truly Yours,

F. CARO.

For the AVE MARIA.

## Ode on St. John's Day---24th June.

BY M. A. STACE.

Thrice blest St. John! Precursor of our Lord!

Foretold by Prophets!  
Even before thy birth all cleansed  
From sin inherited!  
Cleansed by the living fire  
He came on earth to kindle  
Who is love.

Well mightst thou leap for joy,  
Thou glorious one!  
Thy soul all bathed in love and light  
By Him,  
The source of light and love.  
How we, poor sinners, look on thee  
With wistful longings!  
As our beighted sense, made dull by sin,  
Doth strive to realize the ecstasy  
That gave thy purified, enlightened soul  
To recognize the presence of thy God.

Oh, Prophet! more than Prophet?—  
Preparer of the wondrous ways of God,  
In human hearts!—  
What woul'st thou forth to teach  
In desert drear?  
We flock to thee, as multitudes of old  
Besieged thy solitude; and ask, as they,  
How shall we keep alive  
The living fire, within our hearts  
All tainted and corrupt?  
How shall our drowsy consciousness regain  
Vitality—to feel Him near?  
His presence is among us! but, alas!  
Too cold and tepid grown  
Our frigid hearts, to feel beatitude.  
We sleep; or worse, are dead:—  
Thou leapt'st for joy, Him near;  
We feel Him not—no generous glow  
To animate our souls with burning love  
Proclaims His presence,  
Chains around us thrown  
Bind us to earth—too willing to be bound!

Oh, living type of penance! great St. John!  
Embodiment of the Eternal Truth  
That to prepare the human heart for God,  
Our nature, now corrupt,  
Must use a *violence* against itself,  
Cut down the mounds of Passion's raging force,  
Straighten the crooked paths of falsehood's ways,  
Fill up the vales by self-indulgence made,  
And patient wait the enkindling grace of God!

Not in soft raiment cam'st thou forth to teach,  
Thine outward semblance spoke thy inward sense;  
Thy rugged garment, girt about thy loins  
With leathern girdle, laughed the world to scorn  
With all its pride of dress—its pride of life.  
For fallen man—the rugged road alone  
Of penance, toil, self-abnegation rude,  
Can lead him back to life—eternal life—  
Replace the image of his God within;  
Now lost! destroyed! by self-indulgent pride.

Living expression of the Eternal Law!  
Obtain for us thy spirit! Pray for us,  
Prepare our souls to recognize our God,  
To feel what Truth, and good, and beauty are!  
Greater than thou, is none of woman born!  
Oh, pray for us! that Love may fire our hearts  
To feel the smart of penance all too weak  
To cure our evils, satisfy for sin!

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

St. Louis Gonzaga.

*Apostle of the Devotion to the Heart of Jesus.*

St. Louis Gonzaga died eighty years before the devotion of the Sacred Heart was revealed to the Blessed Margaret Mary. But the spirit of this devotion was known and practised, with a rare perfection, from the beginning of Christianity, though not known under its present form. The following recital, recently received from Rome, will show us how, in Heaven, where he now reigns, this amiable protector of youth is interested in the propagation of this blessed devotion:

Yesterday evening, at the time of the *passeggio*, I went to St. Andrew's on the Quirinal, to pray in the Chapel of St. Stanislaus. A visit to the chambers of St. Stanislaus is always agreeable to piety; one feels himself attracted there as to the dwelling of a friend who receives the visitor with a smile upon his lips and his two hands open to bestow gifts. The autograph letter of the Blessed Canisius, announcing to the Rev. Father Borgia the expected arrival at Rome of a young Pole, "a child of great promise;" the couch of variegated marble, and on this couch St. Stanislaus lost in the sweet peace of contemplation, awaiting, as it were, in the calm of prayer, the coming of his *Mother*; the picture above the head of the bed, where angels precede Mary with their harps of gold and baskets of fresh roses and lilies; the altar dedicated to the Saint; opposite the other altar, bearing on its front the beautiful copy of the Madonna of St. Mary Major, a virgin whom St. Stanislaus saluted every morning on arising; all in this fair sanctuary conduces to piety and opens the heart to confidence.

Yesterday the chamber wore the air of a festival. Festoons and draperies adorned the walls; and lighted candles covered the altar, forming a crown of lights and flowers around a relic placed over the tabernacle. The Madonna of St. Luke had disappeared behind a portrait of St. Louis Gonzaga. Below this portrait I read this inscription:

NICOLAUM. CELESTINUM. MORIBUNDUM  
S. ALOYSIUS. PRÆSENTIA. ET ADLOQUIO  
DIGNATUS. ILICO. SANUM. FECIT JUSSITQ.  
DIVINO. CHRISTI. CORDI. SE. DEVOVERE  
CÆLO. GRATISSIMAM. DEVOTIONEM. TESTATUS  
IV. ID. FEBR. CIC. IC. CCLXV.  
FACTI MONUMENTUM  
ROMANUM S. J. TIROCINIUM.\*

A Brother remained at the entrance of the chapel to receive the visitors.

"Why all these preparations?—what feast do they celebrate at St. Andrews' to-day?"

"Do you not know that to-day is the hundredth anniversary of Brother Celestini's cure?"

"What is this cure then?—where was it wrought?—where was this Brother Celestini?"

\* On the tenth of February, 1765, St. Louis Gonzaga appeared to Nicholas Celestini, who was near death, spoke to him, healed him suddenly, and commanded him to consecrate himself to the Divine Heart of Jesus, assuring him that this devotion was very dear to Heaven. The Roman Novitiate of the Heart of Jesus wished us to perpetuate the remembrance of this miracle.

"It is the cure of Brother Celestini; wrought by our St. Louis."

Nicholas Celestini was born on the third of May, 1747. Flavio Celestini, his father, juriconsult, was highly esteemed in Rome. Of great intelligence and cultivated tastes, our young Nicolo was especially distinguished for his rare virtue. Among all the scholars of the Roman College who frequented the Sodalities of the Holy Angels and of the Blessed Virgin he was pointed out as a model of piety, of attraction for religious exercises, of constant regularity, and a filial devotion to St. Louis Gonzaga and to the Mother of God. The sixteenth of June, 1764, during the novena preparatory to the feast of St. Louis, he left the family circle for St. Andrew's on the Quirinal, where he received the habit of Novice of the Society of Jesus. A good and pious student of the Roman College, he was, among the novices of St. Andrew's, a model of growing fervor, a generous emulator of St. Louis and St. Stanislaus.

About seven months after his entrance into the novitiate, Celestini was attacked with a serious illness. A pleurisy, soon passing into pulmonic, inspired the physicians with great fears. Nervous convulsions, violent pains, which, without fixing themselves in one spot, tortured and contracted all his limbs, complicated the evil. Swallowing a drop of water was sufficient to bring on the pains and to occasion a crisis. Bleeding, cupping, blistering, all were tried in vain to comfort and arrest the progress of the malady; the expedients of art were in vain. In the midst of these violent sufferings Brother Celestini preserved an unalterable patience and a holy resignation to the will of God. One thought alone saddened him. He burned with the desire of receiving the Holy Viaticum, but the spasms, the sudden and violent convulsions by which he was attacked, would not permit the prudent Superiors to grant this desired consolation.

On the seventh of February, Clement XIII approved by a Brief the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. They carried to this sick youth an image of this Divine Heart; when they placed it near his lips, he kissed it, contemplated it with love, and whilst a convulsive movement of his eyelids did not permit him to regard or even to distinguish any other object, he could without difficulty fix his eyes upon the pious image, and found in thus beholding it a little calm and some alleviation of his suffering. At his request the novices repaired to the chamber of St. Stanislaus, and united their prayers to obtain from the Saint for him the grace to be enabled to satisfy his ardent desire of receiving the Holy Eucharist. The prayers being finished, the patient endeavored to swallow a few drops of liquid. Spasms and convulsions returned with violence. The prayers of the novices had not been heard. They return to implore St. Stanislaus with fervor and faith, and a new trial is made. This time the patient swallowed without difficulty some drops of water, then two or three spoonful of broth and an unconsecrated host; the convulsions and vomiting did not return—the Holy Viaticum was given him.



They had asked a suspension of his illness that he might satisfy a pious and legitimate desire; it was granted; but the progress of the disease was checked for an instant only.

At half past eleven, the physician found the state of B. Celestini desperate. His ghastly color, his faded eyes, his impeded respiration, announced his death agony. "In two hours all will be over," said the physician, as he left the apartment.

A Father and two coadjutor Brothers, remained near the sick man to assist him. Suddenly (February 10th) they saw him raise himself up, looking fixedly at an image of St. Louis, placed at the foot of his bed; then he fell back upon his pillow, crying out: "How beautiful you are, O, St. Louis, my Brother! how beautiful!" Some moments after he raised himself a second time, and with his gaze yet fixed upon the image of St. Louis, distinctly pronounced these words: "*Fiat Voluntas Dei.*"

The Father, the two Brothers, surprised by these movements and unexpected exclamations, and feeling a presentiment, as it were, of a prodigy, gazed, stupefied, now upon the glowing countenance of Brother Celestini, now upon the image of St. Louis. "I am healed," cried the sick man, with a loud voice; "I am healed! St. Louis has restored me to health! I have seen him! I have spoken to him! My garments! I am without pain! I am without any sickness!" The Father who was present hastened to inform the Rev. Father Rector of the Novitiate, of what had occurred. The Rev. Father Purravicino arrived, and before permitting Brother Celestini to rise or to dress, he desired to hear his account of the prodigy.

In a natural voice and manner, showing no traces of illness, Brother Celestini thus said: "During the last paroxysms; at the height of the convulsions, I suddenly distinguished the portrait of St. Louis, at the foot of my bed, which I had not previously noticed or perceived. All the morning he has appeared to me, not in profile, as he is painted upon the canvas, but looking directly towards me, and surrounded by a brilliant light. St. Louis wore the *scholastic dress* of a student of the Roman College. He appeared to me just as he is depicted in relief on his altar in the Church of St. Ignatius. His left hand held a crucifix. With a motion of his right hand he invited me to approach him. I raised myself from my bed to go to him, but my strength failed me and I immediately fell back, though without ceasing to see him. His features were so beautiful, his whole figure so glowing with celestial light, that I could not repress that exclamation: 'How beautiful you are, O, St. Louis! how beautiful!' A second time I raised myself on my bed, and then I heard him address this question distinctly to me: 'What wilt thou—health or death?' '*Fiat Voluntas Dei,*' I suddenly replied. The amiable Saint then spoke: 'Since, during thy illness, thou hast manifested no other desire than to receive the Holy Viaticum,—in all things else desiring only the will of God, the Lord restores thee, at my prayer, to health, that thou mayest apply thyself to acquire perfection, and that during thy whole life

thou mayest endeavor to propagate the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus—a *devotion most agreeable to Heaven.*"

Brother Celestini then asked his Beloved Protector to deliver him from a severe headache, from which he had suffered at intervals even before his illness.

"God does not will it, replied the Saint to him. For the moment I have delivered thee from it, but I wish that in the future thou shouldst feel it a little in remembrance of the Passion of Jesus Christ, that herein thou mayest resemble me. During my life I always desired to experience these severe pains, that I might thus conform myself to my Lord, who suffered so much for me."

After pronouncing these last words, the Saint blessed the sick man and disappeared, leaving him instantaneously and completely healed.

The Father Rector listened to this recital. He caused the Father and the Brother Infirmaryman to certify to the cure of Brother Celestini. No trace of his illness remained. That very morning they had applied a blister to his breast; the surface-skin, corroded and inflamed by the violent remedy, had resumed its natural color and softness. Celestini received permission to arise. He dressed himself without assistance, and, prostrate before the image of St. Louis, he returned the most lively thanks to his beloved protector. Whilst he took a little nourishment, the Fathers, Brothers and Novices hastened to share in his joy, and to hear, from his own lips, the recital of his miraculous cure. All then descended together into the church to sing the *Te Deum*, and to give glory to Saint Louis and to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The next day Brother Celestini served Mass at the altar of St. Louis Gonzaga, in the Roman College, and received Holy Communion. He repeated to every Father he met the account he had given the day before to the Rev. Father Purravicino, from the Roman College to the Gesu, where he related anew before the Very Rev. Father General, and the Fathers of the Professed House, the miracle wrought in his favor. He then returned to the Roman College. Assembled in a vast hall, the numerous students of the College awaited, with pious impatience, the detailed narration of the miracle.

Brother Celestini appeared in the midst of them and recounted all the circumstances of his cure. Then all—Fathers and pupils—repaired to St. Ignatius' Church to sing the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the miracle wrought at the intercession of Saint Louis by the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Brother Celestini, clothed with a surplice, and bearing a lighted taper, knelt within the sanctuary. At the same hour on the preceding day he was dying, abandoned by his physicians; at this moment, after six hours spent in repeating, again and again, in the midst of exclamations of admiration and gratitude, the miraculousness of his cure, he declared himself unwearied and well.

What became of Brother Celestini? How did the miracle wrought by St. Louis serve to spread and exalt the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus? Another letter will inform us.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the AVE MARIA.

Saint Elizabeth's Roses.

We know how delighted little children are to hear fairy tales, about Cinderella, and Beauty and the Beast, and Jack the Giant-Killer; many and many a time have we seen bright-eyed Ellie and Lizzie, or curly-headed Tommy and Johnny, steal off to some quiet nook to pour over these wonderful tales. Or, again, whole crowds of little boys and girls, nestled around the fireside, or under the shade of the big oak tree, to hear of Alladdin and his Lamp, or Robinson Crusoe.

Now, little children, we are going to tell you something just as wonderful, and what is far better, it is true; and when we finish we are sure you will all say that *Saint-land* is far more beautiful than *Fairy-land*.

Once upon a time there lived in Germany a most powerful prince called the Lord of Thuringia. He was greatly revered and beloved on account of his power, goodness and generosity; and the wise, the great and learned from all parts of Europe, loved to visit his court.

It happened one evening that as the lords of his realm were listening to the recitals of one of these distinguished strangers, the renowned Klingsohr, one of the company asked the sage to tell them something new. After intently regarding the heavens for some time, he said to them: "I shall tell you something both new and joyous; I see a beautiful star rising in Hungary, the rays of which extend all over the world. Know that on this night is born to the King of Hungary, a daughter who shall be named Elizabeth. She will be given in marriage to the son of your King, she will become a Saint, and her sanctity will rejoice all Christendom.

And, in reality, that same night was born the little Elizabeth. From her very cradle she gave evidence that she truly lived in the *Saint-land*. The first words she lisped were Jesus and Mary. Her first act was an alms-deed and her first word a prayer.

Meanwhile the Duke of Thuringia left no means untried, to find out if the predictions of Klingsohr had come to pass, and whether a princess had been born in Hungary on the day foretold.

There were no railroads, nor even stages, in those days; so it was not so easy to get news from one country to another as it is now.

But travelers who arrived from time to time told him of the beautiful child, how devout she was, and how at the time of her birth all wars and strife suddenly ceased in her father's kingdom. One monk in particular, who came from Hungary, related to the Duke that having been blind from the age of four years, he suddenly obtained his sight, by the young Princess Elizabeth placing her hands upon his eyes.

All these reports made the Lord of Thuringia very anxious that she should be betrothed to his heir, Prince Louis; so he sent a splendid retinue of nobles to Hungary, to demand her in mar-

riage for his son; and the King and Queen of that country, agreeing to his request, resolved to part with their darling child.

The little Elizabeth, then only four years old, was covered with a silken robe, embroidered with gold, and laid in a cradle of massive silver. She was then given to the Thuringians, who carried her to their Duke's palace, in order that she might be brought up with young Louis and his brothers and sisters.

When she was about nine years old, it being the Feast of the Assumption, the Duchess of Thuringia said to her own daughter Agnes, and Elizabeth: "Let us go down to Eisenach, to the Church of our Dear Lady, to hear the High Mass of the Teutonic Knights, who specially honor her; perhaps we may also hear a sermon in her praise. Put on your richest robes and your golden crowns." The young princesses being adorned as she had ordered, descended with her into the city, and entering the church, they knelt before the great crucifix.

At the sight of the image of the dying Saviour, Elizabeth took off her crown, and laying it on the bench, prostrated herself, without any ornament upon her head but her hair. The Duchess seeing this, harshly said to her, "What ails you, Lady Elizabeth? what new whim is this; do you want everybody to laugh at you? Young ladies should hold themselves erect, and not throw themselves upon the ground, like fools or old women? Can you not do as we do, instead of behaving like an ill-reared child? Is your crown too heavy? Why do you stoop over, just like a peasant?" Elizabeth, humbly rising, answered the Duchess: "Dear Lady, do not blame me; behold before my eyes my God and my King, the sweet and merciful Jesus, crowned with sharp thorns; and can I, who am but a vile creature, remain before Him, wearing pearls, gold and jewels? My crown would be a mockery of His thorny wreath!" And she began to weep bitterly, for the love of God had wounded her tender heart.

She then knelt humbly as before, leaving the Duchess and Agnes to say what they pleased. She continued to pray with so much fervor that a fold of her mantle which she placed before her eyes became saturated with tears.

The other two princesses, in order to avoid a contrast so disadvantageous to them in the eyes of the people, were obliged to imitate her, and to draw their veils over their faces, rather unwillingly it is said by their chronicler. But we must pass over many beautiful things in her life, when a little child, to tell you about her roses.

Elizabeth used often, with her own hands, secretly to carry food and clothes to the poor. She went down the steep, rugged paths that led from the Castle to the city, and to the cabins of the neighboring valleys, to give them food and raiment.

One day, as she descended a rude little path, with one of her favorite maidens, and carried under her cloak bread, meat, eggs, and other food, to distribute to the poor, she suddenly met Prince Louis returning from hunting. Astonished at seeing her bending under so heavy a load, he said to her: "Let us see what you carry," and at the



same time drew open her cloak, which she kept closely pressed to her bosom; and he saw—only red and white roses! the most beautiful and fragrant he had ever beheld! and this astonished him, as it was no longer the season of flowers.

Seeing that Elizabeth was afflicted, he sought to console her by his caresses, but immediately ceased on seeing over her head a luminous appearance in the form of a cross. Louis desired her to continue her route, and he returned to the Castle, meditating on what God did for her, and carrying with him one of those wonderful roses, which he preserved all his life; and at the spot where this meeting took place he erected a pillar surmounted by a cross, to consecrate forever the memory of the one he had seen hovering over the head of the dear Saint Elizabeth.

Can your story-books, dear children, tell you anything more beautiful about Fairy-land? And after all, *Fairy-land* is a *fable*, but *Saint-land* is our true home in Heaven, which you may all sometimes see even on this earth, as Prince Louis and St. Elizabeth did, provided you love God as they did.

Mizael Le Mesre de Pas.

THE YOUNG PROTO-MARTYR OF CASTELFIDARDO.

COUNT DE SEGUR.

"The chase? yes, sometimes that is attractive; but, after a day's hunting, what remains? I run after my dog, and he runs after a partridge or a hare; what more than the dog do I do? Without him I could not have secured the game, whereas without me, he would have been perfectly successful. No, no; I was created for something else! The military career is my life! I need something that will force me to act. I love its discipline and its frank, loyal manners! To serve, with all my heart, God and my country; to be a good comrade, to fulfil my duties, as a Christian, without human respect; not to fear the fire of artillery, to salute the Madonna, devoutly say my beads, and to be brave upon the battle-field—*such* is my idea of life! Then, after having served my country, to return and find in our own Province the sweet joys of domestic life—yes, my grey moustache would inspire confidence, and then I would devote my time to good works; and, following the example of my father, I would cultivate my estates, encourage our good farmers, ameliorate the condition of the poor, who are overwhelmed with labor and misery; remind them that the Son of God, our dear Saviour, made Himself poor as they and embraced poverty for their sake; and that the happiness of Heaven awaits them. I would protect their children and form their hearts to virtue and piety. It is in this manner I understand life! This is my constant dream! Would the good God have given me these tastes, merely that I should renounce them? Repose before labor?—Oh no, no—never!"

Such were the noble regrets, the beautiful aspirations of Mizael de Pas, when the events of Italy opened a new horizon to his ardent and devoted soul. At the appearance of that fatal pamphlet, *The Pope and the Congress*, which was the

first stroke of the sword in the bosom of the Holy See, he fully understood that a career of persecution had begun for the Church, a career of sacrifice for Catholics, and he immediately resolved to offer his life and fortune to the Holy Father.

Three months previous to the departure of General De la Moricière for Rome, Mizael spoke in his habitual calm, frank and happy manner to his sister, a religious of the Sacred Heart.

"My sister, I am going to Rome, but I have not yet spoken to any one on the subject; before acting, I must take counsel. Can a child of the Church, without profound grief, think of the sorrows of the Holy Father! Ah! his soul must be overwhelmed with bitterness! Alas the Father of the universal Church is abandoned! Perfidious traitors, even, fill his palace.

"It is said he is prepared for the worst, and he is resolved not to leave Rome, but to die, if needs be, upon the tomb of the Apostles. His calmness is that of a martyr. We hear these things, talk of them, and yet no one arms himself for his defence. I, at least, shall go; and prostrate at the feet of his Holiness, I'll say 'Holy Father, I offer you a heart entirely devoted to you. Dispose of my fortune and my life.'

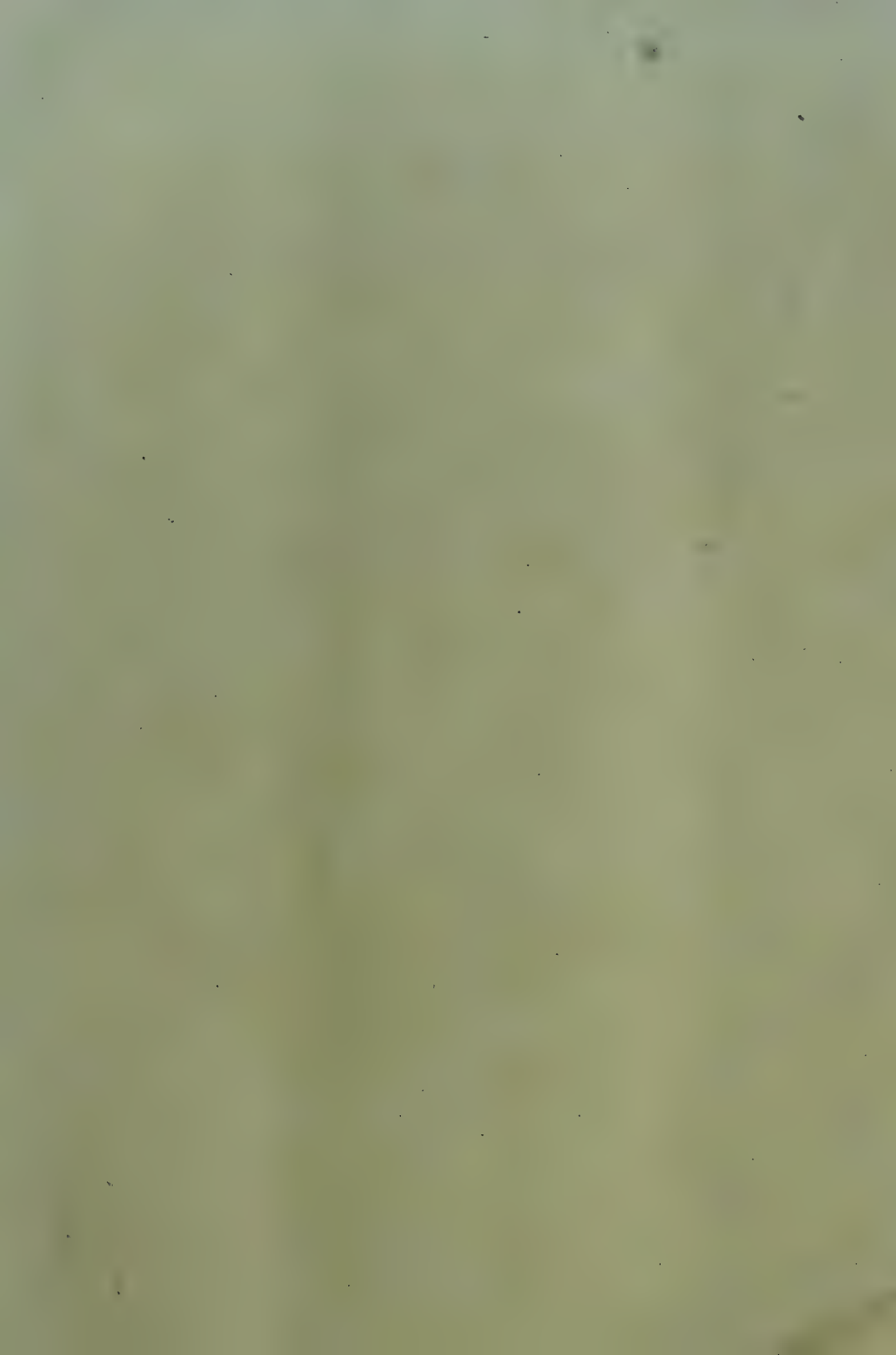
"I know that I am nothing; the Sovereign Pontiff will perhaps smile, but do you not believe he will feel a consoling emotion in the depths of his heart? He is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and to offer him this little consolation will be the sweetest act of my life. If he accepts, I shall enter his Guard. Oh, what joy, what glory, to draw the sword in defence of the Holy Father! Sister, if ever you hear that Pio Nono was attacked, or his sacred person touched, then you may know that your brother no longer exists."

A few days after he again visited his sister, but seemed quite discouraged. "Ah!" he said, "my sister, I am good for nothing. It was ambition; the wish to distinguish myself; to make others talk of me; I must cast it all aside, and be satisfied with a tranquil, ordinary life; a person of experience, who has been a friend to me, tells me that it is all folly. I warmly insisted; he maintained his point. Alas, I do not know myself."

Then, recovering his usual animation, he continued: "And yet, when a father is in danger his children hasten to his relief; a prince is attacked, and it is considered glorious to take up arms in his defence. Now it is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, His representative on earth, and I do not hasten to his assistance! My father often told me that we must not be a useless weight upon the earth; we were not created merely to enjoy and repose ourselves. Some one must go first, and others will follow after. But no!" he continued, resuming his serious air, "above all, we must know how to govern ourselves—know, wait and pray. Let us say no more on the subject. Our dear Lord will know how to make known His will."

This admirable youth kept his word and spoke no more about it except to God. He begged the prayers of religious and the poor, and multiplied his alms in secret with such devoted zeal that the Sisters of Charity named him the *hidden Saint*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]







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# AVE MARIA







# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

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## SAINT COLUMBANUS.

FROM COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

[It is astonishing to see what a charm the noble Count spreads over every page he writes, even when he enters into the details and incidents of the humble life of a monk. As a proof, we give below a synopsis of brilliant pages which we abridge with regret, but which even in their condensed form will yet be interesting and instructive.]

Saint Columbanus was born, A. D. 543, the same year in which the patriarch of Monte Cassino, Saint Benedict, died. He early distinguished himself by his proficiency in literature and the arts; but fearing the dangers and seductions of that world in which he was particularly qualified to take a brilliant part, he braved all the obstacles thrown around him by his mother and friends, and left his home in Leinster to seek a refuge in Bangor among the monks still imbued with primitive fervor, who were there assembled under the crosier of the holy Abbot Congall.

But this first apprenticeship of the holy war was not enough. The adventurous character of his race, the passion for pilgrimage and preaching drew him beyond the seas.

He heard incessantly the voice which spoke to Abraham echoing in his ears: "Go out of thine own country, and from thy father's house into the land which I shall show thee."

The abbot attempted in vain to retain him.

Columbanus, then thirty, left Bangor with twelve other monks, crossed Great Britain, and reached Gaul. He found the Catholic faith in existence there, but Christian virtue and ecclesiastical discipline unknown or outraged, owing to the fury of the wars. He devoted himself during several years to traversing the country, preaching the Gospel, and especially to giving an example of the humility and charity which he taught to all.

Arriving, in the course of his apostolic wanderings, in Burgundy, he was received by king Gontran, of all the grandsons of Clovis the one whose life appears to have been the least blamable, and who had the most sympathy for the monks. His eloquence delighted the king and his lords. Fearing that he would leave them, Gontran offered him whatever he chose if he would remain; and as Columbanus answered that he had not left his own country to seek wealth but to follow Christ and

bear His cross, the king persisted, and told of him that there were in his kingdom many wild and solitary places, where he might find the cross and win Heaven, but that he must on no account leave Gaul, nor dream of converting other nations till he had assured the salvation of the Franks and Burgundians.

Columbanus yielded to his desire, and chose for his dwelling place the ancient Roman castle of Annegray. He led the simplest life there with his companions; he lived for entire weeks without any other food than the grass of the fields, the bark of the trees and the bilberries which are found in the fir-woods; he received other provisions only from the charity of the neighbors.

There, as afterwards, in his long and close communion with the bare and savage nature of these desert places, nothing alarmed him, nor did he cause fear to any creature. Everything obeyed his voice; the birds, as has been already mentioned, came to receive his carresses, and the squirrels descended from the tree-tops to hide themselves in the folds of his cowl. He expelled a bear from a cavern which became his cell; he took from another bear a dead stag whose skin served to make shoes for his brethren.

One day while he wandered in the depths of the forest, bearing a volume of the Holy Scriptures on his shoulders, and meditating whether the ferocity of the beasts, who could not sin, was not better than the rage of men, which destroyed their souls, he saw a dozen wolves approach and surround him on both sides. He remained motionless, repeating *Deus in adjutorium*. The wolves, after having touched his garments, seeing him without fear, passed upon their way; he pursued his, and a few steps farther on heard a noise of human voices, which he recognized as those of a band of German brigands who at that time wasted the country.

He did not see them; but he thanked God for having preserved him from this double danger, in which may be seen a double symbol of the constant struggle which the monks had to maintain in their laborious warfare against the wild forces of nature, and the still more savage barbarity of men.

At the end of some years, the increasing number of his disciples obliged him to seek another residence, and by the help of one of the principal ministers of the Frank king, Agnoald, whose wife was a Burgundian of high rank, he obtained from Gontran the site of another strong castle, named Luxeuil, where there had been Roman baths, magnificently ornamented, and where the idols for-



merly worshiped by the Gauls were still found in the neighboring forests. Upon the ruins of these two civilizations, the great monastic metropolis of Austrasia and Burgundy was to be planted.

Luxeuil was situated upon the confines of these two kingdoms. The district, since so illustrious and prosperous, under the name of Franche-Comté, then consisted for a range of sixty leagues, and a breadth of ten or fifteen, of nothing but parallel chains of inaccessible defiles, divided by impenetrable forests and bristling with immense pine woods, which descended from the heights of the highest mountains to overshadow the course of the rapid and pure streams of the Des-Doubes, Soubre, and Saône. Forests and wild beasts had taken possession of that solitude which it was reserved for the disciples of Columbanus to transform into fields and pastures.

Disciples flocked around the Irish missionary; he soon numbered several hundreds in the three monasteries which he built in succession and governed himself. The noble Franks and Burgundians, overawed by the sight of these great creations of work and prayer, brought their sons to him, lavished gifts upon him, and often came to ask him to cut their long hair, the sign of nobility and freedom, and admit them into the ranks of his army. Labor and prayer attained here, under the strong arm of Columbanus, proportions up to that time unheard of. The multitude of poor serfs and rich lords became so great that he could organize that perpetual service called *Laus perennis*, where day and night the voices of the monks, unwearied as those of angels, arose to celebrate the praises of God in unending song.

Rich and poor were equally bound to agricultural labors, which Columbanus himself directed. In the narrative of the wonders which mingle with every page of his life, they are all to be seen employed successively in ploughing, mowing, reaping and cutting wood. With the impetuosity natural to him he made no allowance for any weakness; he required even the sick to thresh wheat.

An article of his rule ordained the monk to go to rest so fatigued that he should fall asleep on the way, and to get up before he had slept sufficiently. It is at the cost of this excessive and perpetual labor that the half of France and of ungrateful Europe has been restored to cultivation and life.

Twenty years passed, during which the reputation of Columbanus increased and extended afar. But his influence was not undisputed; we pass over the details of his struggles, but the resolution he displayed may be understood from some portions of his letter to the Council which met to examine the questions. Though he calls himself Columbanus the Sinner, it is very apparent that he felt himself the guide and instructor of those to whom he spoke. But he soon recovered the influence due to his virtue and sanctity, in the conflict for the honor of Christian morals, which he undertook against Queen Brunchault and her grandson.

Guntran having died without issue, Burgundy passed to his nephew Childbert II, son of the celebrated Brunchault. He died, leaving two sons,

Theodebert II and Thierry II. Brunchault constituted herself their guardian and took possession of the two kingdoms of Austrasia and Burgundy. The lords of Austrasia, disgusted by her arbitrary and violent bearing, obliged the eldest to expel her from his kingdom, and she established her residence with the young king, Thierry, in Burgundy.

Brunchault, as she grew old, retained only the dauntless warmth of her early years without its generosity or uprightness. She sacrificed everything to the passion for ruling and to the temptation of establishing a kind of Roman monarchy. This thirst for sovereignty led her so far—she whose youth had been without reproach—as to encourage her grandsons in that polygamy, which seems to have been the sad reproach of the Germanic, and especially of the Merovingian princes.

The young king still possessed some religious instincts and he was rejoiced to have so holy a man in his kingdom. Columbanus endeavored to bring Thierry back to a better life, but Brunchault easily turned her grandson from his good dispositions. On one occasion Brunchault presented four of the king's sons to Columbanus:

"What would these children with me?" said the monk. "They are the sons of the king," replied the queen, "strengthen them with your blessing." "No," answered Columbanus, "they shall not reign for they are of bad origin."

From that moment Brunchault swore war to the death against him. His monks were forbidden to leave their convents, and the people were threatened with punishment if they gave them the slightest help.

Columbanus still hoped for Thierry's conversion; he went to visit him at his royal seat, and the king, hearing of his arrival, sent him a sumptuous repast, but the Saint refused to receive anything from the hand of him who forbade the servants of God to have access to the homes of other men, and at the sound of his curse all the vessels which contained the various meats were miraculously broken to pieces. The king and his grandmother, greatly alarmed, promised amendment. \* \* \* But Thierry soon fell back into his disorderly life. Then the Saint wrote him the most vehement reproaches, and, although a stranger and a foreign missionary—the obliged guest of king Guntran, he feared not, when morals were assailed, to go the length of threatening with excommunication the King of Burgundy, the heir of his benefactor; Brunchault excited the lords of the Count against him, and Columbanus was taken and conducted to Besançon, from which place he shortly returned to Luxeuil. When Thierry and Brunchault heard of his return they sent a cohort of soldiers to lead him back into exile.

Then ensued a scene which, during twelve centuries, and even in our days, has been so often repeated between the persecutors and the victims. The messengers of the royal will found him in the choir, chanting the office with all his community. "Man of God," they said "we pray you to obey the king's orders and ours, and return whence you came." "No," answered Columbanus "after having left my country for the service of Jesus

Christ, I cannot think that my Creator means me to return." Subdued by the firmness of the Abbot, even the most ferocious of the soldiers threw themselves upon their knees before him, weeping and entreating him to pardon them and not to oblige them to use the violence they were compelled to employ on pain of their life. At the thought of danger which was no longer personal to himself, the intrepid Irishman yielded and left the sanctuary which he had founded and inhabited for twenty years, but which he was never to see again.

His monks surrounded him with lamentations as if they were following his funeral. He consoled them by telling them that this persecution, far from being ruinous to them, would only promote the increase of the "monastic nation." They would all have followed him into exile, but a royal order forbade that consolation to any but the monks of Irish or Britannic origin. Bruneault was anxious to free herself from these brave, independent islanders as well as their leader, but she had no desire to ruin the great establishment of which Burgundy was justly proud. The Saint, accompanied by his Irish brethren, departed into exile.

His wanderings were the fruitful source of benedictions to every spot he visited. The gift of prophecy and miracles accompanied him. He foretold that Thierry and his children would be destroyed, and his whole race rooted out by God.

On the eve of leaving the soil of Gaul, his thoughts turned to Luxeuil, and he wrote a letter which begins thus: "To his dearest sons, his dearest pupils, to his brethren in abstinence, to all the monks—Columbanus the Sinner." In this he pours out his heart. Obscure, confused, passionate, interrupted by a thousand different recollections and emotions, this letter is nevertheless the most complete monument of his genius and character which Columbanus has left us. With these personal sentiments, his concern for the present and future of his dear Luxeuil is always mingled. He seems to foresee the immense development of monastic colonies which was to proceed from Luxeuil, in a passage where he says: "Wherever sites are suitable, wherever God will build with you, go and multiply, you and the myriads of souls which shall be born of you."

It is especially delightful to see how, in that austere and proud soul, friendship and paternal affection preserve all their rights. He recalls to mind, with tender solicitude, a brother who was not present at the moment of his farewell: "Always take care," said he, "of Waldolenus, if he is still with you. May God give him everything that is good! May he become humble, and give him for me the kiss which I could not give him myself." \* \* \* \* Confessions, counsels and exhortations crowd upon his pen. He sometimes addresses the whole community, sometimes the monk Attalus, whom he had named as his successor: "Thou knowest, my well-beloved Attalus, how little advantage it is to form only one body if there is not also one heart. As for me, my soul is rent asunder. I have desired to serve everybody, I have trusted everybody, and it has made me al-

most mad." Further on, grief carries him away, and bursts forth only to yield immediately to invincible courage, and the recollections of classic antiquity mingle with evangelical instructions to dictate to our Irishmen some of the finest and proudest words which Christian genius has ever produced. "I had at first meant to write thee a letter of sorrow and tears, but knowing well that thy heart is overwhelmed with cares and labors, I have changed my tone; I have sought to dry thy tears rather than to call them forth. I have permitted only calmness to appear outside, and chained down my grief in the depths of my soul. But now my own tears begin to flow; I must drive them back, for it does not become a good soldier to weep in front of the battle. After all, this that has happened to us is nothing new. Is it not what we have preached every day? Was there not one of old, a philosopher wiser than the others, who was thrown into prison for maintaining against the opinion of all that there is but one God? The Gospels also are full of all that is necessary to encourage us; they were written to teach the true disciples of Christ crucified to follow Him, bearing their cross. Our perils are many; the struggle which threatens us is severe, and the enemy terrible; but the recompense is glorious, and the freedom of our choice manifest. Without adversaries no conflict, without a conflict no crown. Where the struggle is, there is courage, vigilance, fervor, patience, fidelity, wisdom, firmness, prudence; without the fight, misery and disaster. Thus, then, without war no crown; and I add, without freedom no honor. \* \* \* \* While I write, they come to tell me that the ship is ready, the ship that is to carry me back against my will to my own country. \* \* \* \* The end of my parchment obliges me to finish my letter. Love is not orderly; it is this which has made it confused. I would have abridged everything that I might say everything; I have not succeeded. Farewell, dear heart; pray for me, that I may live in God."

We would fain give an account of the next twenty-five years of the Saint's life—as given in the admirable work of Count Montalembert, but the limits of the AVE MARIA will not permit. He spent some time in Austrasia, and then, after sixty years of labor devoted to the reform of kings and nations already Christian, he began the second phase of his life—that of preaching to the infidels. This had always been his ambition and inclination, and the work he preferred.

Taking a few disciples with him, he established himself at Bregenz, upon Lake Constance, where he remained three years, enduring great hardships and effecting many conversions. The department of the Upper Rhine, on the death of Theodebert, as a dependency of Austrasia fell into the hands of Thierry and Bruneault, and their victim was again obliged to seek a new home. He had long desired to go to Italy, and with one companion he pursued his journey across the Alps.

When we picture to ourselves the fatigues and dangers of such an undertaking in the days of



Columbanus, we imagine it was the image and recollection of this journey which inspired the beginning of one of the beautiful instructions addressed to his monks, in which the unwearied traveler compares life to a journey: "Oh, mortal life! how many hast thou deceived, seduced and blinded! Thou fliest and art nothing; thou appearest and art but a shade; thou risest and art but a vapor."

The King of Lombardy received the venerable exile with great respect and confidence. Here the Irish Apostle found new food for his zeal, to which he could devote himself without renouncing his love of solitude, by writing against the Arian heresy, that had taken deep root in Lombardy. The king bestowed upon him the lands of Bobbio, situated in the most retired gorges of the Apennines, between Geneva and Milan. They contained the ruins of an old church, which Columbanus repaired, and built a monastery adjoining it. Notwithstanding his age he shared the labors of the workmen, bending his old shoulders under the enormous beams of pine, which it seemed impossible to carry across the precipices and up the steep mountain paths.

The Abbey of Bobbio was his last resting-place. He made it a citadel of orthodoxy against the Arians, and he there enkindled a focus of knowledge and instruction which was long the light of Northern Italy.

There, as everywhere, and throughout his life, our Saint continued to cultivate those literary studies which had charmed his youth. At sixty-eight he addressed to a friend an epistle in adonic verse. But the generous fervor of that Irish race, justly proud of having never known the yoke of pagan Rome, and of having waited before recognizing her supremacy till she had become the Rome of the Apostles and Martyrs, has never been expressed with more fervid poetic eloquence than in his letter to Pope Boniface IV, as given by Count Montalembert.

Columbanus ended as he had begun, by seeking a solitude still more complete than that of the monastery he had founded at Bobbio. He had discovered on the opposite shore of Trebbia, in the side of a great rock, a cavern which he transformed into a chapel, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin. There he passed his last days in fasting and prayer, returning to the monastery only for the Sundays and holidays. After his death, this chapel was long venerated and much frequented by afflicted souls; and three centuries later the annals of the monastery record that those who had entered there sad and downcast, had left it rejoicing, consoled by the sweet protection of Mary and Columbanus.

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DIOCESE BUFFALO, N. Y.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Timon conferred the Order of Sub-Deaconship on Mr. J. O'Donahoe and Mr. Wm. J. McNabb, in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo, on Sunday morning (Pentecost,) June 4th, 1865.

The corner-stone of St. Jerome's Church, California, Ohio, was blessed at 4 P. M., on Sunday, 25th June, by the Most Rev. Archbishop PURCELL.

### Feast of the Most Precious Blood.

Sunday, the 2d of July, being the Feast of the Most Precious Blood, we again cull from the pages of the gifted and saintly Father FABER a few lines upon the devotion which should be so dear to the heart of every child of the Church:

When Pius IX returned to the Holy City from his exile at Gaëta, he issued a decree to the whole world, instituting a new Feast of the Precious Blood on the first Sunday of July. The circumstances, under which this decree of a new feast of the Precious Blood was issued, stamp upon the feast the same character of thanksgiving which belongs to the Feast of the Help of Christians. It is an historical monument of a vicissitude of the Holy See, a perpetual *Te Deum* for a deliverance of the Vicar of Christ.

All devotions have their characteristics; all of them have their own theological meanings. We must say something, therefore, upon the characteristics of the devotion to the Precious Blood. In reality the whole treatise has more or less illustrated this matter. But something still remains to be said, and something will bear to be repeated. We will take the last first. Devotion to the Precious Blood is the devotional expression of the prominent and characteristic teaching of St. Paul. St. Paul is the apostle of redeeming grace. A devout study of his epistles would be our deliverance from most of the errors of the day. He is truly the apostle of all ages. To each age doubtless he seems to have a special mission. Certainly his mission to ours is very special. The very air we breathe is Pelagian. Our heresies are only novel shapes of an old Pelagianism. The spirit of the world is eminently Pelagian. Hence it comes to pass that wrong theories among us are always constructed round a nucleus of Pelagianism; and Pelagianism is just the heresy which is least able to breathe in the atmosphere of St. Paul. It is the age of the natural as opposed to the supernatural, of the acquired as opposed to the infused, of the active as opposed to the passive. Now, this exclusive fondness for the natural is on the whole very captivating. It takes with the young, because it saves thought. It does not explain difficulties; but it lessens the number of difficulties to be explained. It takes with the idle; for it dispenses from slowness and research. It takes with the unimaginative, because it withdraws just the very element in religion which teases them. It takes with the wordly, because it subtracts the enthusiasm from piety and the sacrifice from spirituality. It takes with the controversial, because it is a short road and a shallow ford. It forms a school of thought which, while it admits that we have abundance of grace, intimates that we are not much the better for it. It merges privileges in responsibilities, and makes the sovereignty of God odious by representing it as insidious. All this whole spirit, with all its ramifications perishes in the sweet fires of devotion to the Precious Blood.

Another characteristic of the devotion to the Precious Blood is the way in which it brings out

and keeps before us the principle of sacrifice. Sacrifice is peculiarly the Christian element of holiness; and it is precisely the element which corrupt nature dislikes and resists. There is no end to the delusions which our self-love is fertile enough to bring forth in order to evade the obligation of sacrifice, or to narrow its practical application. Worldly amusements, domestic comforts, nice food, and a daily doing our own will in the lesser details of life, are all incompatible with sanctity, when they are habitual and form the ordinary normal current of our lives.

Gaiety, fashion, ostentation, expensiveness, dissipation, frivolity, and the other things which make up a London season, are undoubtedly not the component parts of sanctity. But in my estimation they are far less worldly, have far less of the poison of worldliness in them, than the daily worship of comfort which distinguishes the great bulk of quiet people in these days. Many are not attracted by balls, parties, and similar fashions of amusement, and therefore have no merit in keeping away from them. But these same persons may set a great value upon the uninterrupted course of their daily comforts. They rise when they will, and gather every convenience round their rising. Their meals must be elegant, and pleasant and faultless. Their servant-machinery must go smoothly, anticipating wants and keeping out of sight annoyances. Their time must be for the most part at their own disposal. They must have the pastime of amusing conversation and of social intercourse; and they must be able to satisfy their restlessness, when they please, by a change of air and scene and company. There is generally a far greater intensity of worldliness in all this than in the pleasure-hunting riot of a London season. Thus we often find, in connection with this last, great graces, generous sacrifices, unexpected mortifications, and unkilld heavenly longings. But these are hardly ever found in the quiet unobtrusive worship of domestic comfort. The heroic things of Christian attainment have less chance in quiet gardens and by pleasant riversides than in the ball-room or the court. There is a smoothness in the mere lapse of a comfortable life which is fatal to holiness. Now, all the forms, and images, and associations, and pictures, and ideas, of the devotion to the Precious Blood breathe sacrifice. Their fragrance is odor of sacrifice. It is the very mission of the devotion to the Precious Blood to preach a crusade against quiet sinless comforts.

What more can we say? Sweet worship of the Blood of God! a worship with so many of man's peculiar rights in it, embracing all theology in itself, and then turning all its vast theology into tenderly triumphant song! Dear Fountain, that rises in the heart of God's human Mother, and flows down over the glorified souls of men into the Bosom of the Eternal Father, while those countless souls, like the pebbles of the stream, make everlasting music as it flows! It is earth's beatitude to feel that the Precious Blood is bearing us onward into that adorable Abyss of Love. It is Heaven's jubilee to be sinking evermore through that same Blood in the unfathomable depths of

the Uncreated Bosom of the Father. All glory and all worship be to that mysterious River of the City of God, whose Spirit-fashioned streams are carrying us this hour with such breathless swiftness to our home,—our home with the Mortal Mother and the Unbeginning Father of the Eternal Son!

### The Visitation.

FROM ROSA MYSTICA.

"And Mary arose in those days, and went with haste into the hill-country, to a city of Juda."—Luke 1, 39-56.

Where, like nest in mountain pine,  
Crowned with cedar, girt with thyme,  
Of the world, and yet apart,  
Hebron city drew her heart.

To her lightly sandalled foot  
Cushioned seemed each grassy root;  
O'er her head the heavens blue  
Lovingly bent down to view;  
E'en the hotly panting sun  
Seemed her favored brow to shun.  
While he showered his golden rain,  
Deftly o'er the flowery plain,  
Sun and shine her pathway round  
Touched not Mary, but the ground,

Tiled with brown and trellised white,  
Zachary's mansion looms in sight:  
Through the porch and at the door,  
Brightening in her gladness more,  
With a voice so filled with Heaven  
Is her salutation given,  
And such high celestial grace  
Beams upon her lighted face,  
Elizabeth with transport sees,  
And trembles in the Heavenly breeze;  
All her being swayed and stirred  
As outpours the spirit word:  
"Blessed of the Lord and Heaven,  
Into thee is welcome given;  
Soon with babe upon thy breast,  
O'er all women thou'lt be blest,  
Wherefore am I honored so?  
Why should I such favor know?  
Wherefore, Mother of my Lord,  
Come to me with first accord?  
What a Heaven my spirit filled,  
What a love my heart enthralled,  
Soon as e'er thy voice I heard,  
Grace-endowed, my unborn stirred,  
Leaped for joy at hail of thine,  
Waits with love the Word Divine."

Light is in the Virgin's eye,  
Light enkindled from the sky,  
Glowings from her rapt lips start,  
Glowings fresh from Heaven and heart.  
And the hymn the Virgin sings  
Down through all the ages rings.

### The Visitation.---July 3rd.

With swift step, as if the precipitate gracefulness of her walk were the outward sign of her inward joy, and she were beating time with her body to the music that was so jubilant within, the Mother traverses the hills of Juda, while Joseph follows her in an amazement of revering love. Like Jesus walking swiftly to His Passion, as if Calvary were drawing him like a magnet, so the staid and modest virgin sped onward to the dwelling of Elizabeth in Hebron. The Everlasting Word within trembled in the tone of Mary's voice, and the Babe heard it, and "leaped in his Mother's womb," and the chains of original sin fell off from him, and he was justified by redeeming grace, and the full use of his majestic reason was given to him, and he made acts of adoring love such as never patriarch or prophet yet had made; and he was instantaneously raised to a dazzling height of sanc-



tity, which is a memorial and a wonder in Heaven to this day; and the inspiration of the Holy Ghost thrilled through his mother at the moment, and she was filled full of God, and her first act, in consequence of this plenitude of God, was a worshipful recognition of the grandeur of the Mother of God; and all these miracles were accomplished before yet the accents of Mary's voice had died away upon the air. Straightway the Word arose within His Mother's Bosom, and enthroned Himself upon her sinless heart; and, borrowing her voice, which had already been to Him the instrument of His power, the sacrament of John's redemption, He sang the unfathomable *Magnificat*, out of whose depths music has gone on streaming upon the enchanted earth all ages since.—*F. W. Faber.*

### THE POPE'S MONTH OF MARY.

*Being a Parallel between the Life of the Holy Father and that of the Blessed Virgin.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE "ROSIER DE MARIE," BY  
MARIODULUS.

#### FOURTH DAY.

PIUS THE NINTH, A LITTLE CHILD, BRINGS ALMS TO  
THE POOR. MARY, STILL AN INFANT, SUCCORS  
THE NEEDY.

The consecration of Pius IX to the Holy Virgin by his virtuous Mother, could not fail to be a source of happiness to him; and, in fact, it was doubly so. It might be seen in the regular and delicate features in which his angelic countenance began to develop itself with such an exquisite charm, in the easy and graceful movements which came so naturally to him, in the look full of majesty and the veritably royal presence which all admire so much in him at the present day. But, above all, it might be seen in the happy instincts which penetrated, as if spontaneously, his simple and candid heart, and manifested themselves exteriorly in charming fruits of piety and virtue. It seems as if fair Italy, his native country, the fortunate sister of delicious Eden, has delighted to adorn him within and without with all the magnificent gifts she has received from Heaven. The splendor of her sun, the serenity of her nights, the murmur of her woods and cascades, the perfume of her flowers, and the limpidity of her waters, all appear to have united in concert to compose the purity of his look, the sweetness of his smile, the harmony of his voice,\* and the marvelous beauty of his soul. He was so lovely—the noble child—he reflected so brightly from his brow the sweet light of innocence, that he might have been taken for one of those glorious cherubs, which the painters of his country group so gracefully around the figure of the Virgin. How often, playing with other little children under the eyes of his mother, she saw him suddenly pause, and separate himself from the rest, lifting his eyes to Heaven, and slightly bowing his head, as if he had heard from

above the voice of an angel calling him "Brother!" How often, after having partaken of the family repast, instead of running immediately to his amusements, he would silently glide to his mother's oratory, bending his knees and joining his hands before the image of that glorious Infant Jesus, whom they had taught him to imitate and to love so well, or before the statue of that august Virgin, who, they told him, was the fairest treasure of earth and heaven. It is the pure inspirations of these two heavenly affections which animated the early years of our Sovereign Pontiff—years too quickly passed—blessed by all, but especially by the unfortunate. "When he saw a poor person, his little heart was filled with compassion, and he ran to call the attention of his mother, a lady of ardent and pure charity, to the object of his solicitude, blushing with a holy modesty, and anxious that the poor person might not be grieved at the sight of his amusements."—*Histoire de la Sainteté de Pie IX.*, by Marshall de Bussy.

Now what we have said here of the budding piety of Pius IX, according to the various accounts that we have received from all historians, does it not appear to you, children of Mary, that Pius IX was inspired, from his earliest years, by these words consecrated to the praise of the holy infancy of that chaste Virgin: "At the beginning of every day, she prostrated herself interiorly in the presence of the Most High, and praised Him for His infinite perfections. She rendered Him thanks for having created her out of nothing, and acknowledging the work of His hands, she blessed Him, exalted Him, adored Him as her Sovereign Lord, and the Creator of all that exists. She elevated her soul, to abandon it into the hands of God. With profound humility and perfect resignation, she prayed God to dispose of her according to His holy will, for that day and for all the remainder of her life, and to teach her whatever was most pleasing to Him, that she might perform it exactly. This holy habit, which she practised from her birth, without ever failing, she preserved throughout her whole life, no matter what her occupation was. She soon repeated it several times a day while performing her innocent actions." (*Vie Divine de la Très-sainte Vierge*, according to Marie d'Agreda, by L'abbé B.)

As to that generous solicitude which Pius IX manifested so early in behalf of misfortune, must we not say that he learned it in the admirable school of the virtues of Mary? "Her compassion towards sinners and the poor," so has it been written of that most admirable Virgin, "was most noticeable. After she had attained the age of two years she often begged from her mother alms for those who were in want. She retrenched something from her meals that she might give it to them. She did not give alms to the poor as a mere benefaction, but as the payment of a just debt due to them." (*Vie Divine de la Très-sainte Vierge*, according to Marie d'Agreda, by L'abbé B.)

Children of Mary, behold again our models, the Holy Virgin and Pius IX. Both, from their youth gave themselves to God entirely and without reserve; both, from the very dawn of life, turned their steps to the only road that leads to happi-

\* Here is the portrait which L'abbé Mulois sketches of the Holy Father: "His figure is fine-looking, and above the middle height; he has a magnificent voice, and eyes in which shine the lightnings of superior intellect; his features are full, and when he makes his appearance, with his good and gracious mien, his white locks, and his snowy robes of state, one might think it a consoling vision of the better world."

ness—that of virtue. It is for us now to follow them. “The glory of the youth and of the maiden,” says Saint Ambrose, “is to fear God, to be submissive to their parents, and to reverence old age!”—(St. Amb. *De Officiis*.) “The crown of the aged,” adds another holy personage, “is not the diadem of white locks that adorns his head—his crown consists of the virtues of his youth.”—(*Tass in Epist.*) “Love wisdom,” cry in their turn our Sacred Books, “Run in search of her, devote to her the best days of thy life. Give unto her thy whole heart; wed thyself, so to speak, to her.”

Faithful to these voices from heaven, let us hasten, servants of Mary, to offer ourselves to the Lord; let us devote ourselves to Him from the first moments of our life; and there, sweetly urged on all sides by the happy impulse of well-doing, we shall naturally lean to all those pure affections of the saints which make of earth a paradise—those especially which Mary and our august Pontiff have so admirably, and so early, put into practice—the love of the unfortunate and of the poor.

This love, in fact, is one of the most noble that can find entrance into the heart of man, for it raises the soul directly to God, and is, in truth, the love of Jesus Christ himself. He was so poor, our dear Saviour, that He had no cradle but a worn-out manger; so poor, that to paint His extreme distress, He exclaimed sometimes, with sweet reproachfulness: “Behold, the foxes have burrows where they may hide with their little ones, the birds of Heaven have branches, where they may build nests for their young brood: but I have not a single place upon the earth where I may lay my head.” So poor, that some days before He died, there might be seen in His company one of His Apostles, carrying a purse in which to collect the alms of the throng! Then, He loved the poor so much that He said to the people, assembled around Him to hear Him: “Verily, I say to you, whoever shall give a cup of cold water to a poor person in My name, shall not lose his reward.” It is only, indeed, for having loved His poverty, and relieved His necessities, that Heaven will be opened to us. “Come,” He will say, “O ye blessed of My Father; for I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; naked, and you clothed Me; a stranger, and you received Me into your houses; come enter into the possession of My glory!”

Bearing in mind these consoling words, let us cast ourselves on our knees, children of Mary, and let our hearts, as well as our lips, say with faith:

“Lord, we thank Thee for having instructed us so well by Mary, Thy Mother, and by Pius IX, our Pontiff, Her glorious imitator; with what alacrity we ought to walk, from our youth, in the holy fragrance of piety, and in the love of the poor. O God, grant that our children may make us happy by ruling their lives according to these august models; that they may love Thee from their earliest years as Thou hast loved Mary; and that we, with them, may love both Mary and Thee, as Pius IX loves Thee and Her!”

Wisdom dwells in counsel, and counsel present in learned thoughts.

## LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

### The Marquis of Tuscany.

BY J. W. CUMMINGS, D. D.

Florence in olden times was not the beautiful city which she became under the fostering care of the lavish and splendid Medici, nor was the valley of the Arno always a smiling field of olives, vines, oranges, and flowers, studded here and there with gorgeous villas and elegant casinos. The environs of Florence, now so beautiful and so populous, were covered with thick and tangled wild-wood in the days when our story begins. The light of the sun as it fell upon the silent soil, was broken and chequered by the branches of a primeval forest, and the huntsman often dismounted and warily led his steed through briery copsewood, or across marshy meadowland, traversed only by narrow and straggling paths. Along one of these rustic avenues, somewhat broader and straighter than the rest, a nobleman rode slowly one sultry summer afternoon. He had followed the chase, which was his favorite pastime, through the wilds of Valdarno for several hours, until panting from the heat of the season, weary of exertion, and parched with thirst, he paced gently along in the hope of hearing a grateful promise of refreshment in the song of some lonely cottager, or the bubbling sound of a mountain rill. The noble mien and lofty bearing of the cavalier would have led to the conclusion that he was a person of rank and consequence, nor did his distinguished appearance belie him, for he was the Marquis Hugo, Lord of Florence and its Seignory. He was led onward, on the occasion we speak of, without being himself aware of the fact, by a heavenly guide. Wholesome warning was much needed by the erring prince for his own good and for the good of his vassals; and he was on that day to receive it.

The Marquis was a grandson of the renowned Hugo of Provence, second King of Italy after the downfall of the Emperor Berengarius. He was a powerful chief, a gallant soldier, and during the early part of his career he delighted in the practice of every virtue becoming a Christian prince. The teachings and examples of a pious mother, to whom he was fondly attached, had impressed themselves at an early age upon his generous and feeling heart, and none more so than her often repeated injunction that he should ever be faithful in his devotion to Mary. Deeply and sincerely did the young prince mourn his bereavement when his affectionate parent was called from the scenes of her virtuous life upon earth to receive a well earned crown in heaven. His loss was even greater than the young nobleman fairly understood it to be. For when the gentle voice of his mother had ceased to breathe the timely warnings which had hitherto guided his steps, he began little by little to swerve from the straight path along which duty is present and certain at every point, while happiness may be reached only at the journey's end.

Hugo changed rapidly, and for the worse. Yet such is the inconsistency of human nature! Al-



though he soon neglected and forgot the counsels of his mother concerning the fulfilment of the ordinary practices of Christian virtue, he cherished what was most pure and refined in the course she wished him to pursue, namely: love and devotion towards the queen of angels and virgins. The daily increase of influence and power, the noisy occupations of medieval warfare, and the society of worthless associates, depraved the young prince to such a degree that nothing was left save veneration for her name, and the practice of certain devotions in her honor, to distinguish him from the crowd of ruthless and corrupt chieftains who lorded it over Italy at the time in which he lived. He became a heartless oppressor of his people, and the excesses of his private life were the scandal of all who had access to the court. Such was the conduct of the noble Marquis, who professed tender devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, and who now rode along through the forests of Valdarno, cursing the heat of the season, and the thirst which parched his lips after the labors of the chase.

Suddenly and unexpectedly a person met him on his way, and what was his delight when he perceived that it was a woman, bearing in her hands a salver of the freshest and most delicious fruits. It was a little mound of autumnal treasures, such as Domenichino or Carracci loved to paint to the life, and such as the traveler beholds in the banquet halls of Italian villas, as he gazes with astonishment at a counterfeit that stands forth from the canvas more real than reality, more natural than nature itself. Piled up before the eyes of the prince, dying of thirst, there were slices of fresh watermelon, large ripe figs, mellow apples, juicy pomegranates, luscious pears, and downy peaches, crowned and festooned with heavy bunches of blue and amber-colored grapes, bursting with very ripeness. Eagerly did he stretch forth his glowing hand to this rich treasure, for which he would have paid its weight in gold;—but how great was his annoyance when he perceived that these tempting fruits were all besmeared with filth. He withdrew his hand. Yet burning thirst is not apt to be delicate and fastidious. Again he plunged his hand among the little mountain of fruits, but it emitted such a nauseous odor that he hastily drew back his hand again and turned his head, overcome by a sense of sickening disgust that well-nigh caused him to faint. He now gazed upon the bearer of this strange burden, so tempting to the sight and so repulsive to the smell. She was a comely matron of august mien and majestic bearing, and the salver she bore in her hands seemed to the astonished nobleman to be made of burnished gold. Before he could give utterance to his surprise or demand an explanation, a steady and searching gaze was bent upon him, and he thrilled with awe at the words of reproof which fell upon his ear; "*Thou seest in these fruits an emblem of the devotion thou claimest to hold so dear. It is indeed beautiful and good in itself, but so defiled by thy wicked life as to be unworthy of acceptance in the sight of Heaven.*" Such was the warning given Hugo when he had declined to partake of the fruit, after which the

vision disappeared from his sight and he found himself alone in the forest.

The mildness of the rebuke he had miraculously received went to the very soul of the young prince, and overwhelmed him with shame and remorse. He thought of the peace and happiness of his innocent boyhood—he remembered the gentle tones of his mother's voice—he thought of the promises made so often that he would be a faithful servant of Blessed Mary, the Mother of Holy Purity. Then rose up before him the extravagance and dissipation, the heartlessness and unchastity of the life he had been leading of late with his roystering comrades, and he shed tears of grief and bitter self-reproach. He promised speedy amendment—he purposed and planned—and turned his horse's head towards the gates of Florence, with the full conviction that the morrow would find him a new man. Such were the resolves of Hugo, Marquis of Tuscany, as he reached his palace on the evening of that eventful day; but, alas for poor human nature! they were not destined to be honored in the observance. The old chronicle tells us that the young prince purposed reform indeed, but that he did not comply with his duties, nor fortify himself with the aids of grace, and that what was still worse, he failed to avoid the occasions which had proved so fatal to his virtue. A few taunts and jeers from his youthful associates soon banished all traces of serious thought from his brow, a few merry bouts drowned all recollection of the vision in the forest, and the mild rebuke with which it was accompanied. Hugo soon became as stout a wassailer and as noisy rioter as the best, or rather the worst of them—to use a still more forcible comparison, he shortly became as wicked a scape-grace as he had been before. A new reprimand was needed to recall him to his senses, which were now the very reverse of sober, a reprimand he should not so easily forget—and it came.

The game-keepers of the Marquis had come upon the trail of a wild-boar, in the woods that skirted the foot of Mount Senario, and swept up its bold and rocky sides, and all the court had turned out in high spirits to enjoy the sport and give chase the formidable savage. None of the princely cavalcade was more eager in pursuit that day than the bold and adventurous young Marquis, but when a view was finally got of the chase, he grew wild with excitement, and hung upon the rear of the flying enemy with such ardor that he followed him into the most wild and dreary fastnesses of the mountain. Here at length he paused and reined in his steed, which was covered with foam and panting with fatigue. He became aware that he had distanced his retinue, and sought vainly around to discover even one of his straggling attendants. The atmosphere, which had been sultry and moist, had grown close and dark, portending the gathering of a storm. All was still as death in the gloomy forest; then, as the prince looked up at the clouds, stretched like a mass of black marble overhead, a few thick, heavy drops pattered on the leaves of the trees, and even dashed upon his face and hands. Anon were heard the first hoarse rumblings of thunder struggling

to break forth from its dungeon. Then came a loud crash like the bursting of an earthquake—the mountain seemed to tremble on its base; the oaks tossed their giant branches in the fury of the blast; tall pines rocked wildly to and fro; weird glimmering lightning lit up the trees and rocks with a lurid blaze, then all was dark again, and finally down poured the rain in heavy torrents, deluging the whole scene, gathering and gurgling from rock and gully, and foaming madly in yellow cascades down the steep sides of the mountain.

The brave prince, though he was no stranger to Alpine thunder-storms, thought he had never seen one so furiously violent as this. Nothing makes a coward, even of a brave man, so quick as to be suddenly drenched with cold water from head to foot, and he looked wildly around for some place of shelter. He discovered at length the outlet of a cavern in the rock, and thither he spurred his jaded and terrified steed. The prince dismounted and entered, leading his horse under the brow of the overhanging rock, when a spectacle met his view which transfixed him with terror to the spot. The sides and summit of a wide and deep cavern were filled with black volumes of smoke, in the centre of which blazed and labored a fiery forge, looking like a picture of hell with midnight for its frame. In front of the forge rose a large anvil, and around it stood several swarthy half-naked figures, whose fiendish eyes and grinning teeth were lit up by the red glare that shot from the mouth of the furnace. These Satanic smiths were busy in drawing forth from the fire and pounding with heavy blows on the anvil, not bars of iron or steel, but arms, heads, hearts, and other portions of human bodies \* \* \* \* The Marquis gazed with fear and horror on the appalling scene; but the thought struck him that the monsters before him must be necromancers, who had retired to these wilds in order to practice, unwhipped of justice, the abominable orgies of their craft. For this class of malefactors he had always entertained a feeling of indignant aversion. With the courage which formed a remarkable trait in his character, he lifted up his voice, rating them in no measured terms, and threatening them with the severest penalties for their crimes. He had not yet ceased speaking, when one of the ugly caitiffs drew near to the mouth of the cave and cut short his address by saying fiercely: "Not so fast, good sir, an it please you. We are not the wizards you take us for, but ministers of Divine Justice, who punish in the manner you behold a number of lewd varlets consigned to our hands. All we wait for now is one Hugo, Signor of the surrounding country, who, if we fasten our grip upon him, will pay well for his lecheries on yon anvil." Never, in his happiest days, had the poor Marquis invoked the Blessed Virgin so devoutly as he did at that moment. Detesting his bad life and promising to do penance, firmly enough this time, he prayed to God to save him from the fiery demons before him. He blessed himself devoutly, and at the sign of the cross they vanished.

Hugo left the cave a far different man from what he was when he entered it. He discovered close at hand a little hermitage, the tenant of which was a man of God, named Eugenius. He spent the whole night with this venerable recluse in discourse touching his conversion, and the acts of virtue he proposed to perform. In the morning he returned to the city, and going to Eustace, Archbishop of Florence, he gave him a full account of his wonderful adventure. He set about repairing the scandals he had given, by a public example of penance and humiliation. On a solemn festival he proceeded to the great church of the Duomo, accompanied by Eustace and the Archbishop of Ravenna, Legate of the Holy See, to make a public confession of his errors. With tears in his eyes he repeated continually to the crowd of people through which he passed, Hugo will be Hugo no longer. *Ugo non sarà più Ugo—Ugo non sarà più Ugo.*"

History bears witness that he was true to his promise. Although one of the most warlike barons of his day, he avoided the brawls in which his neighbors were unceasingly engaged, nor do we know that he unsheathed the sword, unless for the protection of the innocent, or the punishment of bandits or evil-doers. He built several monasteries, and among them the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Santa Maria in Florence, and was so much beloved by his subjects for his justice and moderation, that they honored him with the surname of "*l'Ottimo*," or "The Excellent."

The history of his miraculous conversion has been handed down by tradition, and is often repeated among the people of Italy even at the present day. Their childlike devotion and beautiful taste has led them to dedicate the month of May, the sweet season of sunbeams, zephyrs, and flowers, to the special honor of "La Madonna Santissima," the mother of the Saviour, the queen of Purity and Love. Often during that lovely month, when the "Padre Direttore" instructs his youthful flock, whom he affectionately addresses as "children of Mary," he tells them that no devotion is grateful to their gentle patroness unless it be accompanied with the practice of true Christian virtue; and on such occasions he is heard not unfrequently to illustrate the truth of his assertion by quoting the legend of Hugo Marquis of Tuscany.

A young Parisian artist lately painted a portrait of a Duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied, declaring that it was totally unlike. The painter proposed that the question of resemblance should be left to a little dog belonging to the Duchess, which was agreed to. Accordingly the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in, and no sooner saw the portrait than he licked it over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete, and all present insisted that the picture had been touched during the night, which was actually so, the artist having rubbed it over with a thin coating of lard! The dog's nose was sharper than the critic's eyes.



## Ave Maria from Protestant Lips;

OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.

Cowper, in one of his sweet lines, tells us that domestic happiness is "The only bliss of Paradise that survived the fall." But when sorrow quenches the bright light on the hearth-stone and death threatens to sever the golden links of domestic affection, we are frequently struck by the instinctive turning, in grief and sorrow, towards the Mother of God, of those who cared naught for her while the joys and pleasures of home gladdened the heart. We find this in the touching appeal of a mother for her child, to the Mother of God, by our popular poetess Mrs. Osgood; and in the next, the Wizard of the North felt the mighty yet gentle influence of Mary undefiled—

"When for a father prayed a child,  
And the Maid upon a maiden smiled."

## Hymn to the Virgin.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Mother of the spirit child!  
Of the guileless and the meek,  
Mourful are thine eyes, but mild  
With a beauty from above;  
Pale, but eloquent with love,  
Thy youthful brow and cheek!  
Thou, oh thou hast known a parent's wasting grief!  
A suppliant parent kneels, imploring thy relief!

By the pure and solemn joy  
Filling all thy maiden breast,  
When the precious heaven-born boy,  
Glowing with celestial charms,  
Lay within those virgin arms,  
A bright and wondrous guest!  
Hear, in mercy, hear the faltering voice of grief!  
A suppliant mother kneels, imploring thy relief!

By thine anguish in that hour—  
Hour of woe and dread, when death  
Dared to stay the awful power,  
High, majestic yet benign;  
Dared to seal the truths divine,  
Which dwelt upon His breath!  
By thy hope, thy trust, thy rapture and thy grief,  
Oh Sainted Marie! send this breaking heart relief.

## Ave Maria.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Ave Maria*, maiden mild  
Listen to a maiden's prayer!  
Thou canst hear though from the wild,  
Thou canst save amid despair.  
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,  
Though banished, outcast and reviled.  
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;  
Mother! hear a suppliant child.

*Ave Maria.*

*Ave Maria*! undefiled!  
The flinty couch we now must share  
Shall seem with down of eider piled,  
If thy protection hover there.  
The murky cavern's heavy air  
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;  
Then Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer,  
Mother, list a suppliant child!

*Ave Maria.*

*Ave Maria*! stainless styled!  
Foul demons of the earth and air,  
From this, their wonted haunt exiled,  
Shall flee before thy presence fair.  
We bow us to our lot of care,  
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;  
Hear for a maid, a maiden's prayer,  
And for a father hear a child.

*Ave Maria.*

Letter of recommendation of the Most Reverend  
Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, June 16, 1865.

*Very Rev. Dear Sir:* The establishment of a paper in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of our dear Lord, and our own sweet Mother in Heaven, was something so new in this country, and so far in advance of what many might believe to be the religious sentiment of our Catholic people, who have been made to breathe from childhood an atmosphere infected by unbelief, that I, at first, hesitated to lend my sanction to the undertaking, and I wished to examine carefully the first numbers of the AVE MARIA, before giving it my approval. This I have done, and I am now happy to be able to say, that I have been much pleased with the first five numbers, with the slight exceptions I have taken the liberty to communicate to you.\* Go on as you have begun; avoid all exaggeration, for our Immaculate Mother needs no such eulogy, which were rather injurious than beneficial to her honor; and, I have no doubt you will succeed, and obtain the blessing of our Lord, who cannot be greeted with a more acceptable homage than that which comes to Him through the one nearest and dearest to His Heart—His own Mother.

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

Our Catholic people are further advanced in piety than many gave them credit for; they are prepared not only to gather the fruits, but reverently and lovingly to cull the flowers of devotion. They will no doubt welcome the AVE MARIA with an abundant and increasing patronage; thus signaling their love towards the great Patroness of these United States.

I remain, very faithfully, yours,

† M. J. SPALDING,  
Archbishop of Baltimore

\* His Grace refers here to two different articles of two eminent clergymen, yet living. We have written to both, to communicate to them the remarks of the learned Prelate. Personally, we are thoroughly averse to all exaggerations on a subject which visibly needs none to please and delight.—Ed.

## New Publications.

MATER ADMIRABILIS; or, First Fifteen Years in the Life of Mary Immaculate. By Rev. Alfred Monnin. Translated from the French by the Sisters of Charity, Mt. St. Vincent, N. Y. Published by James B. Kirker, New York.

Rev. Alfred Monnin is favorably known as the author of one of the most delightful works of the day—"The Life of the Curé d'Ars"—and we now thank his gifted pen for giving us these charming chronicles of *Mater Admirabilis*; to the Sisters of Charity our thanks are also due, for having so faithfully translated them.

The beautiful devotion paid to the Blessed Virgin under her title of *Mater Admirabilis* is fully explained in this most interesting work. The approbation given by the Sovereign Pontiff to this devotion, and the indulgences with which the Holy Father has enriched it is a sufficient title to commend it to all Catholics. The following des-

cription of the fresco, in the opening pages, is full of holy and artistic beauty :

There in the wall, within a niche contiguous to the great church of the monastery, is the most holy Virgin, painted in fresco at full size, and at the age of twelve or thirteen years. One would suppose she was seated in a portico near by, the door of which is open. At first it would seem that the most holy child is the only peaceful inhabitant of this place; there appears to open before you, in perspective, a long and beautiful inclosure, from which can be seen the tranquil country around Rome, and the mountains of Latium bordering the horizon. The pilgrim looks in surprise, and very soon feels as if the air around this fair flower of the field and lily of the valley were embalmed with the perfumes of silence and recollection. He sees her occupied in simply spinning flax; near her, on the right, is a distaff resting upon a slender standard, and on the left, a lily rising out of a crystal vase, and bending its flexible stalk towards Mary. This lily seems to be seeking Mary, and Mary, raising her eyes to contemplate it more easily, inhales the heavenly dewdrops and virginal perfumes. Absorbed in her meditation, the most holy child has suspended her work; her shuttle, become motionless, falls from her hand, while her left hand still holds a light thread which remains joined to the flax in the distaff; a foot of this most holy spinner rests upon a stool, near which lies an open book, spread out on a work-basket filled with shuttles and skeins. This foot has become the object of public veneration; every one who kneels before the fresco kisses it, and the paint being effaced from it, the wall has been seen here already for some years.

The features of the youthful Mary express a purity in which there is nothing of earth; her countenance is modestly tinged, the ringlets of her golden hair are just perceptible through the wavings of a transparent veil which covers her neck; her pure virginal brow, slender figure, and delicate limbs, give her a youthful appearance, full of grace and truthfulness. It is truly the Virgin of virgins; it is truly Mary, and Mary at an age when but few works of art have sought to represent her, to excite the veneration and love of the faithful.

This design, so simple, so ingenuous in appearance, has a singular virtue. In proportion as it is deeply pondered, one seems to break in on the indescribable peace and recollection of the most holy child; the mind becomes disengaged from terrestrial preoccupations, to take wing, and fly towards brighter realms; the soul becomes simplified, and finds God, whom she better comprehends and loves more tenderly. She is thus led captive by *Mater Admirabilis* who conducts her into that higher world in which she herself dwells, the world of silence and union with God.

It frequently happens that one quits the sanctuary, descends the long staircase of the *Piazza di Spagna*, and mingles in the bustle of the city, without having lost sight in imagination of *Mater Admirabilis*, as he saw her before leaving her sanctuary. She seems to follow him everywhere, and to say to him everywhere, "God, God alone."

How many souls there are that have not resisted this voice! they have returned to seek the young child of the temple, under her portico: Mary has imparted to them her secret,—the secret of detachment, of profound recollection, and of the most austere, loving, and sweet indifference. She has taught them the peaceful reign of the love of God. And these souls have imitated Mary; they have quitted all to follow Jesus Christ. It is impossible to enumerate the religious vocations which have been decided at the feet of *Mater Admirabilis*. Pure souls are not the only ones drawn by the charms of the Virgin of the Temple; a large number of sinners have found near her the confusion which enlightens, the grief which reconciles to God. Whilst contemplating this virginal form, many sinners have exclaimed: "I will arise, I will go to my Father; and I will say, I have sinned against Heaven and against thee." Sacred words of repentance, blessed expressions of sincere, entire contrition, how many times have they been repeated in this solitary corridor, before the lily of Israel! And the angels exult in this joy which extends even to Heaven, whenever a strayed sheep returns to the fold.

### Religious Chronicle.

#### NEWS FROM ROME.

On the 24th of May, the Roman people celebrated with most edifying devotion the Feast of St. Mary, Help of Christians, instituted by Pius VII in 1814, to perpetuate the memory of his return to Rome after five years of exile. The exercises of the preparatory *triduum* were well attended, and the number of communions on the 24th was more considerable than in any of the preceding years.

The election of Camerlingo of the Roman clergy took place on the 24th of May, after the third procession of the Rogation days. The choice of the venerable pastors of Rome, fell upon the Rev. Father Pierre Pictori, curate of St. Marie-des-Morts, where the body of the blessed Labré reposes. This excellent ecclesiastic has endeared himself to the French by the zeal he has manifested in collecting all that is necessary to the canonization of the Blessed Labré.

Two great feasts, the Ascension and St. Philip Neri's day, have just been celebrated. Day before yesterday, about 10 o'clock, the Pope left the Vatican, *en train noble* for St. John Lateran, where he holds chapel on this feast every year. Those of your readers who are familiar with Rome, know that the distance between the two basilicas is considerable. Although the heat was oppressive, crowds filled the principal streets; for example, the Avenue from the bridge of St. Angelo, the Papal route, the square of Venice, the Avenue of the Forum and the long road from the Coliseum to St. John's were a perfect jam. From point to point along the path of the cortège successively arose acclamations of the people. There were many strangers in the multitude, especially Belgians, who had come to assist at the beatification of the venerable John Berchmans. The Pope was received at the portal of St. John's by Cardinal



Mattei, Dean of the Sacred College, Bishop of Ostia and Velletai, and by the Chapter and Clergy of the Basilica, all in pontifical ornaments. After having adored the Blessed Sacrament, His Holiness assisted at the mass celebrated by Cardinal Altieri, Bishop of Albano, Archpriest of the Basilica. A student of Capranica College, pronounced a Latin homily on the solemn mystery of the day. The whole *personnel* of the Papal chapels was present, Cardinals, Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops, the Prince assisting at the throne, the Roman municipality and the divers colleges of the prelature.

The Pope first venerated the heads of Sts. Peter and Paul, exposed before the Confession, and then ascended to the upper atrium of the Basilica, whence he gave the solemn benediction *urbi et orbi* to the crowd spread over the immense and melancholy space between St. John Lateran and the Holy Cross of Jerusalem.

In the afternoon the Cardinals returned to St. John's for the second Vespers.

Yesterday the Pope was conveyed *en train tres noble* to St. Mary's in *Vallicella*, where reposes the body of St. Philip Neri, and held chapel on occasion of his feast. The *train tres noble* is employed only on extraordinary ceremonies. It is composed of a prelate, mounted upon a mule and bearing the papal cross; of two files of prelates of the palace, flanked by domestics in full livery and followed by the Pope's carriage, drawn by eight black horses, massive, grave and almost intelligent in their movements. This carriage, glittering with gold and crystal, is surmounted at the four angles by angels supporting the tiara. The Pope sits upon a movable seat, which enables him to give his benediction right and left, without too much fatigue. In this carriage also sat, facing his Holiness, two members of the Sacred College, the Cardinals Sterk, Archbishop of Malines, and Guidi, Archbishop of Bologna. The first owed this honor to his being a newly arrived stranger; the second, to an ancient and touching custom of the Court; when the Pope on the 26th of May visits St. Mary's in *Vallicella*, he invites to ride with him a member of the Sacred College, bearing the prenomén of Philip.

In the Convent of Oratorians, attached to the church, is shown the chamber where St. Philip Neri died in 1595, also some books and a number of other objects that had belonged to him. Every one is admitted on his feast-day to visit and to kiss these relics. The Pope wished Cardinal Sterk to be his guide in this little pilgrimage across the corridors of the Convent.

St. Mary's in *Vallicella* is a church of good size, but it was literally full. The chapel containing the body of the Saint was unapproachable. The Cardinals took their places upon the benches arranged around the apsis, the Pope upon the throne prepared near the High Altar, and His Eminence, Cardinal Asquini celebrated pontifical mass. Before retiring, the Holy Father admitted to kiss his feet, the Oratorians who served the church and the dignitaries of the congregation. This was done in the sacristy. This Convent of Santa Ma-

ria in *Vallicella*, sanctified by Philip Neri, was illustrated also by another Oratorian, the learned Baronius, who from a religious became a Cardinal. Permit me here to relate a trait of Baronius, which I heard related by a Prelate, who made use of the example of the illustrious Oratorian to justify his own repugnance to accepting the violet habit. It may be that a certain political journal, which appears to me to be but little enlightened upon what is called *thine* and *mine*, will seize upon this anecdote and hurry it off to Rome, as was the case in the little work which I addressed to you upon the duration of the Pontificates from St. Peter to our own time. But what matters it if it does happen to a little religious journal, purely religious, to promote the diffusion of a truth, or of a religious fact, by seeing it pass into the columns of a political journal, purely political.

Baronius, then, was modest as he was learned. One day when the Pope, whose Confessor he was, pressed him to accept the prelature, he replied in these terms: "Most Holy Father, permit me to refuse this dignity. I do not speak through modesty, but if I became a Prelate I should be like every other; I should have servants to open my door, whereas now, when the numerous strangers who visit me, see me open my own door, so much simplicity in a man whom they believe so learned, raises me yet higher in their esteem. You see then, Most Holy Father, the best means of elevating me, as your Holiness desires, is to leave me just as I am." In reality Baronius did speak through humility, but knowing the character of the Pope, he used stratagem and disguised his sentiments. The Pope insisted no further; but some days afterwards, Baronius was called in all haste to a Pontifical audience. As he traversed the ante-chamber, two familiars of the Pope presented themselves, followed by two Swiss, and told him that they had orders not to permit him to enter into the Pope's presence until they had clothed him with the insignia of the Prelature. At this news Baronius sent forth a cry like that of a man taken in ambush; he retreated into a corner of the hall, and protested with animated words and gestures that they should never clothe him with the purple. The noise which was made in the ante-chamber drew the Pope thither, who comprehended the scene at once, and fixed upon Baronius a severe look, under which the poor religious bowed his head like a child. This attitude disarmed the Pope, who contented himself with ordering the learned annalist to return to his convent. Baronius believed himself victor; but the Pope, impressed with the necessity of bringing forward a man so eminent, determined, cost what it might, to get the advantage of his humility. The next morning, just as the Oratorian was vesting himself in his chasuble to celebrate the holy Sacrifice, the two familiars of the day before entered the sacristy and announced to him from the Pope that he was forbidden to celebrate until he should consent to wear the purple soutane. Nothing less than this menace could assure victory to the Pope. The humility of Baronius yielded before the blow aimed at his piety.

[Rocier de Marie.

## THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

From "Le Messager du Sacre Cœur."

**The Jubilee according to the Heart of Jesus.**

The devoted servants of the Heart of Jesus, have certainly not lost sight of the pressing exhortations which the Sovereign Pontiff addressed to the entire world in the Encyclical, December 8th. They know that the aim of the Encyclical is, not only to aid us in acquitting our debts towards the Divine Justice, but above all to place us in a state to pray with more fervor and efficacy for the Church, and to avert the deluge of errors which threaten to submerge modern society.

We would quite misunderstand the views of the Sovereign Pontiff, and we would not fulfil our duties towards the Church, our Mother, if we imagined we had nothing more to do, but labor to obtain the indulgence; on the contrary, it is then we must endeavor to unite ourselves, to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, by good works and the graces of the Jubilee.

The associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, should understand that this duty, common to all Christians, is more particularly imposed upon them. We are happy to be able to indicate to them means most powerful to attain this end, since they were prescribed by our Lord Himself, to the Blessed Margaret Mary.

The circumstance under which this lover of the Divine Heart received this revelation were analogous to those which surround us, and certainly the dangers which then threatened the Church were not more pressing than those which now assail it.

The Mussulman had overrun Germany, and to arrest their ravages, the Sovereign Pontiff requested the prayers of Christians, and granted a universal Jubilee. It was on this occasion that our Lord made his pious servant the following revelation, as related in her life, by Mgr. Laugnet:

"When the Jubilee was opened at Paray, and Sister Margaret applied herself, with all the ardor of her heart, to gain it, our Lord appeared to her, with all the severity of an angry Judge, which filled the heart of His servant with fear.

He made known to her, at the same time, that His anger was not so much inflamed by the disorders of the infidel conquests, as by the crimes of His chosen people, who revolted against Him, who abused the familiarity they had with Him, by persecuting Him; in this manner He spoke of those persons, particularly consecrated to God, whose offences had grieved Him the most. He added, that inasmuch as these more favored souls remained faithful, He would restrain His justice, and exercise His mercy with regard to these people, and that one just soul, obtained the pardon of a thousand criminal ones. "But if the former do not all amend," continued He, in a terrible and serene tone, "I shall make them feel the weight of avenging justice." At this moment the Matins bell sounded, and Sister Margaret hastened to the choir, but the sight of Jesus did not vanish; He continued to speak to His servant, saying: "Sigh and weep continually for My blood, uselessly shed over so many souls, who make a great

abuse of these indulgences; they are satisfied to cut the bad weeds they believe they have in their hearts, but they do not wish to destroy the roots. Woe to those souls, all soiled and dried up at the very source of living waters.

The servant of God, seized with fright and sorrow at these words of Our Lord Jesus Christ, spoke to His Sacred Heart, saying: "My Lord and my God, here should you place all faithless souls, that they may be sanctified in order to glorify Thee eternally." "I will do it replied the Sovereign Judge, if you will guarantee their perfect amendment. "But," she replied, in her fervor, "Thou knowest, my God, this is not in my power, if Thou Thyself dost not render efficacious the merits of Thy passion."

In this same ecstasy, our Lord made known to her what she could do the most meritorious during the holy time of the Jubilee. "First, to offer to the Eternal Father the ample satisfaction which Jesus Christ made the Divine Justice for sinners upon the tree of the cross, beseeching Him to render the merits of His precious blood efficacious in all criminal souls, in whom sin had caused death, so that being restored to grace, they would eternally glorify God. Secondly, to offer Him the infinite ardors of the Heart of Jesus Christ, in order to satisfy for the lukewarmness and sloth of His chosen people, beseeching Him, by the ardent love which caused the Son of God to suffer death, to warm tepid hearts and inflame them with that same love, in order that they might love and glorify Him eternally. Thirdly, to present Him the submission of the will of His Son to all His Divine wills, in order to obtain by the merit of this precious obedience the consummation and accomplishment of His holy will upon the earth.

These three exercises will certainly be no less agreeable, in our days, to the Heart of our Lord, than they were at the epoch when He made them known to His generous disciple; neither will they be less efficacious in disarming the justice of His Father. Who among us can say, in our day, what part the ingratitude, infidelities, and treason of the chosen people, have in the evils that afflict us? We know that the special aim of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is, to repair these ingrati- tudes. Let us work for this with all our strength. Let us use for this the means indicated by our Lord Himself. We know nothing better calculated to shorten the trials of the Church and hasten its triumph.

**Correspondence of the Apostleship.**

We cannot resist the desire of communicating to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer some of the consolations procured for us, during these latter months, by the prayers of this dear work.

First, there are whole countries, and very Catholic countries, who call for its establishment, presenting at the same time the infallible condition of success, viz: devout souls who appreciate the importance of the Association and are resolved to use all their influence to propagate it.

About a month since, we received from Canada two letters which filled us with hope. The one was addressed to us by the Superior of a religious



house, who hesitates not to say that he regards the *Apostleship of Prayer* as offered to him by the hands of God himself, to aid him in fulfilling his important charge. In it he beholds a means equally efficacious in his labors for the spiritual advancement of his community, and for the sanctification of the surrounding population. "The Canadians," writes this Religious, "are truly a good people, gay, simple, expansive, hospitable, reminding us of our good country-people of France before the Revolution. Families here are very numerous; this little nation augments rapidly. But the rigor of the climate and the natural unthriftiness of the Canadians prevents them, as a general thing, from emerging from the state of poverty. The greater portion of the commerce and mechanical arts, and consequently of the wealth and social influence of the country is in the hands of the English, much more enterprising and energetic in temporal things. One danger has existed in this country from the beginning, the importance of which it will not do to disguise. The spirit of irreligion already commits great ravages among a portion of the Catholics in our cities, and unites with English Protestantism to overthrow the faith of the people. We must not then sleep and permit the enemy to sow the tares broadcast amidst our harvest without opposing his efforts. The *Apostleship of Prayer* will assist us in arousing this faith, whose very simplicity leans towards a certain indifference, and exposes it to the hazard of surprise."

The second letter, from this Catholic country of *New France*, as it was formerly called, awakens yet more consoling hopes. It is from one of the Directors of an Ecclesiastical Seminary whose students are from seventeen different dioceses. "You see, Rev. Father," writes our venerable correspondent, "what an immense influence the fervor of this house is enabled to exercise in a radius of two hundred and fifty or three hundred leagues." This influence can, indeed, spread, over immense tracts, and infallibly will do so if these excellent young people can attain to the comprehension of the *Apostleship*, and will imbibe the spirit of this work as well as their zealous director has done.

Until now our work had scarcely penetrated into Erin's green bowers, save in a few houses of education, whence it shed but a feeble ray. We hope that it will soon spread more widely there. But there, also, the *Apostleship* has aroused an ardent devotion. "My feet and hands are bound by bad health," wrote, lately, a generous person whose assistance we had solicited; but in spite of all my infirmities I hope I shall be able to labor for the realization of the dearest desires of the loving Heart of my Jesus. I know not but that I should reproach myself for the excessive eagerness with which I accepted this work as soon as it was made known to me. If the conquest is of little value you may at least consider it as complete, entire, I thank you for accepting it. I have an ocean of sufferings to throw into the immense treasure you open before me. May the the infinitely loving Heart enclosing this treasure accept my dolorous offerings for its own glory and the salvation of the souls dearest to It!"

Yes, surely, the Heart of the Good Master will accept this offering. He who in the Sacrament of His love has reduced Himself to a state of complete immobility, reserving only the power of desire and prayer, loves to choose as His instruments, souls like Himself, reduced to powerlessness, but whose desires have gained in energy all that their other faculties have lost.

In Germany, the *Apostleship* made its first conquests in the highest ranks of society. If discretion did not close our lips, how happy should we not be to make known the treasures of devotion and zeal, placed by the Heart of Jesus in the heart of august princesses, who have gladly become the first promoters of our work! A movement commencing from such a high cannot fail of a wide extension; and after compassing Austria, its present limit, it will be propagated, we hope, in all the other Catholic countries of Germany.

We cite a letter written to us during Lent by the Superior of one of the first Convents of the Order of Carmel in France:

VERY REV. FATHER: We do not ordinarily write during Lent, but I cannot defer thanking you for all the precious treasures you have had the goodness to send us, and which have inspired the whole Community with joy. Also I beg of you, worthy Father, to receive the lively and profound gratitude of all your Associates of Carmel, who promise, by the help of God, to fulfill their holy vocation with a new fervor, in union with all the blessed members. We will endeavor, even more earnestly than in the past, to be faithful auxiliaries of the Church, in the conversion and sanctification of souls, that the name of God may be known and loved, and that the adorable will of our Lord to save all men may receive more perfect accomplishment. To attain this end, permit us, Very Rev. Father, to solicit the special remembrance of your Reverence in the Heart of our Lord, that the charity of Jesus may urge and consume us; regard us as your Carmelites, and by this title obtain for us, of the Divine Master, courage and zeal, that the daughters of St. Teresa, specially united with you, desire for you."

How many touching details might we not add, if we could only make a summary of our correspondence for the last two months. Now it is a schoolmaster, who affirms that since the day the *Apostleship of Prayer* was established among his people, a notable change in them may be perceived. These good children are more recollected in their prayers, apply better to their duties, and are more regular in their whole conduct. The manner even in which they receive the corrections required by the levity of youth, shows that they are constantly controlled by supernatural motives. A young vicar sends us a truly marvelous current of good works accomplished in five months by twenty-five zealous persons, of whom he has made so many apostles—121,308 works. Of this number 1,876 were communions, 2,543 alms-deeds, 1,286 visits to the sick, &c. This one, alas, we cannot name, or his modesty would take alarm at our praises.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Box of Little Tin Soldiers.

BY LADY CHARLES THYNNE.

"A story? O Eustace, if I thought of stories all day long, I should never remember enough to satisfy you."

"But we don't want a long story, Aunt Jane, but a true one; something that really happened to you when you were little—when you were not as big as Annie."

And Eustace looked down patronizingly on the fair-haired child that was half sitting, half lying on my lap.

"Well, give me time to think, and don't say one word for five minutes; then I will try and remember something."

"Well!" exclaimed both the children long before the expiration of the time.

"Hush, Eusie; you should be more patient. I have had no time to remember anything. I can only think of one very naughty thing I did; so naughty that I don't like to tell you."

"Oh, but that is just what we want. It would have been quite fun to have seen Aunt Jane really naughty; wouldn't it Annie?"

"What is it about?" asked Annie.

"Yes, tell us what it's about," said Eustace; "not a bit of the story, only what it's about."

"It is about a very odd thing; guess."

"A kitten, Aunt Jane?" said little Annie.

"No, of course not; nobody cares for cats."

"It's about a dog, or a horse, or a boy. But if it is about you, it must be about a girl," said Eustace in rather a disappointed tone.

"It is partly about me, of course; but the name of my story will be, 'The Box of little Tin soldiers.'"

"Oh, how funny!" exclaimed Eustace; "tell us quick."

And the children having established themselves comfortably, one on the arm of the chair and the other on my knee, they both listened with eager faces to my story.

"I am afraid I was older than either you or Annie when what I am going to tell you happened. I was past seven, and had begun to do lessons in the schoolroom with the governess and my sisters; but I never walked with them, as they walked farther than I could, so I always went out with nurse and the little ones. We lived in London then, and it was a cold, bright March day; I remember the dust and the glare and the bitter wind as well as if it was but yesterday. We were generally sent into the park with our hoops, and made to run up and down the walks; but we did not like it much, and were always trying to coax nurse to take us into the streets. This was against all orders, so that the utmost she would ever do was to take us a longer way home, through some streets full of shops, and to let us look in at the windows. One shop had an especial attraction for us. I need scarcely say that it was a toy-shop. Our visits were so frequent that we had all become

acquainted with Mrs. Mason, the woman to whom the shop belonged. She was a widow, with one daughter; and as nurse knew something of her, she always came to the door to speak to her, and invite us to come in, which of course we were delighted to do. She was a kind woman, and would show us the new toys that she had, without appearing to expect us to buy anything.

"This particular March morning that I am telling you of, she showed me a little box containing tin soldiers, with a stand upon which they were placed, with their captain at the head of his men considerably taller than they were, and painted brilliantly in blue and red. I was quite fascinated by this toy, and stood looking at it with my hands resolutely at my side, determined not to touch it. I felt such a longing to possess that tin soldier! I asked Mrs. Mason the price; it was two shillings. I had only six pence in the world. I was still standing close to the counter, when I heard nurse wish Mrs. Mason good by. The children followed her, and Mrs. Mason stood at the door, still talking. I was alone; no one was in the shop; no one could see me. Almost involuntarily I seized the tin soldier, and slipped it into my pocket. For one moment I was glad. Suddenly a terror came over me, and till I got home I felt utterly unable to think at all. Then I seemed bewildered. Could I really have done such a thing? Could I really be a *thief*? Thieves, I knew, were put in prison, perhaps hung: was I such as they? I did not even dare look at my treasure; it would have led to an instant discovery of my crime. Besides, it was no longer 'my treasure.' I had a perfect horror of it. I had only one wish, one hope, and that was to replace it at once, the next morning, if possible, before the theft should be discovered. That hope comforted me; we could go to-morrow; most likely Mrs. Mason had not discovered the loss, then no one would ever know.

"But there was great danger of the toy being found in my pocket when I changed my frock. Where should I hide it? All these thoughts occupied me so entirely, and I was so silent, that every one remarked it. My Mother thought I was ill, and never were there such difficult lessons as mine that afternoon.

"I dare say she is over-tired, as usual," I heard Miss Cotton, the governess, say to nurse; 'You should not take her so far.'

"Her words terrified me. Suppose I was not allowed to walk to-morrow! This fear roused me, and I instantly began to play with my little brother. But I over-did it, and made my head ache. Still I felt the toy in my pocket. Where could I hide it, that I might get at it easily? The only place I could think of was under the mattress of my doll's bed; no one played with that but myself. Accordingly I placed it there, but felt very little happier. Every time the door opened, every time the door bell rang, I expected it to be a message from Mrs. Mason to inquire about her loss; or perhaps some one had seen me do it, and people would come and carry me off to prison. Sometimes I absolutely shook with terror. I was naturally an open child, and this necessity



for deceit, besides the continual fear I endured, so preyed upon me, that before evening my headache became so violent that, though I tried to conceal it, my mother desired me to go to bed. It was in vain to resist; I felt too ill to wish for anything but stillness and darkness. When any one came to my bedside I pretended to be asleep, to prevent their asking me any questions. At last I did sleep, and woke in the morning tired and languid, but without headache. Nurse came to me, and desired me not to get up; she would bring me my breakfast, and see how I was after. The agony of grief which I felt at her words cannot be described. I cried, I implored, I knelt up in my bed with clasped hands, to beg her to let me get up and go out. I believe she thought I was delirious.

"And my lessons?" I said, thinking I had found an unanswerable argument.

"Miss Cotton imagined I was afraid of her displeasure, and kindly came into the nursery to say that as I was ill I need not do any lessons to-day."

"Now you will rest, won't you, Janie?" she said kindly, and kissed me.

"Rest! Ah, how little she knew! I seized her hand, and gasped out, as well as I could, for my sobs suffocated me, 'Only ask nurse to let me get up and go out.'"

"Go out, my dear, in this cold wind! it would be madness. Now, lie still, and don't cry. I will bring you a book to read, and perhaps we may walk to Mrs. Mason's later, and find something to amuse you. But you must be good and patient."

"I want nothing; please don't go to Mrs. Mason's," I said despairingly.

"Miss Cotton only looked upon me as a fractious child, and paid but little attention to what I said."

"I was kept in bed all that morning. I am not sure that in all my life I have ever suffered what I did in that one day. I remember how much older it made me feel, and, what was far worse, it was the beginning of my acting deceitfully to those whom I loved."

"When my mother took me into her room and kissed me, and told me to lie down on the sofa, I felt as if my heart would break; and yet, strange to say, it never occurred to me to tell her what I had done. I had but one single idea in my mind, that I must replace the toy, and then no one would ever know."

"But you knew God saw you, Aunt Jane?" interrupted Eustace. "I should have known that."

"Yes, Eusie; but you know much more than I did. I had never been taught, as you have, that however greatly a child may sin, he may go to confession, and his conscience be relieved of that weight, and that, if truly penitent, he may feel sure of pardon from Almighty God. I cannot explain to you how that I knew nothing of all this; but I am glad to think that you can never be as miserable as I was that day, for I had no help. I did not dare think, and I felt perpetually obliged to conceal my sorrow, lest I should be condemned to stay in the nursery. But the struggle was too great; I could not sleep, and soon became restless and feverish. I remember that the measles were very much about; and my mother

fancied I must be sickening, and sent for Dr. Graham. Happily he could not detect anything wrong, and said my mother was fanciful. He gave a few directions, and was going away, when I called after him.

"Please, Dr. Graham, may I not go out?"

"Yes, to be sure; the best thing for you in fine weather. Run about and get an appetite, and some color into your cheeks; we shall have no more restless nights then."

"Some days had passed since my last walk, and my secret weighed upon me day and night. Perhaps to-morrow I might get rid of the hateful tin soldier, for such he had become to me. I had grown to feel about that toy as if it were a living person, and that I was in his power. Occasionally too a feeling of wonder came over me to find that I really could be so miserable. I felt like the old woman and her dog, that it could not be really 'I.'"

"But did you go out, Aunt Jane?" asked Annie.

"You must not interrupt, Annie," said Eustace; "she'll forget."

"Oh, no, I shall never forget that time as long as I live. I remember every day, almost every hour. Yes; the next day I was to go out, and again I had to dissemble, and contrive to make nurse take me into the park. I ran into the closet where we kept our hoops, and contrived to slip the tin soldier into my pocket again. While I was there, I heard nurse calling to me."

"You need not fetch your hoop, Miss Jane; we are only going into the square."

"I clasped my hands in despair."

"Please, please take us into the park;" and I burst into a violent fit of crying.

"Dear me, I think that child's going crazy. Well, you may go into the park; I don't care."

"Thank you," I said, running down stairs, for I felt rather ashamed of my tears.

"Well, into the park we went, and I have a distinct recollection of running about and talking much more than I felt able to do, for fear nurse should not go home by the streets. However, she made no objection, and I found myself in the shop, and Mrs. Mason asking me if I were well again, before I had the least made up my mind how I could get rid of my burden. I had an idea that the tin soldiers would always stand on the counter just as I had seen them before, but there were no signs of them. Not even the box was to be seen. I looked eagerly around the shop: there were puzzles, maps, tea-sets, and dinner sets, but no tin soldiers. What could I do? I knew nurse would not stay long, and I grew desperate."

"Have you tin soldiers? I asked. The words came out almost before I was aware."

"Well I am sure I don't know. We had a very nice lot, very pretty ones they were, with stands, that you could move them up and down just like the real army. We sold some, but the best that stupid girl of mine has been and spoilt, and I don't know where she has stowed them away. I thought you saw them, Miss, the other day when you was here, some days back that is now."

"Good Mrs. Mason was a wonderful talker."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]







## THE MISSIONARY'S HOME, Notre Dame, Indiana.

[The MISSIONARY'S HOME forms of itself a separate corporation, under the control of three Right Rev. Bishops; this arrangement of ours having been lately approved at Rome.]

The Missionary's Home is an institution to provide for the necessities of our overtaxed Pastors, when infirmity or age or accident shall have rendered a retreat from the world desirable: when, having exercised for long years the sacred duties of their high calling, they feel incapacitated for further exertion and desire an honorable repose, a retirement in which no anxiety respecting the providing for necessities shall intermingle with the attention to the care of their own salvation, which will then form the sole object of their solicitude.

The proposal for the foundation of such a Home has received not only the formal sanction and the solemn benediction of His Holiness Pope Pius IX, but with the zeal that so preëminently distinguishes him, He (the Pope) amid the difficulties that surround him, and the necessities created by the disorders of the times, was prompted by his own heart to aid a work which has so entirely the glory of God for its object, and He generously disbursed a pecuniary offering in addition to the invaluable blessings of his sanction and approbation.

Were superior motives wanting, yet might self-interest alone prompt the Faithful to give the

greatest assistance they could command to the measure; for contemplate for a moment what would be the consequence if, instead of the disinterestedness that now characterizes the Catholic Priest, it were to become a necessity, real or supposed, that he too should set apart from his income a sum sufficient to maintain him in his declining years. The sums now freely given for the promotion of the greater glory of God, would then be hoarded up in a commercial spirit, and the consequences would affect not only the external acts, but the interior relations of the soul in a manner too painful to dilate upon at present.

The Missionary's Home appeals then, of itself, to the highest sentiments we can entertain. It presents itself feelingly to our hearts, as if it were a direct appeal from God himself to animate our zeal. If a cup of cold water, shall in nowise lose its reward; and if to clothe the naked and to give drink to the thirsty among the least of His little ones, shall be esteemed by our Divine Lord as if done to Himself; shall we not invoke a powerful blessing by the exercise of extensive charity towards those who came in His name to announce the glad tidings of salvation to mankind?



LEVEL  
ONE

# AVE MARIA



NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.  
1865.



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## Weekly Calendar.

JULY.

Saturday 8.—St. Elizabeth, W.  
Sunday 9.—Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.  
Monday 10.—Seven Brothers, MM.  
Tuesday 11.—St. Margaret, W. (June 10.)

Wednesday 12.—St. John Gualbert, Abbot.  
Thursday 13.—St. Anacletus, P. M.  
Friday.—St. Bonaventure, B. D.

# The Ave Maria

IS A NEW CATHOLIC JOURNAL, exclusively devoted to the Holy Mother of God, published weekly at Notre Dame University, Indiana, under the highest authority of the Church, for the benefit of the Missionaries' Home; that is, for the Home of aged and invalid Priests, who are unable to discharge any longer the laborious duties of the Sacred Ministry. Thus the patrons of the journal are enabled to aid two good works by one good action.

This paper, the first ever established in the New World for the interests of the Blessed Virgin, is addressed, not to nominal Christians, but solely to such as love the mother of Jesus, and earnestly wish to see her known and honored through the land. Commending itself not only to the various pious Associations in honor of our Blessed Lady—such as Living Rosary, Scapulars, Children of Mary, Sodalitys, etc.,—but to the whole Community.—The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated every Saturday at Notre Dame for life subscribers, and a certain number of communions offered for them; a requiem Mass shall also be offered for them whenever it shall please our heavenly Father to call them from our midst.

It is hardly necessary to say that the "AVE MARIA" is not a political paper; it will ignore absolutely, political strifes. Yet it will contain regularly a summary of recent events, especially such as relate to religious interests; edifying and accredited Legends, Essays and Criticisms upon recent works, will find an appropriate place in our columns. Everything conducive to the interests of the Church will be carefully sought after; for no child of the Church should be ignorant of the trials and triumphs of his mother.

In order to secure the permanency of our paper, and to establish it on a successful material foundation, we purpose creating a fund that will place it, from inception, beyond the contingencies to which similar enterprises are too often liable. The method is as follows: a payment of \$20 constitutes a life-subscription, and such subscriber will receive the journal regularly without being liable to any further payment.

For life-subscription.....\$20 00  
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For two years' subscription.....5 00  
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## TESTIMONIALS:

VERY REV. E. SORIN:

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I feel truly gratified to send you the reply of His Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, in reference to the "AVE MARIA," on which you desired me to consult him. I congratulate you upon the kind words of encouragement I now convey to you. After such a high sanction, it would be too cold to say that I have no objection to your pious undertaking. But you knew before, with what delight I heard the first words you spoke to me about it. With all my heart I hereby bid you go on with it. You have opened a rich vein, at which a number of pious souls will come to refresh and invigorate themselves. Fear not! You will be supported by all who love the Holy Mother of God; and who can call himself a Christian and refuse her that proof of his veneration?

I am happy to see the foundation of such a monument laid to my Diocese. It will cheer all my Priests, it will cheer all the country.

† JOHN HENRY,  
Bishop of Fort Wayne.

"I very highly approve of the design relative to the paper which Father Sorin proposes to publish, nor do I doubt that a work of this kind, proceeding under your auspices, will be productive of great good."

"ALEX. CARD. BARNABO,  
"PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA."

VERY REV. E. SORIN:

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I can but approve fully of your undertaking in publishing the "AVE MARIA." A weekly from such a source, and under such supervision as Notre Dame, has already its sanction; and needs indeed no other approbation but the one of the diocese, in accordance with the only proper rule in our Church. Please to have two copies forwarded to my address. Believe me, dear father, with sincerest respects, your truly devoted,

† JOHN M. HENNI,  
Bishop of Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, April 1, 1865.  
REV. DEAR FRIEND: Please receive my subscription, and at the same time my hearty approbation of your holy and noble undertaking. Mary is the great advocate of the Church in America. Let us unite our efforts to promote her glory, and obtain more and more her powerful assistance for the triumph of our Holy Church.

† AMEDEUS, Bishop of Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, April 11, 1865.

VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR:—I rejoice at your pious thought of the AVE MARIA. It must succeed. When the great rebellion against the Church of the Living God, which is the body of Christ and the fulness of Him, is crumbling away in multiplied divisions, the sweet and bright AVE MARIA of the Archangel is the harbinger of many conversions. "Gaude, Maria Virgo, cunctas hereses sola interemisti in universo mundo." It is also the harbinger of that restored unity for which the Saviour God so touchingly prayed in the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel. Hence I rejoice at your enterprise. Accept for the good work the enclosed sum which I wish my means would permit me to increase a hundred fold.

With great respect and esteem,

Your most obedient servant,

BUFFALO, April 5, 1865. † JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.

ERIE, Pa., April 28, 1865.

VERY REV. FATHER PROVINCIAL:

So much procrastination, and absence and business, have nearly prevented my reply, till the month of May is at hand. As you have chosen it to inaugurate your enterprise to her honor, I must send you my feeble note of approval, for fear I should miss the merit of it if I longer delayed. We shall of course further it among our clergy and people with all care and zeal, praying meantime for its success. I take the liberty to enclose my certified check, to pay first my life-subscription, and secondly, for specimen numbers of the first issue, to be sent to me so as to help its introduction.

Pray for yours in Christ,

† J. M., BISHOP OF ERIE.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir:—Enclosed find my subscription for the AVE MARIA. I have had the pleasure of reading the first two numbers, they pleased me very much, they breathe a spirit of true and genuine piety. It has my best wishes for its entire success. † F. P. McFARLAND,  
May 19, 1865. Bishop of Hartford.

We have received a beautiful letter from the Very Rev. CHARLES C. PISE, D. D., of which the following is an extract: "With hearty congratulations I hail your enterprise in establishing the "AVE MARIA," and trust that your most sanguine expectations may be realized."

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

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Translated for the AVE MARIA.

## MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD.

FROM THE LIFE OF FATHER DE RAVIGNAN.

A military officer, who, to the sense of honor, of which he is the type, joins a deep sense of religion, will always and everywhere force the admiration of men, however widely they may differ in natural, or political feelings. For us, these two glories, of manly courage and faith blended in the same hero, have a prestige bordering on veneration; we can conceive nothing more enviable, more noble; a Christian hero has always been our ideal of human grandeur. This must account for our frequent returns, in the AVE MARIA, to military celebrities or famous names, for beautiful, manly deeds of virtue. We are surprised, at first sight, to find in a military character, whose glorious achievements have become the object of universal applause, a practical, avowed, and even a pious Catholic; and yet it is perfectly natural for a man who perhaps a hundred times has faced death on the battle-field, not to be afraid of human respect, that terrible bugbear for ordinary men of the world.

In the fascinating, soul-entrancing life of Father de Ravignan we find our *beau idéal* of a military hero portrayed in Marshal St. Arnaud, a translation of which we give the readers of the AVE MARIA:

Father de Ravignan brought from Rome a rich present for a warrior, who the ensuing year, was to die upon the enemy's soil, the day after a victory; it was a precious cameo sent by the Sovereign Pontiff to Marshal St. Arnaud.

Some months previous, an intimate friendship had been established between the Jesuit and the future General of the Orient.

Chivalric by nature and of an adventurous temperament, the Marshal had run a thousand risks, in his ambitious dreams of fame and fortune, but when he had attained his ideal of glory, his heart was not full, and he perceived that all the grandeur of this world is but a chimera; to this great disenchantment was added the warning of his own death.

While Minister of War, overwhelmed with the business and distractions of his office, interiorly

consumed by a painful and distressing malady, he suddenly turned to Him who promises a better life, and who has said: "Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The Marshal was, of all the men in the world, the one least capable of making a hypocritical show of his religion, or of concealing his faith through human respect; he believed entirely and without doubt. Whenever Father de Ravignan entered the Cabinet of the Minister, or whenever the latter visited the cell of the Religious, it was openly done, and the noble warrior boldly professed his faith in the camp as in the court.

It has elsewhere been shown that all natures are made for religion, and by it alone are they perfected. Father de Ravignan loved the rare probity, the brusque frankness and indomitable energy of this soul conquered to Christ. A regular correspondence, which was commenced at the office of the Minister of War in Paris and terminated at his head-quarters under the walls of Sebastopol, leaves us some of the intimate communications which took place between the confessor and his penitent. I possess their letters, and for the glory of God I give them publicity, in order that we may again see the hearty sympathy always existing between the priest and the soldier.

I find a series of letters, dated from the great Christian epochs of the year. In this the Marshal always took the lead even over Father de Ravignan himself. In one he writes, "To-morrow will be Christmas, and the distracting affairs of this world do not make me forget my duties towards God;" in another place—"Notwithstanding my desire to see you, I have been unwilling to disturb your meditations, but I wish to remind you that you have been so good as to promise to hear me next Sunday, (Pentecost.)"

The Marshal was ever punctual to the minute, made his confession in Father de Ravignan's chamber, and immediately proceeded to the chapel of the house where he heard Mass and received Holy Communion. We give an extract, showing the deep feeling of his heart on the subject of his change of life:

"My resolution has not weakened; I daily feel more the benefit of religion; my soul ascends to God to thank Him with fervor, for the infinite grace He has bestowed upon me. But in the turmoil in which I live, in the midst of business and worldly distractions, I have not sufficient time to give to meditation and spiritual reading. I have great need, my Father, of your indulgence and of God's mercy."



By order of his Excellency and for his own particular use, a library of pious books chosen by Father de Ravignan, and a chapel attended by a chosen chaplain, were established at the residence of the Minister of War.

During the preparation for that war in the East, which the Marshal, as heroic in illness as in health, still wished to direct in person, Father de Ravignan called his attention to the organization of the religious service in the expeditionary army. This is the beautiful response of the General-in-Chief: "How could you think for an instant that I should neglect to surround the brave soldiers of the army with all the succors and all the consolations of religion? I endeavor to render our soldiers moral, to have their hearts penetrated with good sentiments. Religious soldiers would be the first soldiers of the world."

Father de Ravignan announced to him in the same letter his own immediate return from Rome, [public rumor had designated him as the successor of the late General of the Jesuits,] and the magnificent cameo which he had obtained for him from the Sovereign Pontiff. "What God does is well done," replied he immediately, "and His will is never manifested except justly. I cannot tell you how happy I am at the idea of receiving again your pious counsels, which I so greatly need. I am confused at the goodness of our Holy Father. I pray you lay my profound respects at the feet of his Holiness, and tell him that the pious souvenir which he destines for me shall be my talisman, my support, and my strength in evil hours. I will preserve it with eternal gratitude."

At length the signal for war was given. The Marshal well knew how, at each of his stations, even to the last, for him so glorious, to find time to think of God, and to write to him who was his guide in the ways to heaven.

In a letter dated April 5th, '54, he says: "I go on Monday, and I do not wish to leave Paris and France without once again enjoying your counsels, without asking your prayers. I greatly need your prayers to God to obtain His aid in the great enterprise He has committed to my charge, and from Him alone can I look for strength to discharge it well. Without the assistance of God we can do nothing; and I place my confidence in His mercy, and in the protection He accords to France. I count upon spending an hour with you before my departure, and fulfilling my Christian duties." The 25th of the same month, embarking at Marseilles, he again writes to Father de Ravignan: "I depart with the fullest confidence. It is impossible but that God will protect France in circumstances so grave, so solemn. I am convinced that every one will do his duty, and even more than his duty. We combat in a just cause. Let us hope, then, Reverend Father, and give us your benediction."

On the 20th of June, he writes from Constantinople: "In four days I leave for Varna, where I shall establish my headquarters, and where the whole army will be assembled by the 5th of July. From the 10th to the 15th, I shall advance upon the Russians. Pray to God, my Father, that He

be favorable to our arms. I put my trust in Him, and I invoke His aid, without which nothing is possible to us. He has already given me a great proof of His goodness, in restoring me to health. Now that He may protect France, I will daily pray. Farewell; I recommend myself to your prayers."

Finally, one last bulletin, still entire, from the Marshal's hand, is dated, "Head Quarters, Old Fort, Crimea, 18th September;" I transcribe it:

"Rev. Father, I received this very morning, your good letter, dated St. Acheul, Aug. 20th, and delay not an instant in thanking you for your Christian wishes and your prayers; they have been graciously heard by the Most High! Since the 14th, I landed happily in the Crimea, with the whole army; it is superb, and in the best dispositions. The disembarkation was effected amidst repeated shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*; and it is to this same shout that to-morrow we shall break the Russian columns which await us at Alma, and which shall not prevent me from establishing myself under Sebastopol by the 22d or 23d, at latest. I press operations as much as possible, for my health is failing rapidly, and I pray God to give me strength to the end. As soon as I shall have planted the French flag upon Sebastopol, I shall ask of France to accept my resignation, for complete repose has become indispensable to me. Adieu, Rev. Father; pray for us, and believe me yours, with respectful affection."

The next day, the Marshal, already suffering with poignant and mortal pains, marched against the Russians, overthrew them, and the day after passed from the battle-field to his bed to die like a Christian,—and had he not lived long enough? Religion and glory assisted him at his last hour. The Black Sea, which but a little while before had borne on its breast quite another array, now buoyed on its waves a vessel that carried to their repose the remains of the conqueror of Alma, while his country prepared for him a funeral triumph.

Father de Ravignan, oppressed by these sad tidings as by the news of a disaster, wrote to the sorrowing wife, who went herself to accompany the sad convoy across the seas. May this letter, so consoling and so glorious to the memory of the General who died a Christian hero, stand in this history as a monument raised by the friendship of the priest to the religion of the warrior:

"Madame La Maréchale: The regrets and the tears of the army and of France mingle with yours. Will you permit me to unite to these the respectful homage of my sorrow and my sympathy? Let others speak of the firm and generous character, of the courage and military genius, of the astonishing energy of the Marshal, I, Madam, prefer at this moment to recall only the purest portion of his glory, and which was, after God, your work—he was a Christian. Amidst the intensity of your grief, and under the weight of that irreparable loss, you may, and you should console yourself with the thought that it was your prayers and your example that led his great soul to the open profession of religion, and to the accomplishment of all the duties it imposes. You

know with what chivalric fidelity he came to receive the Bread of the Strong before his departure from Paris. He wrote me from Marseilles, on the eve of his embarkation, that he relied with confidence on the assistance of God, without which we can do nothing.

"His malady weighed him down with sufferings, and accompanied him throughout his admirable enterprise. God desired for him a double triumph; the victory of our arms and the death of a Christian hero mingled, so to speak, in his glory. Repose Madam, in this thought; this soul has left you but for a time. You have given it to God. He accepts it and assumes it to Himself, prepared and sanctified by your pious influences. You will meet it again one day; it has but preceded you in the way you have opened to it. His sentiments of faith and of Christian hope are yours and they will sustain you, they will conduct you to the end."

"But I know well your bereavement weighs you down; it seems as if nothing could alleviate it. Pardon me for having dared to speak to you of it. You will surely comprehend the want of my heart: I weep the death of a friend. I must speak to you of it, and at the same time remind you of what you already know well, that God is the refuge and support of afflicted souls. My prayers and my regrets follow the beloved remains of the Marshal. As soon as I shall hear of your return, I will hasten to hear to you my profound and sorrowful respects; deign to receive them, Madame la Maréchale, with the expression of my most unalterable attachment."

The Marshal, in whom lived again the valor and the faith of the Bayards, of the Turennes and of the Condés, had by his words and his example powerfully contributed to awaken in our army, a spirit of Christianity and of chivalric generosity, which rejoiced Catholic France and astonished Europe—accustomed in the camp to other manners, since the conquests of the republic—born of the age of Voltaire. The image of the Virgin had been enshrined upon the flag-ship of the fleet which had conveyed into the east the sons of the ancient Crusaders; her medal and the scapular decorated the breasts of those brave men who marched to the combat, blessed by the priests of the same God whose temples, their fathers, sixty years before, had everywhere destroyed and whose altars they had profaned.

From the Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.

#### A Cure for Detraction.

A woman one day presented herself at the tribunal of penance, accusing herself to the holy St. Philip Neri of the sin of detraction. "Is the sin habitual to you?" asked the Saint, "O! yes, indeed, Father," the penitent replied. The Saint, perceiving by this frank avowal that his penitent sinned more through heedlessness than malice, resolved to make her feel the evil consequences of a fault, which she committed with such facility and want of thought. What was his method? It was a good one, and we will produce it for the benefit of others. Many sins are common in the world because we commit them without reflection and in a few

moments, while to repair their evil consequence years would not suffice. What then did St. Philip do? Read and profit by the lesson. "My dear child," said he to the kneeling penitent, "you accuse yourself of a very serious fault, but by the grace of God, prayer and a strong will, I doubt not that you will overcome it. And now, my child, here is the penance I impose upon you. Go to the nearest market-place and buy a fowl which has lately been killed, but which is not yet plucked. Walk some distance outside of the city, changing your direction by times; hold the fowl in your hand, and pluck it as you proceed; then, your walk finished and your fowl plucked, return to me, and tell me how you have performed the penance, which, in the name of God, I, as His jurist, impose upon you."

It would be impossible to depict the surprise of the person so singularly punished by a holy Religious, who would surely not jest in the very exercise of his office as confessor! "I will obey you, Father."

She went to the market, and buying the fowl, went along, plucking it, as she had been ordered. Then she returned to her confessor, anxious to acquaint him with her faithful performance of the singular action. "Ah, well," said he, "you have complied with the *first* part of your penance, now here is the second! "Accomplish it and you will be cured! Go along the very roads you recently passed through, and pick up, one by one, the feathers you have just taken off the fowl!" "But that would be impossible," cried the poor woman, at the height of distress. "I threw them in every direction, and the wind carried them still farther away. Father, can you expect me to find them now?" "Well, my child," replied the good religious, "Words of detraction are those feathers, which you declare impossible to gather up, as the wind has carried them off. Your destroying words have gone in every direction; collect them if you can! Go and sin no more."

History does not inform us whether the good woman renounced her fault, but it is probable. At all events, it is a lesson, which requires a *saint* to impart, but a *fool* to derive no advantage therefrom.

#### St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal.--July 8.

BY EDWARD CASWALL.

Pure, meek, with soul serene,  
Sweeter to her it was to serve unseen  
Her God, than reign a queen.  
Now far above our sight,  
Enthroned upon the azure star-paved height,  
She reigns in realms of light;  
So long as time shall flow,  
Teaching to all who sit on thrones below,  
The good that power can do.

Riches and regal throne, for Christ's dear sake,  
Blest Saint, thou didst despise;  
Amid the Angels seated now in bliss,  
Oh, help us from the skies!

Guide us, and fill our days with perfume sweet  
Of loving word and deed;  
So teaches us thy tender charity  
By fragrant roses hid.

O charity! what power is thine! by thee  
Above the stars we soar;  
Praise to the Father, Son and Spirit be,  
Henceforth for evermore.



## THE SCAPULAR.

On the sixteenth of July the Church celebrates the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. If we go back into the old traditions of the Order of Mount Carmel, we are led to far distant ages for the date of its foundation, even to the time when the Prophet Elias dwelt on Mount Carmel with the "sons of the prophets."

It is not of the Order we intend to speak, but rather of one of the fruits of its saintly spirit—of the *Scapular*.

Of all the various confraternities which have arisen in the Church, none have spread so widely as this ancient one. The title of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is cherished by every Catholic heart. This is why we come, a week in advance of the Festival, to remind the readers of the AVE MARIA of its approach, in order to increase their confidence in the Scapular, to incite their love for their beautiful livery of Mount Carmel, and to urge all to use their influence in propagating this salutary devotion.

We have authentic proofs of the protection thrown around those who wore the Scapular during the horrors of our late civil war—one instance in particular, connected with a most gallant and distinguished officer, which we shall take a pleasure in giving to our readers in our next number. We would cite it to-day, but we wish it to have the full weight of the noble officer's name attached, which we do not feel at liberty to use, without first consulting him on the subject.

In the meantime, we will speak of the devotion itself and its many advantages. The word *scapular* signifies a garment worn upon the shoulders. Now, as it is considered a mark of rank by men to have attendants wearing their livery, so does the Blessed Virgin like to see her servants wear her Scapular—it is the royal livery of the family of the Mother of God, and is worn as a mark of our fealty to the Queen of Heaven.

Mary presents it to us as a sign of her adoption and as a pledge of her assistance, and a promise of eternal salvation. Some few persons may not understand this language, and they may be tempted to reject the devotion either from want of confidence in practices of piety, or from some prejudice against the Scapular. But it would be sad if they listened to such suggestions, as they would thereby be deprived of the many precious graces which the Mother of Mercy bestows on her devoted children.

This devotion is also most useful and salutary, since it induces the faithful to honor the Mother of God, to imitate her virtues, to frequent the Sacraments and to unite in the performance of good works. It may be objected that such an insignificant article as two brown pieces of cloth, attached by two strings, cannot be of any practical service, but the Apostle tells us that "The weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong." He that made use of the weak element of water to wash us from the deep stain of sin in which we were born, also makes use of the Scapular, weak as it is in itself, to keep our souls in His grace or to avert danger from

soul or body. This devotion was instituted towards the middle of the thirteenth century, by Saint Simon Stock, and as it was in some measure the fruit of his prayers, we will give a synopsis of his saintly life.

He was born in England, and from his earliest years was a model of piety and virtue; at the age of twelve he retired into a solitude, where his food was only herbs and roots, with water from a brook to quench his thirst.

The hollow of an old tree served him as an oratory, a bed and a cell. Prayer was his sole occupation, and the Mother of God, to whom he was tenderly devoted, favored him with particular graces. After he had spent thirty years in this solitude, he learned that some monks of Mount Carmel had come from Syria into England, and the holy Virgin having revealed to him how dear that Order was to her, and how much she wished him to enter it, he went and cast himself at the feet of those Fathers, who immediately received him.

Nothing could surpass his fervor; his life was more angelical than human. The numerous conversions which followed his sermons were not less wonderful than the extraordinary and frequent miracles which were worked by this servant of God. On being made Superior General of Mount Carmel, he zealously labored to promote in his Order an ardent devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, in which he perfectly succeeded. From that period he might well claim her special protection, and he earnestly desired to have some sensible mark of it; so for a long time he begged her to bestow on him some pledge of her favor.

After many years this good Mother granted his request. She appeared to him, surrounded by a great number of blessed spirits, and holding a Scapular in her hand—"My beloved son," she said to him, "receive this Scapular as the livery of my confraternity; it shall be a mark of predestination, a safeguard in danger, a pledge of peace and eternal alliance. Whoever shall be so happy as to die wearing this garment, shall not suffer in the eternal flames of hell." This vision occurred on the 16th of July, 1251. Since then, nations and kings, the faithful of all ranks, have enrolled themselves in the Confraternity of Mount Carmel.

About fifty years after the death of Saint Simon Stock, the Blessed Virgin made a second promise to Pope John XXII in favor of the Scapular.

One day, as he had as usual risen very early to pour forth his soul in prayer, the Queen of Heaven appeared to him, surrounded by a supernatural light, and said:

"John, Vicar of my Son, it is to me you are indebted for your exaltation to the dignity which you enjoy, in consequence of my solicitations in your behalf with my Divine Son, and as I have delivered you from the snares of your enemies, so do I expect you to give ample and favorable confirmation to the holy Carmelite Order. \* \* \* And if, among the Religious or Brethren of the Confraternity who depart out of this life, there shall be any who for their sins have been cast into Purgatory—I, their glorious Mother, will descend, on the Saturday after their death—I will

deliver those whom I shall find in Purgatory, and take them up to the holy mountain of eternal life." The promulgation of this is called the Sabbatine Bull, and the Carmelites make a commemoration of it, in the lessons of the 16th of July. There are also a great number of graces and advantages attached to the Scapular, which we here give: First, those who wear it partake in a more special manner than the rest of the faithful of all the spiritual and meritorious works which are performed in the universal Church; and, moreover, they are sharers in all the merits of the whole Order of Mount Carmel, as well as those of the Confraternity of the Scapular. Moreover, Sixtus IV granted to the members of the Scapular all the privileges, indulgences, graces and favors which are granted to the Cord of St. Francis, to the Rosary, or to any Confraternity whatever. What more is wanting to give a high idea of this association, and to prove its salutary effects?

Secondly, the members are under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin; for as they openly profess their allegiance to their Divine Mistress, by wearing her livery, she is, as it were, obliged to assist and favor them on all occasions in which they stand in need of her protection. Father Colombière says: "Who can deny that of all the practices of piety, there is none which obliges us to so much assiduity as this; for as the other devotions to the Blessed Virgin occupy only a certain space of time, there must be days, or at least hours, when the clients of Mary cannot be distinguished from those who are not devoted to her; whereas, a member of the Holy Scapular wears the glorious badge of her servitude, at all times and in all places."

Thirdly, the benefits of indulgences attached to the Scapular. A plenary indulgence—

1. On the day of admission.
2. On the Feast of Mount Carmel, 16th of July, or any day of the Octave.
3. On any day when assisting at a procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
4. At the hour of death, for those who devoutly pronounce, or at least say in their hearts the Holy Name of Jesus.
5. Every time that other Confraternities have a plenary indulgence. (Sixtus IV and Clement VII.)
6. On all the festivals of Our Lord, and those of the Blessed Virgin and the twelve Apostles.
7. Besides the above indulgences, all who wear the Scapular may gain a plenary indulgence on any two days of their option, in every week.

To obtain these indulgences the members must be in a state of grace, and receive the sacraments of penance and Holy Eucharist.

The Holy Virgin, in giving the Scapular to St. Simon Stock, made him a most touching promise. She put no bounds to the confidence of those who should wear her habit. In the engagement she made to protect them there is no condition,—her words are precise: "*Whoever shall die wearing this habit shall not suffer eternal fire.*" Do you then believe that all who die wearing the Scapular will be preserved from eternal damnation? This is a pious belief, and there is nothing absurd in

it, since, according to St. Peter Damian, *all the mercies of the Lord are in the hands of Mary.*

Another objection may be raised, that our Lord himself teaches us that the only means of salvation left the sinner is penance, and if the impious man die in his sins, although he be clothed in the habit of Mary, still he will not be saved, since nothing defiled can enter the kingdom of heaven.

We might answer this objection by citing well authenticated examples to prove, that Mary has often, on account of the Scapular, retained unrepentant souls in their wounded and bleeding bodies, in order to give them time to reconcile themselves with God.

But should any one trust to such remarkable examples without caring to change his life and abandon sin, he would indeed be guilty of the greatest sin; for let no one flatter himself with the hope of passing from a life of crime and excess, to the life of the blessed, by any other way than the way of penance; but upon this way the Mother of God well knows how to conduct the sinner, notwithstanding every obstacle. When he least expects it, she will send into his soul a ray of supernatural light, which will give him to understand his error, and show him the terrible misfortune of a soul that is abhorred by God; and he on his part, will be astonished to find only sweetness and delight, in that which was to him, so bitter and irksome before; then will he feel his heart filled with horror and disgust for those things which he formerly loved, and from which he never before could tear himself.

But some one may say, "If the sinner, notwithstanding, should still continue to persevere in his sinful life; if he close his eyes to every light; in a word, if he die in this state, then he will die in his sins; for says St. Augustine, "Even God himself will not force the will of him who is determined to plunge himself into destruction." Yes, undoubtedly he will die in his sins, but in all probability not with the holy Scapular. Something will happen to him similar to that which happened to a certain woman, whose history is well known.

This poor creature having fallen into a life of sin, in despair resolved to take away her own life. Several times she attempted, but in vain, to drown herself. The last time she made the attempt, a boatman, who saw her struggling in the water, hastened to her assistance, and as he neared her, he saw her suddenly take from her neck something which she cast from her, and almost instantaneously she sank in the stream and was drowned, in spite of all his endeavors to save her. He saw what she had thrown from her floating on the water, and picking it up, found it to be a Scapular; and she, poor creature, died in her sins—died committing the greatest crime of which a person can be guilty, but she died not until she had first laid aside the Scapular of Mary, the badge of salvation with which "whosoever dies shall not endure the eternal flames of hell."

When my eyes are slowly closing,  
And I fade from earth away,  
And when death, the stern destroyer  
Claims my body as his prey—  
Claim my soul, oh then, sweet Mother!  
*Ora pro me!*



## THE MUSICIAN'S BRIEVIARY.

In one of the beautiful works which the Marist, Father Huguet, has published in honor of the Blessed Virgin, we find the following interesting incident :

Gluck, one of the greatest artists of whom Germany boasts, the celebrated composer and music-master of Marie Antoinette, had the most tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and at the height of his immense fame he loved to acknowledge that to Mary, after God, he owed its origin, its progress and its consummation.

His parents were poor, but honest and fervent Catholics. His brilliant success might have intoxicated him; and even seduced him from his faith, placed as he was in the midst of a society infected with the infidel philosophy of the last century; and he owed to a providential circumstance his perseverance in the faith of his family.

Like most of the great musicians, Gluck commenced to learn his art under the Gothic arches of an ancient church, such as are so numerous in Germany, and which have sheltered so many holy souls. The voice of the young chorister was beautiful beyond expression; its silvery notes echoed through the vaulted dome, and the number of assistants at the divine office was greatly augmented, whenever it was known that little Christopher was to sing a *motet*.

"Nothing is better calculated," one of his biographers has well remarked, "to develop the religious sentiment in an ardent soul than the exercise of the musical art, under the shadow of the Sanctuary," and how many times did the boy Gluck shed sweet tears of emotion, while the organ was filling the vaulted temple with its grand and solemn melody, and the sun was pouring his last golden rays through the windows, whose thousand colors blazed with a pure and radiant light.

One day, as Gluck left the choir, after having admirably sung a *motet* of Clare's, he was accosted by a poor monk, who, his eyes still wet with tears, pressed him to his bosom, and congratulated him on his wonderful and heavenly talent.

"Alas, my little friend, I have nothing to give you as a token of my delight," said the monk, "nothing save this rosary. But keep it in memory of Brother Anselm; and, above all, promise me to recite it every evening, in honor of the holy Mother of God. This practice will bring you happiness, my young friend; nay, I have the presentiment that if you are faithful to it, Heaven will bless your endeavors; you will become great before men in this world, and worthy to join one day the celestial choirs above."

Christopher, at once surprised and affected by the words of the monk, took the rosary respectfully, and promised to recite it every day of his life. When he reached the age of fifteen, young Gluck had given such precocious proofs of a rare prudence and virtue, that his father, who had a numerous family depending upon him, offered but little opposition to the project which Christopher had formed, of going to Rome to continue his musical studies in that city. But how to carry out his design? How could he, alone and without

aid, travel from Vienna to Rome, destitute as he was of all resource?

However, he was not disheartened, and the future protégé of two earthly queens, of two Marias—Marie Therèse and Marie Antoinette—filled with confidence in the Queen of Heaven, recited with only more devotion the angelical salutation and the poor but precious rosary of Brother Anselm.

One evening, as Christopher, according to his custom, had just recited his beads, a knock was heard at the door of his parents' dwelling. It was the Chapel-master of St. Stephen's of Vienna, who, having been commissioned to go to Italy for the purpose of making a collection of the works of Palestrina, had come, on the part of the Archbishop, to the father of Christopher, to engage the latter as his secretary.

Imagine Christopher's joy and gratitude to Mary! During the twenty years he passed in Italy, ever faithful to the promise he made to Brother Anselm, he failed not a single day to recite his beads—sacred talisman which more than once protected him efficaciously.

On his return to Vienna and afterwards, when loaded with honors at the court of France, he would tear himself from the sweets of a luxurious ease, or of an interesting conversation, and retire to some quiet spot, there to recite the rosary, which he used to call his "musician's breviary."

In such beautiful religious dispositions, Gluck passed his entire life; and on the day when, struck with apoplexy, he rendered back his noble soul to God, his hand, which had just written a magnificent *De Profundis*, still held the well worn rosary of Brother Anselm.

Who knows what has become of those humble wooden beads? It would be a touching souvenir to preserve among us, in this age of indifference, when art is dying out, along with faith, its first and only source.

But if Gluck's "breviary," that which he never parted with, exists no longer, thank God the devotion to Mary survives. And it is through this, that artists, if they wish for success, should again seek a little of the genius of those great servants of the Queen of Heaven; it is at the foot of the altars of the Mother of God that they will find again the spark of that true inspiration which imparts to every work it touches a character of immortal beauty.—*For the AVE MARIA.*

#### Letter of Recommendation of the Right Reverend M. Domeneq, Bishop of Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, June 24, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: Our Holy Father, in his late Encyclical Letter, asserts that the enemies of our holy religion spread impious doctrines, by the means of pestilential books, pamphlets and journals. A most efficacious antidote against this poison is the circulation of truly religious journals. I hail, then, with joy the AVE MARIA. From such a Catholic paper, under the auspices of the Immaculate Mary, who is the Protectress of America, and who has destroyed all heresies throughout the world, much good is to be hoped for.

† M. DOMENEQ,  
Bishop of Pittsburg.

For the AVE MARIA.

### The Death of St. Joseph.

A simple print from hand of high renown  
Upon my low bed's head looks calmly down ;—  
The Patriarch Joseph, foster father mild  
Of Nazareth's Virgin Mother's heavenly Child.  
His dying head pressed close against the knee  
Of the Incarnate Son and Deity;  
The Virgin Mother kneeling gently near,  
Dissolved in prayer, in that chaste eye a tear :—  
Thus has the Christian master's pious mind,  
Great Overbeck, the "just man's" death designed.

The picture, breathing all the holy peace  
Of souls which find in death from death release,  
Thus placed, a wish long cherished found expression :  
When I shall come to my death-bed confession,  
When faithful priest shall that last unction give,  
Which bids those lapsing, dying senses live,  
On God's own day of happy resurrection,  
As long tried vessels of most sweet election;  
When on my parched, enfeebled tongue shall lie  
Jesus, himself, in loving mystery,  
Then may thou, Friend, in fair celestial state,  
Unseen, around my bed serenely wait;  
Thus shall I win, while yielding mortal breath,  
Life's last and crowning grace, a happy death.

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph ; thus I sigh  
Each night, as neath that picture's wing I lie ;  
O Jesus, Mary, Joseph ! me befriend,  
When this so troubled life shall near its end ;  
O Jesus, Mary, Joseph ! with you near,  
Death's dreaded spectres all will disappear,  
And though no friend be near, with pious care,  
To wipe the death-sweat, list the last sweet prayer,  
Contentedly, serenely I can die  
In your most dear and holy company !

St. JOSEPH'S COTTAGE,  
May 12, 1865.

E. A. S.

### LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

#### No. 3.—The Widow's Son.

FROM THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

#### CHAPTER FIRST.

In the city of Nola, in Campania, there lived a poor woman of the name of Cypriana. She was a widow, and had only one son. Because she had ardently desired his birth, and because she had borne him in her old age, she had named him *Given-by-God*, in Latin, Adeodatus. She loved him, as a widow loves her only son, with excess. Adeodatus was a sickly child ; his mother brought him up only by the most unremitting care, accompanied by fervent prayers to Heaven in his behalf. She was a Christian, and she had from his cradle, placed him under the patronage of the Mother of Jesus. The child became early aware of the blind affection of his mother, and very soon began to abuse it. He strained her indulgence continually, and she as continually gave way to his caprices. When he discovered at last that his power over her was unlimited, and that he could dare everything with impunity, he cast away all respect for her authority, and instead of justifying her tenderness by his docility and good behavior, he began to punish her for

her weakness. Although destitute of wealth, he refused to learn anything, and showed nothing but aversion and horror for every species of work. Cypriana at last felt obliged to reprimand him, but he replied by disrespectful mockeries ; and he attained the age of twenty years without being capable of turning his hand to any honest employment. He passed his days in idling about and gaming. Under the delicious sky of Italy, life is easy, and its necessities obtained at slight cost ; he could rob the neighboring orchards of fruit enough to silence the appeals of hunger, and as for his clothing, necessity always found a way to provide.

His conduct soon gave rise to complaints, which reached the ears of his mother ; but she had no longer authority to restrain his irregularities. She used entreaties ; he scoffed at them, tears even were unavailing. The child given by God was beginning to resemble a demon. She tried to excuse his faults, and assured everybody with great sincerity that she did not believe him capable of the misconduct imputed to him. When convinced of the truth of what was told her, however, she still would answer :

"He does not act so through malice, be assured of it. He has not a bad heart—he is only a little wild. We must pardon a good deal to his youth. He will increase in wisdom as he grows older."

To her neighbors and friends, when they blamed her for her fatal indulgence, she replied with spirit : "Do you want him to have your experience, at twenty years old ? Have you yourselves always been as prudent as you now are ? Many follies were excused you in your youth, and it is but just they should have been, for excessive rigor only serves to sour the disposition. There is more good done by kindness than by severity."

At bottom, Adeodatus was not destitute of good qualities—a sensitive soul, a lofty spirit, and a lively imagination. If a firm hand had subjected his impatient and volatile humor to the curb of reason, his evil instincts would have yielded, and he would have been the joy and pride of his mother. Left to himself, his virtuous qualities were choked by vice, and he daily sank deeper into iniquity.

The hour of justice had come for the whole of Italy. The corruption of the Romans had forced the Lord to turn away his countenance from that degenerate people, whose primitive simplicity of manners and natural virtues had merited for them the empire of the world. The persecutors had filled to overflowing the measure already heaped up of their crimes. The blood of the martyrs had been crying to heaven for four centuries ; God at last had listened to it, and had taken its vengeance in hand.

The barbarians, summoned from all parts of the world, as to an immense banquet, poured themselves out upon Italy, and covered it with strife and bloodshed. The Goths had already passed through the Roman cities, enriched with the spoils of the universe ; it was now the Vandals that ravaged the fair plains of Campania.

Nola, so proud of having braved the armies of Hannibal, had given way to the new Carthagi-



nians. Gontharius, the brother of Genseric, had taken and sacked the city. All who had offered any resistance had been laid in the dust. The victor broke in every door and penetrated to the interior of every house. No statues had any value among these barbarians—all were broken. They tore in pieces the rarest articles of furniture, carrying off the gold and precious stones, and leading captive every one capable of labor or that would bring a good price in the slave-market.

Cypriana, at the approach of the enemy, had wished to hide her son. But God executed the rigors of His justice; the young man was made to suffer the penalty of his faults. Blinded by an insane rashness, he was seized by the Vandals, loaded with chains, and conducted to their camp.

The barbarians remained several days under the wall of the city, to allow those who were able to ransom their friends. Cypriana repaired to the camp. She gained information of her son, and learned that in the partition of the booty, he had fallen to the lot of Teutbert, the king's son-in-law. She sped to his tent. The Vandal prince was celebrating, with the principal generals of his army, by a royal banquet, the triumph of their arms. The widow cast herself at his feet, and sustained by maternal love, implored his mercy in words as follows: "Have pity on me; thy soldiers have snatched from me my only son. Restore him to me, he is all that I have in this world, the only prop of my old age. Be generous; God has given thee a victory, one day he will give thee a crown. Thou hast everything at thy command,—I have only my son—do not separate me from him! I am old, do not condemn me to mourning and tears during the remainder of my life. Thou art a father, and can understand my grief: think of what thy mother would have suffered, if she had lost thee; and of what thou wouldst have suffered thyself, if thy children were torn from thee."

"Woman!" interrupted the barbarian, "what ransom canst thou offer me?"

"Alas! I am poor, I possess nothing. Thy soldiers found nothing to take in my house. I have neither relatives nor friends who could lend me money. It is in the name of the Lord that I beg my son of thee, it is thy charity I implore."

"Aha! It was not to exercise my charity that I captured this city. If we give up all the booty we have taken, what fruit shall we have gathered from our victory?"

"What wilt thou do with a poor, weak and sickly child, who is not fit for any kind of labor? Rather take me in his place. I am more robust than he is."

"I can only promise thee to keep him in my house, until thou hast collected the sum fixed for his redemption; that is, on condition that thou dost not delay too long?"

"Give him his liberty again, I conjure thee; take me in exchange. I will serve thee with so much zeal that thou wilt never repent of having listened to my entreaties. Make the trial. Nothing shall tire me. I am strong and hearty, and not subject to any infirmity. Never wilt thou have so devoted and grateful a slave."

"No, no; since thou lovest thy son so much, find his ransom." Upon a sign from Teutbert, the soldiers took Cypriana away, and led her out of camp, without allowing her to embrace her son.

The Vandals set sail the following day. The poor mother did not behold her child again. She followed the army to the harbour, where they embarked; the soldiers, when she approached, drove her brutally away. She remained a long time on the shore, hoping that she might see the boy again and bid him farewell. When the ships had sailed away, and only appeared as black specks on the waves, she returned desolate to the city, weeping and invoking her whom God has established the patroness of mothers throughout all coming time.

Having reëntered her house, she fell upon her knees and sobbed:

"My God," sighed she, "how unhappy I am. He is gone, never again to return! What will become of him under the scourge of a brutal master? He will be ill-treated. He cannot submit to slavery—he will die? Lord! wilt Thou not show him Thy mercy? Thou knowest his heart is good. In the faults which he is reproached with there is much exaggeration. Alas! it is not he who is to blame—it is I. I had not strength to impose upon him the teachings of the Gospel; I loved him too much. Punish me, O my God—I have deserved it! I will not complain—but save him. O Blessed Virgin Mary! thou also art a mother; thou hast suffered like me, when thou didst see Jesus, thy Son, delivered to His cruel enemies, beaten with scourges, and put to death. Have compassion on my tears, and save my child from slavery."

She passed the whole night in despair and grief. On the following day, tired of being alone with her sorrow, she walked out, not to seek for distraction, but to try to discover some means of helping Adeodatus.

Many mothers were plunged in the same desolation as herself; but she found some who had lost nothing, or, at least, whose losses had been already repaired.

"It is our holy Bishop," said they to her, "who has given us alms, and by his charity has consoled our misfortunes."

"Ah, then!" thought the poor mother, "I will go also and implore his aid. He is a father to us all; he will have compassion on my misery, and perhaps he will get some one to lend me the money I need. I will work—I will deny myself every comfort. Adeodatus will understand this debt. He will assist me to pay it."

She made haste, full of hope, to the house where dwelt the Bishop.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Nothing can trouble the inward peace of those who are stayed on God. If a gentle sadness passed over St. Joseph, as he was repulsed from house to house, because he thought of Mary and of the Child, he doubtless smiled with holy peacefulness when he looked into her face. It was plain there was to be no home for them.

From the Western New York Catholic.

**A Model Army Chaplain.**

In Algiers, Africa, Father Parabère had attracted the admiration of the army by his intrepid bravery on the field of battle, as much as by his zeal and charity in the hospitals, during the prevalence of the cholera. At the siege of Zaatcha, the brave Jesuit, having offered up the Holy Sacrifice in camp, was addressing the soldiers with his usual ardor, when suddenly a storm of missiles from the enemy whistled around him or struck the ground at his feet. The brave religious did not appear to perceive it; his words were as firm, his voice as ringing, his face as serene as before. "He did not even wink," said an officer who was an eye witness of the fact. After the capture of Zaatcha the General-in-chief was expressing his satisfaction to the superior officers, and speaking of the rewards to be distributed, when all, as with one voice, named Father Parabère, and declared that not a single officer would accept any recompense until they saw the cross of the Legion of Honor attached to the bosom of the Jesuit, in testimony of his courage and devotion. A few days afterwards, this distinction was conferred, and the soldiers were enthusiastic in their applause.

"Now, that is what I call right," said a Zouave. "Father Parabère did not steal that cross—he deserves it. He is a hero."

Marshal St. Arnaud knew the esteem in which Father Parabère was held by the soldiers of Africa, and he remembered it on receiving command of the Army of the East. Jesuits were to be attached to the different corps in the capacity of chaplains. The Marshal requested that he whose name stood so high in Algeria should form one of the number. This was granted, and Father Parabère was named Superior in the Crimea.

Father Parabère was attached to General Canrobert's division at the battle of the Alma. From the heights, the Russians, with their formidable artillery, played into the midst of our troops, drawn out on the plain which separated them from the enemy. Just as the General was ordering the Zouaves to attack the heights at the double quick, Father Parabère's horse was killed under him. Canrobert expressed his regret at not being able to remount him; but the Jesuit was not going to be left behind; for, seeing a cannon dashing by, he mounted that, and was carried along at a headlong gallop, amid the enthusiastic applause of the soldiers and officers, to where his dear Zouaves needed his services. There he alighted, assisted the wounded, consoled and absolved the dying, in the midst of the enemy's fire, and electrified the troops by his courage and devotion. Throughout the war, always camping with the soldiers, by whom he was beloved, he never needed to be called to the scene of combat. At the first signal he placed himself at the head of the column that was first to be engaged, and began by kneeling down on the field of battle. He prayed until the action began, and the wounded began to fall around him. When off duty, the pockets of his cassock were filled—the one with cakes, the other with cigars—"not for himself, observe," wrote an officer who had become his most devoted friend;

"for he never uses such things, but for the soldiers, all of whom would willingly die for him." In their admiration for him, officers and soldiers would often say, in the rough language of the camp, "Father Parabère is a very devil for courage. He is brave as a lion. He is superb."

Such memories never die. When the Army of Africa was summoned to Italy, their first cry was for Father Parabère.

For the AVE MARIA.

**The Sparrow's Ave Maria.**

TRANSLATED FROM COLIN DE PLANCY.

Holy Mary! How many charming legends are attached to the dear name of Mary! We here give one which is usually regarded as a pious tale, typical of the quiet beauty of a hermit's life.

In the early ages of Christianity, a pious solitary, great in the sight of God, but little known to men, (although St. Bernard twice preached his panegyric and composed the office for his festival) lived on the borders of the Aube, in a forest of Champagne. The ancient Gauls had worshiped here one of their gloomy divinities, for whom the Romans had substituted Saturn. The spot was thence called *Saturniacum*, when the solitary, whose name was Victor de Plancy, came there, and built a chapel and small hermitage.

Many miraculous events followed his arrival. Among the most consoling were conversions, by which souls sold to perdition, were redeemed to Heaven; and hearts once frozen by egotism, and corrupted by vicious practices, were inflamed with the love of God, and brought forth such flowers of virtue, as even the world was constrained to admire; phenomena which perplex the mind, but are easily explained by faith.

The Saint felt that the hours which he passed alone in his cell were the sweetest and happiest in his life. The only living creature near him was a tame sparrow, which he fed and cherished, regarding it as an emblem of solitude.\* Tenderly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, the saintly monk incessantly invoked her, and the only words he spoke aloud were *Ave Maria!*

Long accustomed to hear these words, and only these words, the sparrow learned to repeat them; and great (as may be imagined) was the delight of the hermit the first time the bird flew on his shoulder and sang in his ear, *Ave Maria!*

At first, supposing some holy spirit had visited him, on a heavenly mission, the good old man fell upon his knees, in reverence; but the bird continuing to chirp *Ave Maria! Ave Maria!* soon made him aware of the source of these sweet sounds. The bird, from an innocent distraction, became a friend—almost a brother—a praying creature of God. He redoubled his care of him, and found in his presence an agreeable resource in his solitude.

The charming bird, to whom the people gave the name of "Little Monk," seemed on his part to share his master's joy. At break of day his first cry was, *Ave Maria!* When Victor threw him his

\* "Like a sparrow all alone upon the house-top." (Ps. ci.)



crumbs, the little bird sang his grace of *Ave Marias*. And when the holy hermit knelt in prayer, the bird would perch upon his shoulder and softly whisper, *Ave Maria*. Victor cultivated a small garden. Could he for an instant have lost sight of the object of his thoughts, the faithful sparrow on the tree would have instantly recalled it, by his *Ave Maria*! The Christians of the country, who came to consult the saintly man, in their troubles and doubts, much esteemed the little bird; and when he saluted them with his sweet prayer, they could not but consider it to be a miraculous favor accorded to the hermit by our Blessed Lady.

The sparrow, when free, took short flights into the country, and when the solitary in his meditative walks, had rambled farther than was his wont from his cell, he was sure to be reminded by the bird chirping an *Ave Maria*! One day in spring, as Victor lay ill upon his mat, he opened the wicket of his cell, and his little friend as usual flew out. A few minutes afterwards, Victor was alarmed to see a sparrow-hawk pursuing his favorite. The bird of prey opened his beak, and spread his talons to seize and devour the poor sparrow, when the little bird, almost feeling the sharp claws of his enemy, screamed out *Ave Maria*! At this wonder, the hawk, startled and terrified, suddenly stopped; and the gentle sparrow had time to reach the cell, and falling on the breast of Victor, faintly chirped an *Ave Maria* and died.

#### The Jesuits.

A pupil of the Jesuits, one whose name holds a conspicuous place in the annals of poetry, M. de Lamartine, has in his "Confidences" shown the honesty of his soul in speaking of the teachers of his youth.

The passage is but little known; and, while placing it before our readers, we wish them to remember that it is a rationalist who speaks, and who speaks in favor of the Jesuits, in the same work in which he declares himself the admirer of the free-thinker Pelletan. Here, nothing is wanting; we have the opinion of the writer upon the teaching of the Jesuits. M. de Lamartine had tried both systems, and he formed his judgment upon the experience he had acquired through the long years of his life.

After giving an account of his running away from a college taught by laymen, where "the false smiles and the hypocritical caresses of masters who sought, for the sake of money, to counterfeit the heart of a father, did not impose upon him," De Lamartine continues:

"I was very badly received by all my family, except my poor mother. By means of her persuasions, I was not sent back to Lyons. A College, conducted by the Jesuits, at Belley, on the frontier of Savoy, was greatly renowned, not only in France, but also in Italy, Germany and Switzerland. To this institution my mother resolved to take me.

In a few days after entering it, I felt the immense difference there is between a mercenary education, sold to unhappy children for the love of gold, by money-making teachers, and an education given in the name of God, and inspired by a religious devotedness whose only recompense is heaven. I did not find my mother there, but I there found God, purity, prayer, charity, a sweet paternal watchfulness, kind family tones, and children with happy faces, loved and loving. I had been hardened and soured; but I let myself be softened and captivated, and I willingly bent under the yoke which those excellent masters knew how to make sweet and light.

"All their art consisted in interesting us in the success of the house, and conducting us by our own will and by our own enthusiasm. A divine spirit with the same breath, seemed to animate masters and disciples. All our souls seemed to find their wings and to fly with a natural motion towards the good and the beautiful. The most rebellious were vanquished and carried along by the general movement. There I saw what can be done with men; not in restraining them, but in inspiring them. The sentiments which animated our masters animated us all. They seemed to have the art of rendering these sentiments amiable and sensible, and of creating in us the love of God; with such a lever in our hearts they raised everything. With regard to themselves they did not merely pretend to love us—but they did truly love us—as saints love their duties, as workmen love their own works, as the haughty love their pride. They commenced by making me happy, and it was not long before they made me good.

"Piety reigned in my soul. It became the life of my pleasures and duties; I formed intimate friendships with children of my own age, as pure and as happy as myself; and these friendships made us, so to speak, but one family.

"The eminently religious education we received from the Jesuits, the frequent prayers, meditations, sacraments, and the pious ceremonies repeated, prolonged, and rendered more attractive by the decoration of the altars, the rich vestments, the singing, the incense, the flowers and the music, exercised over the imagination of children and youth a wonderful influence, similar to the religious intoxication of the Orientals, and the ecclesiastics who took part in these exercises exhibited in their every action all the sincerity and fervor of their faith."

We talk of mothers making idols of their sons; that is, worshiping them, turning them from creatures into creators, regarding them as truly their last end and true beatitude, so giving their hearts to them as they have no right to give them to any one but God. This Mary could not do, and yet in another sense might well do. For Jesus could be no idol, and yet must of necessity be worshiped as the Eternal God. None saw this as Mary did. No angel worshiped Him with such sublimely abject adoration as she did. No saint, not even the dear Magdalen, ever hung over His feet with such mortal yearning, with such human fondness. Yes! He is God.—*Faber*.

For the AVE MARIA.

## To our Blessed Mother.

*From the Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.*

Blessed Mother! we hail thee Queen  
Of all that's fair and bright in Heav'n;  
This glorious name has never been  
To any other mortal given.

Thou art the fairest, brightest flow'r  
That e'er came from the hand of God;  
O, blessed from thy earliest hour!  
O, blessed every step thou trod.

Thou reignest now in Heav'n above,  
To watch, protect and guide us here;  
O, look on us with smiles of love,  
And let us be thy children dear.

Around us spread thy mantle bright,  
That we from thee may ne'er depart,  
Our darkest day shall know no night  
If sheltered in thy loving Heart.

Then, Mother, bless the little band,  
Who title of thy servants bear;  
Help us to reach the happy land,  
That we may sing thy praises there.

LAUREL HILL ACADEMY,  
Susquehanna Depot, Pa.

## Pastoral Letter of Bishop Timon of Buffalo.

The press, is wonderfully fruitful in its daily issues, which are read not only in cities, but in every hamlet; and in fact in almost every country house we find the daily paper. Our late war has had much to do towards increasing this wide circulation; independent of the national interests involved in this terrible contest, every family, more or less, had sent its representatives to the ranks; hence the feverish anxiety for the news. Now side by side with army reports, naval victories, and military surrenders, an ignorant prejudice, which still blinds so many Americans, with eager haste placed columns of censure, uncalled-for indignation, and solemn warning, against the Pope's Encyclical of Dec. 8th. Two-thirds of these writers had never even read what they so unwisely condemned, and the evil results of their ignorance were spread broadcast through our land. Even weak Catholics felt that, perchance, the Church, after all, was lagging behind, and it would be well to see to it. The admirable remarks of Dr. Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore, were sufficient to change all such sentiments, even among the most prejudiced, but how few, alas! who read the tirades of the "dailies" ever had an opportunity of reading it! It is with joy then we hail every line from our different Prelates on this subject, so little understood. But we need not expect the dailies to copy, or retract what they have said, therefore, in our humble way, we gather up these precious instructions from our bishops,

only regretting that the pages of the AVE MARIA are too small to give them entire.

To-day, we extract from the admirable Pastoral of the Bishop of Buffalo, which we take from the *Western New York Catholic*:

"A most important encyclical letter of the Venerable and saintly Pope Pius IX., has lately been published, and has excited bitter denunciations from the enemies of the Church; and even from some honest but misguided writers, who have not profoundly meditated the words of wise and holy warning, addressed to the Catholic world, in this age of wild theories and dangerous speculations. On close examination, it will be found that no human society, no nation ever adopted the maxims here condemned by the Sovereign Pontiff. Or, if any Government *affected* to conform to them, the instinct of self preservation made it recoil; and as in our own beloved country, by the sanction of oaths, by prayers in congress and in assemblies, by frequent appeals for humiliation, for fasting, and for prayer and thanksgiving, recognized more or less of religion, of a *higher law*, and of One all Over-ruling God." \* \* \* \* \*

"Liberty of conscience has always existed in the Papal States. When the Jews were bitterly persecuted throughout all the world, Rome was their refuge, and the Popes frequently exposed their lives in protecting them from fanatic mob violence. In other Catholic countries, even in Spain, dissenters are not molested, if they do not interfere with the Catholic worship of the nation. \* \* \* The Pope condemns certain *absolute abstract* propositions, their principles may extend from a to z, on the scale of evil. Admitted in their broad, general form of assertion, there is no maxim, however nefarious, that may not be sustained, by some one or all of them. An eminent scholar and statesman, says; when Satan wishes to inflict some great evil on mankind, he drops an error into human society, that it may work, like a cursed leaven, till its sad effects affright those that first hailed the wild novelty of an angel of darkness, disguised as an angel of light."

"The late doctrine of "*un fait accompli*," has almost the whole world already against it. By it, robbers come, knock you down, and take your \$10,000 out of your pocket; go home, saying calmly "*c'est un fait accompli*;" the \$10,000 are now in our pockets—they are ours; *it is an accomplished fact*!! Does this end the affair?"

"Time and He, the Almighty, who ruleth both time and eternity, will show how wise were the Pope's fatherly admonitions."

The following passage from the pastoral of the learned Dr. Ullathorne, by merely changing the word England into that of America, is so well adapted to our own country, that we deem it most useful, to present it to the meditation of all serious Christians: "We by no means say, that our countrymen were alone in their incapability of understanding a Papal document, for the unecatholic side of France went quite as far wrong, in its way, as did the unecatholic side of England, in proof of which it may be noted that the Bishop of Orleans has, be-



sides innumerable other errors, corrected two and seventy passages, in each one of which, the chief French journals translated the Pope's words in a sense directly contrary to his. \* \* \*

"And moreover, we ought to know, against what sect or philosophy, what school or party, the particular judgment quoted was really aimed. We must know, not only what they are, but of what country, and under what circumstances, they wrote or acted; what doctrines they taught, or what influence they exerted; before we can really know whom and what it is that the Pope is censuring, and what meaning each particular sentence carries with it.

"Among well instructed Catholics even, some were startled by the Encyclical, as its language first struck their minds; they afterwards found that the Pope was simply condemning what they themselves had condemned all their lives. And even Protestants, of a more wise and solid cast of thought, after putting aside the nonsensical idea, that the Pope had been attacking the vital elements of the British Constitution, would be surprised to find how completely their own minds were in accordance with that of the Pope, on many fundamental principles affecting religion, the moral law and public conscience."

The "Berlin Review," a Protestant, social and political weekly paper, takes a view of the Encyclical very similar to that taken by our American National Quarterly Review. This learned and able Protestant writer of Berlin says: "That, in the general intoxication, which worships the glory of the strong, the clever and the egotist, the unarmed Pope should, *first and alone*, dare to lay open the ulcer of which society is sick; is the historical signification of the Encyclical of the 8th of December \* \* \*"

#### Religious Chronicle.

The beatification of the venerable John Berchmans will take place to-morrow. His Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, and many ecclesiastical and lay deputations from Belgium, are present to assist at the ceremony. An *Intimatio* of Mgr. Ferari, prefect of the pontifical ceremonies, prescribes to the Cardinals and Consultors of the Sacred Congregation of Rites to meet at St. Peter's at ten o'clock precisely, for the promulgation of the Letters of Beatification *in forma Brevis*. At six o'clock in the evening, the Pope will go down to St. Peter's to venerate the new Beatified. According to custom, the Holy Father grants a plenary indulgence to the faithful who shall visit St. Peter's in the course of the day, with requisite disposition. I visited this morning the preparations ordered by the Company of Jesus. The ceremony of the beatification passes entirely within the apsis. The apsis alone therefore is ornamented. The decorations are in exquisite taste. In the midst of a fairy-like illumination will sparkle the monogram of the Company and an immense cross surrounded by glass. On the occasion of the Beatification the Roman Chapel of Ease, belonging to the house of Palma, will bring out a beautiful photograph, representing the three

youngest heroes of the Company of Jesus, with this title:

S. STANISLAS KOTSKA, S. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA  
ET B. BERCHMANS,  
S. J.

MARIÆ VIRGINIS CULTORES EXIMII.

The Rev. Father Hyacinth is still at Rome. Invited to preach at St. Louis' of France, last Sunday, in presence of an almost exclusive military audience, he spoke of the sword, representing it as the protector of patriotic, social and religious interests. Then he poured forth a brilliant improvisation on the mission of France and the part she had to play in the world. Some days before, the eloquent religious had visited the Sanctuaries of Subiaco, in company with Mr. and Mme. de Montebello, and seven or eight other notables of the French colony at Rome.

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE MEXICAN ENVOYS. I have received the following particulars of the Pope's interview with the three Mexican envoys, from a very trustworthy source. The first who spoke was Señor Degollado, the youngest of the envoys, who, as a barrister of some repute at home for glibness, undertook at once to overwhelm the Holy Father with his eloquence. It was lost, however, on the Pope, who did not even answer him, but turned towards the chief envoy, and asked him who he was. The person so addressed immediately said: "Holy Father, I am Don José Velasquez, who has the honor to be accredited to your Holy See as Ambassador Extraordinary of his Majesty Maximilian I, Emperor of Mexico." "Ah! retorted the Holy Father, "I know you already by repute. You are a good man, and what is more a good Christian. I am sorry to see you connected with a mission in which it is impossible for you to effect any good, and where you can only lose your own honor. As for you, Monsignore," added the Pope, turning towards the other envoy, Mgr. Ramirez, a Mexican Bishop *in partibus*, "you would do well to remain closely united to your brethren in the Episcopacy of Mexico, who are defending the rights of the Church; and do not seek, by detaching yourself from them, to find an impossible solution of the present difficulties, which can be done away with only by those who have created them. As for you, Señor," said Pius IX, addressing at last the officious advocate, "I presume that your chief business is to keep a watch over these two honest companions of yours. Now, you can return to your Sovereign, and explain to him that, if kings and generals, when they are conquered, capitulate, disband their armies, and surrender their fortresses and territory, the Church, on her part, when overcome by brute force, never capitulates, never disbands her armies, which are her bishops and clergy, never surrenders her fortresses and territory, which consist in justice, truth, and right, and the consciences of her children. Now you may go." We have no account of Señor Degollado's appearance on leaving the Papal audience, nor of his colleagues' compliments to him on the manner in which he had improved matters by opening the conversation in so brilliant a manner.—*London Weekly Register*.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

From the Messenger du Sacre Cœur.

Fruits and Progress of the Apostleship of Prayer.

We find in the Italian edition of the *Messenger* consoling reports on the propagation of our dear work in the capital of the Christian world and in the entire peninsula. Several Italian prelates apply themselves with ardor in establishing the Apostleship in their dioceses. The heroic Cardinal De Angelis, Archbishop of Ferri, and the Cardinal Vannicelli, Archbishop of Ferrara, merit special mention. Both, in their circular letters, have recommended the priests of their dioceses to propagate the Apostleship of Prayer; they have even designated the local directors most suitable for the organization and success of this enterprise.

We have just received the following letter, dated from Pistoia:

"Rev. Father: Ardently desiring for the example and encouragement of the good, to make known to you the progress the holy work of the Apostleship of Prayer has made among us, I take the liberty to write you these lines, begging you to insert them in the *Messenger* when you judge fit.

"The work of the Apostleship of Prayer was entirely unknown among us, at least so far as I am aware, when the Lord permitted some numbers of the *Messenger*, published at Valles, to fall in my way, together with some tickets of aggregation, and the duodecimo volume of the Rev. F. Ramière on the Apostleship. The reading of these dear publications inspired my poor heart with the desire of contributing in some way to the extension of this beautiful devotion. I wrote to Modena where I knew the Director of the work for Italy resided. A few days after, I received two diplomas of aggregation, one for myself, the other for our worthy Bishop Capitular Vicar. Once in possession of these pages and some manuals, I set to work. God blessed my labors. When this beautiful and easy work was known, a considerable number of persons wished to take part in it. I sent diplomas to several religious communities, that this beautiful work might be rendered stable among them. A few days since, I had the sweet consolation of introducing here into our own seminary the Apostleship, which, thanks to the zeal of the Capitular Vicar and of those charged with the direction of the work, will extend widely and produce immense advantages. Your Reverence has already kindly forwarded a diploma to our Vice Rector, who, I hope, will always occupy himself more and more to the glory of the Sacred Heart, and to the diffusion of the work of the Apostleship among that brilliant youth, on whom the church of Pistoia builds the brightest hopes. The number of those inscribed from October of last year to this date is 800. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus inflame all these hearts with its divine flames!"

Below, we give extracts of several letters received from Rome in January and February:

"Rev. Father: Our affairs, or to speak more correctly, the affairs of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, progress from day to day, notwithstanding our

infirmity and the feeble means. The Apostleship is well established in our seminary of Frascati; there are associates even without the seminary, and the cares of the new zelator will cause this beautiful work to flourish and spread among the faithful. Here, in the Roman seminary, they ought to address the young people, explaining to them the practice of this work of the Apostleship, and then the whole seminary will be aggregated. I have found another zelator. He already had the direction of a Congregation of the Sacred Heart, composed of young students; he explained to them the object of the Association, and inscribed them all as soon as possible. The Rev. Mother Superior of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, in the conservatory of catechumens at the *Madonna dei Monti*, requests a diploma of aggregation for the three houses of her order in this city. She intends writing to the Mother General to have the whole order aggregated. In view of the devotedness of our new zelators, I hope I shall, in a short time, have better news to give you."

"Jan. 29. On Sunday the whole Roman Seminary was inscribed on the registers of our dear Apostleship, and many pupils animated with a holy fervor, already desire ardently to propagate it among their families, acquaintances and friends, and with this intention have asked me for a considerable number of billets. So I expect with impatience the arrival of the 2,000 you have been so good as to promise me. I hope in time to collect some money, that will assist us in the support and diffusion of so beautiful a work. The other zelators have already commenced operations with very happy results. The number of co-laborers always increasing, our hopes increase with them, and we already plan a thousand fine projects. Meanwhile, I do not like to do anything too quickly; the esteem and love of the people for this work, by entering gradually into their hearts, will root itself there more powerfully. Your Reverence justly says, that the Heart of Jesus knows how to triumph over all obstacles, not only without us, but even in spite of our weakness and miseries."

"The Apostleship of Prayer, confided to the weakest and most incapable hands, but dear to the Heart of Jesus, and supported by His divine graces, has found even among us hearts prompt to embrace it; fulfilling its practices of piety, and full of zeal in spreading it far and wide. Like the grain of mustard seed in the Gospel, it has already become a magnificent and fertile plant. A few days ago, the Vice Rector of the Seminary of Frascati, a fervent zelator of the Apostleship, came to see me, and told me such beautiful and touching things about the zeal of these dear little apostles of the Apostleship, that my heart was filled with joy. They unite in one common treasure all the homages daily rendered to the Heart of Jesus, according to the intentions of the Apostleship; and their emulation in honoring the Heart of Jesus is so great, that it needs to be restrained rather than excited. The same zelator has aggregated the strangers who attend the class of the Seminary, and many other persons."

In our Roman Seminary the affairs of the Apos-



tleship go on well. Rev. D. S. is engaged in fostering it, and already many desire to make this devotion known in their families; others wish to write on the subject to the establishments of education where their early years were spent. On the second of February, the Feast of the Purification, they aggregated the Community of the Daughters of the Sacred Heart, and also their pupils. They first heard a discourse, then recited an act of consecration, and withdrew, disposed to consecrate themselves fervently to this holy practice.

A few days since, their Superior told me that more than a hundred young girls, whom she had assembled on Sunday, gave in their names for the Apostleship, and she hopes to be able to infuse into them its spirit. The two other houses of the Daughters of the Sacred Heart are also aggregated. It is very probable that before long a fervent monastery will embrace the practices of the Apostleship. The new zelators have seen their zeal crowned with the happiest success. Wednesday, 15th of February, after a discourse, the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart established in our schools was aggregated to the Apostleship. We hope soon to make considerable acquisitions; but our want of resources obliges us to move slowly. I need two more diplomas, one for the Daughters of the Sacred Heart at Frascati, the other for those of Arpino. We hope to be able to print in the religious journal, *Il Divin Salvatore*, an article intended to make known our dear devotion and to invite all to embrace it. Our hopes are great, but the scarcity of cards and books retards our movements.

### Correspondence of the Apostleship.

[Concluded from last week.]

After two months of priesthood, the Abbe Argoud, of the Diocese of Valence, has gone to receive in Heaven the reward, not only of the good he has accomplished by his works, but the incomparably greater good he has accomplished by his burning desires. One of his former directors in the great Roman Seminary writes thus in regard to him:

"You know, Rev. Father, the zeal of this young priest, especially with regard to the Apostleship of Prayer. In the Seminary he was one of its most devout supporters, and he succeeded in establishing it firmly. By this obscure and persuasive ministry he produced fruits which, I hope, will remain after him. I recall with tenderness the hearty approval of this dear child in regard to the Tableaux of the Apostleship, prepared for the Seminary. One of the articles provided that they should recite in common at least one *De profundis*, for the associate Seminarians, on the news of their death. This dear priest was then full of health; I had not the least presentiment that he would be the first to receive the alms of this *De profundis*. Alas, his departure afflicts us; but he, I hope, is now enjoying, thanks to the Apostleship of Prayer, an aureola similar to that of the Apostles and Doctors. Happy they who walk in his footsteps, and so hasten to do a little good while they have

time 'For behold the night cometh when no man can work.'"

We do not doubt that in the person of this excellent ecclesiastic the Apostleship of Prayer has acquired in Heaven a new protector. Nevertheless we recommend him to the prayers of our Associates. Who knoweth the delicacy of Divine Justice? Such deaths mingle some bitterness with most sweet consolations. But how many other letters daily bear to us consolations without alloy!

Hear these good lay-brothers, to whom we portrayed the advantages and the facility of the Apostleship of Prayer, cry out with tears of joy. How beautiful it is! and how easy is it to sanctify, by means of this practice, our every action.

A pious lady says to her director: "Since you have given me the first idea of the Apostleship of Prayer, I cannot think of anything. I am constantly occupied in seeking what I may offer to the Heart of Jesus."

Again, a young Seminarian sends us his first conquests. He wishes us to inscribe together, upon the register of the Apostleship, a holy Priest, and a homicide condemned to death by human justice, but by the Divine Mercy transformed into an heroic penitent. Thus our register would be a lively representation of Calvary, where we behold, on the one side, the Saint of saints, and on the other, the converted thief.

Let us now terminate this rapid review by informing our associates of two important recruits to our Holy League. One is the venerable Superior General of the Little Sisters of the Poor, who associates to the Apostleship the whole family of religious that he directs, and the good old men of whom these admirable religious take care. The Sisters number thirteen hundred; their poor, eight thousand; and these poor have nothing else to do upon earth but to pray and to offer to God their infirmities. What powerful auxiliaries our Apostleship will find among them, and what powerful assistance will they themselves find, under the direction of the good Sisters, in the Apostleship, to sanctify their life and their death.

The other is that fervent legion of Apostolic workmen, from the Order of Redemptorists, brought into France. Their Superior has united to our prayers the prayers and labors of the religious placed under his Order.

### What are the Prayers of Children worth?

The following words were preached by Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, in Paris, April 4, 1860: "What has saved the Church on earth? What has given the Church confidence in the midst of persecutions? It is this: The Church has the *little children* on her side. She has, with her, millions of little children, stammering out their innocent prayers. Poor Church of Christ! thou hast for thy defenders, not a million of soldiers, but millions of little children, who lift up their innocent hands for thee!" If you want to be quite certain of the power there is in the prayer of a child, open the Holy Scriptures, and read Psalm viii.—"Out of the mouths of infants thou hast perfected praise."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Box of Little Tin Soldiers.

BY LADY CHARLES THYNNE.

[Concluded from last week.]

"Priscilla! here Priscilla, I say."

"Priscilla came; a short square girl, with flaming red hair. She looked very unlike her fine-sounding name.

"Well, whatever have you gone and done with that stand of soldiers as you lost the captain of, and spoilt for me?"

"I never did," answered the girl sullenly.

"You did," for it was you put them by last time."

"And the capting was gone then," she said resolutely, and, I fancied, fixed her eyes on me.

"Don't tell me such stuff as that. Do you suppose any one would come into the shop and steal a tin soldier? Come, find the rest."

"I felt myself turn hot and cold as Mrs. Mason spoke. The girl began to rummage behind the counter, and I heard Mrs. Mason say, 'I can't be plagued with her much longer, she is such a stupid girl. I should not have kept her till now, only her mother being blind, and so poor I was glad to help her; but now she has taken to lose things and be so careless, I shall get rid of her at once.'

"I was so occupied in thinking whether the tin soldiers could be found, that I hardly understood what she said at the time, though I remembered it afterwards with pain. At last the box was found, and a sudden idea struck me that I might be able to buy the remainder. Once in my possession, there could be no further fear of discovery. My father had given me a shilling the week before, so with the sixpence I had already I could offer Mrs. Mason eighteen pence for them. I had got to learn what lasting effect our smallest actions may have.

"Can I have them?" I asked, trembling with eagerness; 'I have eighteen pence.'

"Dear me, Miss, I'd sell 'em for a shilling now they are not perfect; but I can't go and put you off with a broken set like that. I shall have some more next week."

"But I would much rather have these, I like them best," and I took up the box and laid the eighteen pence on the counter before Mrs. Mason could stop me. Nurse called to me from the street to come directly, for that I had been out too long; I ran to her at once with a feeling of relief that I cannot describe. I suppose I looked brighter, for she said:

"Well, I do think going out has done you good; but I don't know that your mama would like you to spend all your money like that in toys."

"As soon as I got home my great wish was to slip the soldier back into his box unseen, and then to give them to my little brother. I knew I never could bear to play with them myself. It never occurred to me that, as we had all heard Mrs. Mason speak of the set being broken, if Alfred found it all right it would cause any remark or surprise. I gave them to him, and was delighted

to see how pleased he looked; but it was soon to change into a deep feeling of shame when I heard nurse say to one of the other servants, 'Well, what a good-natured child Miss Jane is, to be sure; for she has been fretting herself to death to go out this week past, ever since her papa gave her that shilling, and I believe it was all to give Master Alfred that toy, not a bit for herself.'

"Every one said I looked better; and I suppose I did, for I felt as if I had passed through some terrible danger unharmed. But my peace of mind did not last, for the very next day Alfred was seated at his little table to play with his new toy, and of course, found the captain among them. He came running to tell me, and I felt my cheeks burn as I said indifferently, 'Mrs. Mason could never have looked for it, I suppose.'

"Every one seemed determined to talk about it; and I grew quite cross and pettish, and felt as if it was done on purpose to vex me.

"Soon after that we went to the seaside for some weeks and the recollection of my fault and my sufferings had almost faded from my mind, when soon after our return I heard the house-maid talking to nurse about a poor woman who was in great distress and wanted some assistance. I did not pay much attention till the name of 'Priscilla' caught my ear. I stood by them, and listened to what nurse was saying.

"Yes, I heard that girl of hers was out of place again; but she is such a stupid-looking thing, I don't like to meddle about her any more. Still I am sorry that I never told Mrs. Mason about that toy of Master Alfred's being all right; she said the girl had lost some of the soldiers, and they were in the box all the time; such a pet she was in with her! Now that was not right, though I dare say she's tiresome and sulky enough. Of course, if poor Mrs. Jones has this great girl on her hands, it's a bad job for her, for I don't think she'll get a place again in a hurry; and they will have to go to the workhouse at last."

"Well, I am sorry for her, and I told her so," Martha said; 'but I don't see that any one can help it; and they were decent people.'

"No one help it! I felt growing quite still and cold. No one could help it but me, and I must help it! Yet it seemed impossible that one sin of mine could affect so many people, and produce such terrible consequences.

"I pondered over nurse's words that night as I lay in bed. I fancied Mrs. Jones and the little children starving, and it would be my fault. It could not, it must not be; I should never be happy again. I determined to confess all, and restore Priscilla to her place. Though the very idea made my cheeks burn with shame, I never hesitated. The thought of the poor woman's distress would be much harder to bear. But as we had been away so long, perhaps my confession would be useless. Still it was all I could do."

"Then who did you tell?" asked Eustace.

"My mother. I believed that she could set all things straight; but I did not know how difficult I should find it. If she would only speak to me about it; but I did not know how to begin. Of course, as she knew nothing, she was not likely to



help me. I always sat with her in the afternoon, as my lessons were soon done; and the day after I heard of Mrs. Jones' distress I went into her room with a firm determination to confess all. I tried to frame sentence after sentence, but I could not begin; and I sat by the fire wishing she would speak, and not go on writing so steadily. At last I said, 'Mamma, please speak to me.'

"She looked up surprised, and came towards me.

"Are you not well, darling?"

"It's not that; but I want to say it's all my fault about Priscilla Jones losing her place and that Mrs. Jones must go to the workhouse; and I was not ill when nurse kept me in bed, only so unhappy and—and—" But I had exhausted all my words, and could only cry violently.

"My mother looked at me in amazement, and tried first to soothe me and then to question me, and so arrive at my meaning; but it was all in vain, so she returned to her writing, saying, 'As soon as you are calm, Janie, I will talk to you.'

"These words quieted me, and, hiding my face in her lap, I gave an exact account of all I had done. She looked more shocked and grieved than even I had expected.

"And you were ill and unhappy, and had committed this sad fault, and yet you concealed it, Janie!"

"I thought I could put it back, and then it would be the same thing."

"It would not be the same thing; the sin was equally committed. And now you want to help the poor girl you have injured. Do you think you deserve it?"

"No," I said; 'but I could tell Mrs. Mason I did it.'

"My mother kissed me.

"Yes, I think you ought to do that. I will take you there myself to-morrow. When that is done, we will think if it is possible to help the Joneses."

"Please don't be angry," I said.

"My mother assured me that she was not angry, and talked to me for a long time, and showed me how one fault leads to another, and how little we can tell what the consequences of even our smallest actions may be; but I watched her face all that evening, and I could not help seeing how pale and grave she looked. She took me the next day to Mrs. Mason, who seemed quite frightened, and began to excuse my fault. But this my mother would not allow.

"There is no excuse for her, Mrs. Mason; but she has already suffered a good deal, and I believe her to be really penitent. I hope you will forgive her; and she is very anxious to repair the injury she has done Priscilla Jones."

"Mrs. Mason looked sorry.

"Well, poor thing, I am sorry for her; not that she was near so handy as the girl I have got now, but her mother is so badly off. I heard that their goods were seized yesterday."

"What goods?" I asked anxiously; 'and what is seized?' I mean, who could seize them?"

"For the rent, miss. They were always behind with their rent; and you see now she's got all the children at home."

"I grasped my mother's hand.

"Please let us go home," I said. I want to talk to you."

"As soon as we had left the shop, I explained my ideas to my mother. I was very anxious to pay the money that Mrs. Jones owed for rent.

"But how can you, Janie? Your sixpence a week won't help her very much."

"No; but if you will give it me—that is, her—all at once for a whole year, that would be one pound and six shillings. Then, if somebody—I mean you and papa and grandmamma—would give me any present on my birthday, or Christmas, or New-Years Day, that perhaps would make up the five pounds."

"Yes, I think it might; but do you think you will have courage and self-denial enough to be a whole year without any money or any presents? You must think it well over."

"Mamma, I should be so glad."

"Yes, but you must think over it for a much longer time—a whole week—and then give me your answer."

"And did you, Aunt Jane?" asked both the children eagerly.

"Yes, I did; and though it was a great pleasure to give Mrs. Jones the five pounds, it was a greater sacrifice than I had imagined it would have been. However, I had chosen it myself, and there was nothing to say; but I was glad when the end of the year came; and then I had a still greater pleasure, for my mother took Priscilla into the nursery, and I was able, by teaching her and helping her, in many ways to make up for the injury I had done her."

"And was she stupid? and had she red hair? and did you like her?"

"She was not at all stupid; but her hair must always be red; and I think you are very fond of her, Annie."

"I don't know her, Aunt Jane."

"Yes, you do, very well. She dresses you every day." "Nurse dresses me."

"But Priscilla is nurse. She stayed with us many years; and when you were a baby, your mamma made her your nurse."

"Oh, how funny! How very odd! A true story, all about real people."

"Thank you," said Eustace gravely. "I think it was very good of you to tell us that story."

"I am glad you liked it, dear boy, and shall be very happy if it makes you remember how little we can tell the effect of our smallest actions. I have often wondered at so much misery being brought upon so many people by my taking that one little tin soldier."

WHEN St. Joseph Calasantiuss was a little boy five years old, he heard some one speaking about the devil, the enemy of God. He did not know who the devil was, but he thought the devil would look like a man. Another day he got together a good many children. They all got sticks in their hands, and went about looking for the devil to drive him out of the world. These sticks were only made of wood. The stick which really sends the devil away is the beautiful prayer, *Jesus and Mary help me.*

# LETTERS

From devout Clients of the Holy Mother of God.

"J. M. J."

To the Children who read the "Ave Maria," or the Blessed Virgin's boys and girls:

DEAR YOUNG FOLK: I am delighted at seeing a department in this publication opened for you, and must beg at once the Editors to allow me a seat in the Children's Corner, where I can express to you my admiration of this admirable arrangement for your benefit. So gather round, Louis, Edward, John, Mary, Anna, Elizabeth, Patrick, Charlie, Maggie, Bridget, and four more of you, who say the most *Hail Marys*; I want a ring of fourteen immediately around my chair. Just the number of the children of that great and good Empress-queen, Maria Theresa of Austria. I remember when I was a child I liked to read how she used to go every day to look upon her fourteen children as they were all seated around the table. Again, seven of you may remind me of the Seven Joys of that almost infinitely more glorious Mother, and the other half of you of her seven saddest dolors. And while I may address myself to one of you more particularly, as to Louis this morning, and another time to Edward or Elizabeth, it will yet be for and to you all. But Louis will please accept for you now the congratulations impatient to drop from my pen. I assure you, Master Louis, I have been waiting for the occasion; as soon as ever the AVE MARIA appeared, my heart, my lips, my purse, said Hail! Hail! Hail! and yet I saw something wanting, little sir, and I knew just what it was.

Dear Children, I was not born in the Church; I lost the sweet, lovely child-protection found in the Catholic Church; but ever since our dear Lady and Mother, in her most motherly kindness, led me into this one, precious and only safe fold, I somehow seemed to become a child again, and want to stay one. May I not, with you? Would it not be too bad for me to be cheated out of all my childhood? I am confident you will generously vote me a place among you, and I shall always remember you first. I was speaking of the AVE MARIA but now; how much I liked its first issue, and yet how it seemed "one thing thou lackest," when I diverted, (you will excuse a rambling letter, as we are now only getting acquainted; and all things, even publications, acquaintance and letters, must have time to improve.) Yes, I felt something was wanting, till a department was assigned to you. "What?" said I, "a periodical that should be in the family of every Catholic, and no provision for the children; it's like a table for but half the household—father and mother served to meat, but little Willie's and Maggie's cup for milk empty. No, no, that's not right yet. It is the 'Virgin and Child,' not the Virgin without the Child, or as non-Catholics would have it, the child without a mother. I say *thought*, children; I thought, but did not *say*, for we know it is always more generous and handsome to wait long enough to give those who have any good and new plan in hand time to first unfold it themselves. So, children—my dear little auditors—I

only kept thinking it will come; it will come soon. It must; for this precious periodical is most Catholic; if I were writing to great folks I should say, eminently Catholic, and it was never known that Catholics forgot the children of the Church. Our wise Editors know this, and will soon draw their attention in this pleasant direction. That dear Mother, too, whom we imagine ever loves best to be represented with the Child Jesus, will see that the little ones in her great family are not overlooked in her special organ. And now, were not some of you, little wise ones, expecting this? Ah, I read your dear little smiles; you asked the Holy Mother, as soon as you saw a number, for a Child's Corner in it, and she has been answering your little prayers. You know, we know, dear children, it is so, and we receive it as from her. We feel it is our Mother's corner too, that we are sitting in, and what a beautiful corner it can be made; what a picture-gallery of little saint boys and girls. Already it holds a pen-portrait of our great and good Father, the Pope, when a dear and holy little boy, in No. VI; and the dear Saint Elizabeth's silver cradle in the corner of No VII; to be followed, we are sure, by legend, anecdote and ballad of the holiest children of Holy Church, in somewhat promiscuous, perhaps, yet ever fresh, childlike and sweet array. And, I think we will invite any one to sit with us who has not grown too large to think and talk as a child, and as I am confident too, your—no, *our* department—will soon be one of the attractive features of the AVE MARIA. Ah, yes, the best contributors, you may depend, will soon see where the pleasant corner is. "Genius loves to caress little things;" I shall soon rejoice to see you piously petted, quite enough, and only be a *little* proud that I happened to think to write you your first letter, though I trust, not the last; and as I wish you to remember and pray for me sometimes, my dears, and to know my voice when I may talk to you, I will tell you that you may, always know it is I, in this corner, under "J. M. J." (our Lord, Mother, and saint patron,—Jesus, Mary and Joseph, you know, children,) and over ††† (three crosses.) But I fear my letter runs almost too long for publication now, so for now, I better stop just here. Affectionately, my little children. †††

ERRATUM.—In No. 8, of the AVE MARIA, page 118, column 2, line 21, *la Sainteté de Pie IX*, should read *Sa Sainteté Pie IX*.

## MICH. S. & N. INDIANA RAILROAD.

### SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

PASSENGER TRAINS will leave South Bend station as follows, daily, except Sundays. Going East:

Leave South Bend 2 10 a m	Arrive at Toledo 8 30 a m
" do 9 25 a m	" do 8 45 p m
" do 9 10 p m	" do 4 00 a m

All three trains make close connection at Toledo with trains for the East. The last two trains connect directly through to Detroit (via Adrian and Monroe), arriving 6 30 p m and 6 10 a m respectively. Going West:

Leave South Bend 2 10 a m	Arrive at Chicago 5 59 a m
" do 8 67 a m	" do 12 30 p m
" do 7 30 p m	" do 11 00 p m





## THE MISSIONARY'S HOME, Notre Dame, Indiana.

[The MISSIONARY'S HOME forms of itself a separate corporation, under the control of three Right Rev. Bishops, this arrangement of ours having been lately approved at Rome.]

The Missionary's Home is an institution to provide for the necessities of our overtaxed Pastors, when infirmity or age or accident shall have rendered a retreat from the world desirable: when, having exercised for long years the sacred duties of their high calling, they feel incapacitated for further exertion and desire an honorable repose, a retirement in which no anxiety respecting the providing for necessities shall intermingle with the attention to the care of their own salvation, which will then form the sole object of their solicitude.

The proposal for the foundation of such a Home has received not only the formal sanction and the solemn benediction of His Holiness Pope Pius IX, but with the zeal that so preëminently distinguishes him, He (the Pope) amid the difficulties that surround him, and the necessities created by the disorders of the times, was prompted by his own heart to aid a work which has so entirely the glory of God for its object, and He generously disbursed a pecuniary offering in addition to the invaluable blessings of his sanction and approbation.

Were superior motives wanting, yet might self-interest alone prompt the Faithful to give the

greatest assistance they could command to the measure; for contemplate for a moment what would be the consequence if, instead of the disinterestedness that now characterizes the Catholic Priest, it were to become a necessity, real or supposed, that he too should set apart from his income a sum sufficient to maintain him in his declining years. The sums now freely given for the promotion of the greater glory of God, would then be hoarded up in a commercial spirit, and the consequences would affect not only the external acts, but the interior relations of the soul in a manner too painful to dilate upon at present.

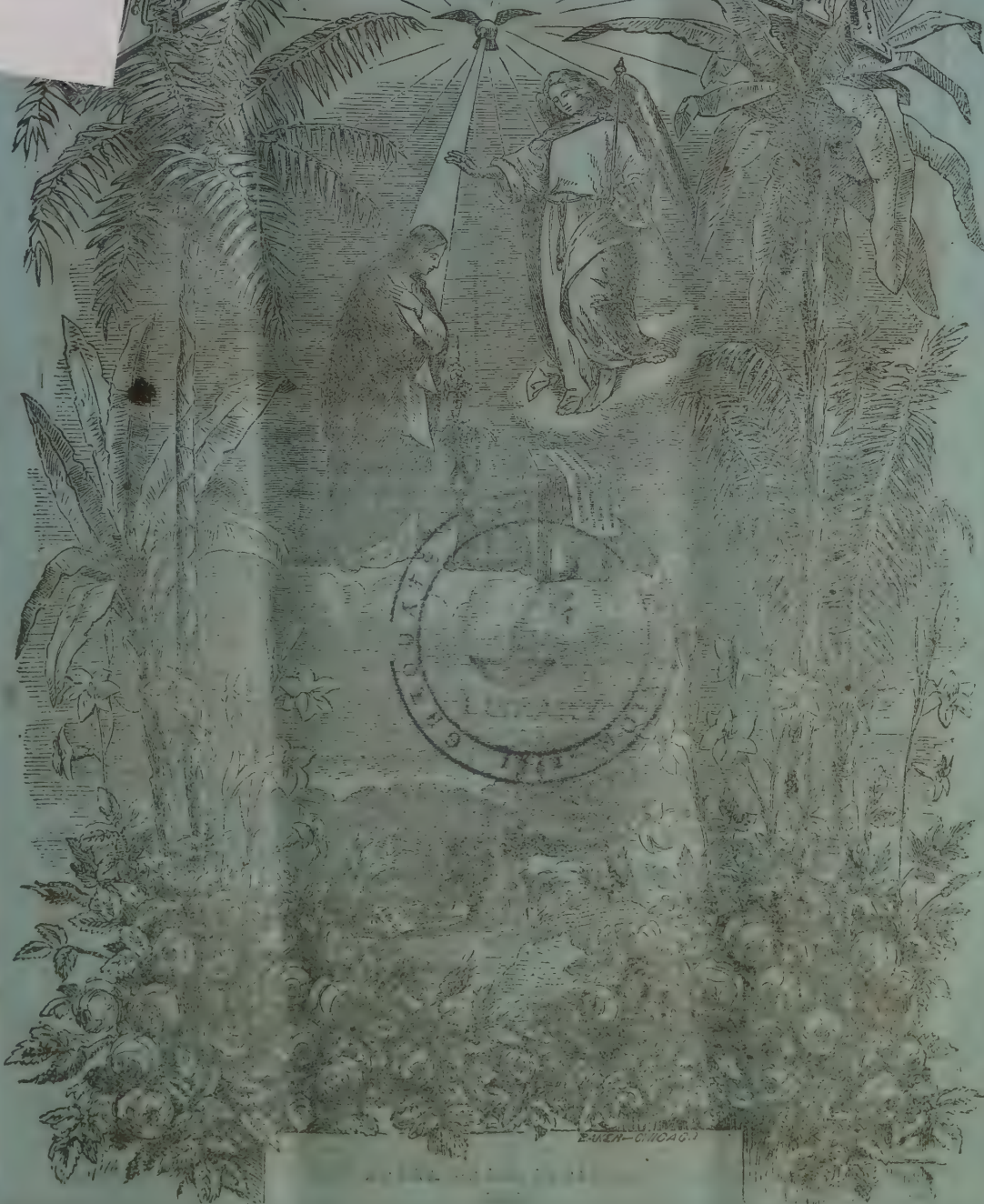
The Missionary's Home appeals then, of itself, to the highest sentiments we can entertain. It presents itself feelingly to our hearts, as if it were a direct appeal from God himself to animate our zeal. If a cup of cold water, shall in nowise lose its reward: and if to clothe the naked and to give drink to the thirsty among the least of His little ones, shall be esteemed by our Divine Lord as if done to Himself; shall we not invoke a powerful blessing by the exercise of extensive charity towards those who came in His name to announce the glad tidings of salvation to mankind?

Volume I.

Number 11.

LEVEL  
ONE

# AVE MARIA



CHICAGO - ILL.





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## Weekly Calendar.

### JULY.

Saturday 22.—St. Mary Magdalen, the Penitent.  
 Sunday 23.—7th Sunday after Pentecost. St. Appollinaris, M.  
 Monday 24.—Vigil of St. James.  
 Tuesday 25.—St. James, Apostle.

Wednesday 26.—St. Anne, Mother of B. Virgin Mary.  
 Thursday 27.—Office of Blessed Sacrament.  
 Friday 28.—SS. Nazarius and Comp. MM.  
 Saturday 29.—St. Martha, V. Com. of SS. MM. in L. and M.

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 22, 1865.

No. 11.

## Woman's Character Elevated by the Blessed Virgin's Divine Maternity.

FATHER VENTURA.

The Church places on the lips and in the hearts of her children, in order that they may repeat it every day, and several times during the day, that sublime and tender prayer to Mary, composed of the most beautiful passages of the Gospel, which give in a few words all her grandeurs, all the sentiments with which we should offer her our devotion, and all that we hope to obtain through it: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God! pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

According to the pious and magnificent language of the Church, with regard to Mary, Mother of the God made Man, the mystery of the Incarnation ever presents to the mind of the Christian a woman, daughter of God the Father, Mother of God the Son and Spouse of the Holy Ghost; a woman at the same time virgin and mother; filled with the plenitude of the virtue and grace of God, and united and associated to God in the most intimate, most noble and most perfect manner; a woman, Mother of the Creator, and, by that title exalted above all angels, saints, and created beings; recognizing nothing above her, save God who created her; elevated to the highest dignity that a pure creature can attain; a woman, the conqueror of satan, victor over sin, the joy of heaven, the delight of earth, the terror of hell, the queen of all the universe; a woman, the mother of good help, the mediatrix of pardon, and, after Jesus, who is the source, the channel of all grace, hope, merit and consolation. In a word, the Incarnation always speaks to us of a woman, whom the Son of God associated with Himself, to redeem and save the world; and the salvation of the world was accomplished by the Son of God, with the consent, the virtue and co-operation of a woman.

Hence the unique grandeur so astonishing, so incalculable and so incomprehensible, which is revealed in Mary by the mystery of the Incarnation, is reflected upon woman. In the economy of the mystery of the Incarnation, LIFE comes from the sex that introduced death; the sex, that in the first woman having conceived sin in the heart, caused ruin to the world, became the salvation of the world through the WOMAN *par excellence*—through the perfect woman, who conceived in her virginal womb

Grace and Holiness. The sex which Eve had, in a special manner, subjected to the power of the serpent, has been transformed by Mary into the conqueror of the serpent, and has repaired and effaced in the person of Mary all the evil it inflicted on humanity, in the person of Eve.

The sex so humiliated by Eve, is exalted above our comprehension by Mary. The *Blessed amongst all women* is its honor and glory. It was then impossible for woman to be considered an impure, or malevolent being among people believing in the mystery of the Incarnation; that is to say, the mystery of a God-Saviour conceived by woman and born of woman. It was impossible for the mystery of the woman, Mother of God, not to reflect something of its magnificence and splendor upon the woman mother of Man, upon woman in general; impossible that it should not surround her with the respect and veneration of all nations believing in Jesus Christ. Hence we find, wherever belief in the mystery of the Incarnation has established devotion to Mary, that woman possesses in the eyes of men something grand, delicate, and mysterious, which recommends her to the esteem and respect of all the world. \* \* \*

When the Son of God became Man, he required nourishment as other men, if for no other reason than to prove to us that he was true man as well as true God. Saint Augustin says, "The Son of God, having taken the form of a serf, wished in this form to be nourished by his own serfs; less in consequence of the conditions of His new nature, than by an excess of His bounty." Now where did the Divine Saviour seek these serfs by whom he condescended to be nourished? Among women. The Gospel proclaims it. Saint Luke says: "The twelve Apostles were with Him and certain women who had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities. Mary who is called Magdalen, out of whom seven devils had gone forth, and Joanna, wife of Chusa, Herod's steward, and Susanna and many others, who ministered unto him of their substance." (Luke viii.) Saint Matthew also says: "And there were there many women afar off, who had followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him." (Matt. xxvii.)

It is then evident that it was women who, uniting all they possessed, formed a treasury or deposit from which they furnished all that was necessary for the support of the Divine Master and His Apostles. It is also evident that these noble souls, were not satisfied with placing all their wealth at the disposal of the Saviour and His disciples; but they followed Him everywhere and always, from



one province to another, to serve Him with their own hands and see that He wanted nothing—*ministrantes ei*.

O fortunate beings! to have had the honor and happiness of supporting with their goods, and assisting with their respectful and affectionate cares their Creator! It is true, as Saint Augustin remarks, that their possessions, being a gift from the liberality of this same God, they only supported the Son of God with the goods which this Son of God had given them; and in consequence of having been received by woman, nourished with corporal food by woman, He recompensed the generosity of woman, by nourishing her soul with the spiritual food of His word. But it is also true that man has not done as much. Man in the person of Judas knew only how to steal and appropriate to self—*fur erat et latro*—the sacred pence furnished by the piety of woman; and we know not that man ever gave any thing to the Saviour, during His life; it was only after His death that he gave Him a hundred pounds of aromatics, a winding sheet and a tomb. Hence, in the person of Jesus Christ and His Apostles, the Church, as well as her Divine Spouse, at her origin, was served, nourished and supported only by woman. Woman, I now understand why the Church loves thee with a special tenderness, and particularly recommends to the Blessed Virgin the DEVOTED female sex—*Intercede pro devoto femineo sexu*. Thou hast nourished her Celestial Spouse!

#### SAINT ANNE.---July 26th.

This week the Church presents to our devotion the saintly Anne, who takes us back in spirit to the life on earth of our dear Lord and His Blessed Mother; back to the very birth of the Church herself; to her cradle among the hills of Judea, and farther still, back to the time ere she existed with her wealth of sacraments and priceless atonement; back to the time when no Mary Mother was invoked, because, alas, no Son had come to ransom fallen man! no tie then existed between the chosen people on earth and the departed suffering ones, and the bright link to the heavenly inheritance was wanting; because, alas! there was no Church triumphant; and while fallen man was waiting for the Messiah, the saintly Anne dwelt at Nazareth, childless and advanced in years.

The oriental legend of this dear mother of our heavenly Queen is full of touching simplicity. It tells how there was a man of Lower Galilee named Joachim, and he had a wife named Anne, and both were of the royal race of David. Their hearts were pure and righteous, and they served the Lord with singleness of heart. And being rich, they divided their substance into three portions, one for the service of the temple, one for the poor and strangers, and the third for their household. On a certain feast day Joachim brought double offerings to the Lord, according to his custom, and he said, "Out of my superfluity I will give for the whole people that, I may find favor in the sight of the Lord, and forgiveness for my sins." And when the children of Israel brought their gifts, Joachim also brought his; but the

high priest Issacher stood over against him and opposed him, saying, "It is not lawful for thee to bring thy offering, seeing that thou hast no issue in Israel." And Joachim was exceeding sorrowful, and went down to his house; and he searched thoroughly all the registers of the twelve tribes to discover if he alone had been childless in Israel. And he found that all the righteous men and patriarchs who had lived before him had been the fathers of sons and daughters. And he called to mind his father Abraham, to whom in his old age had been granted a son, even Isaac.

Then Joachim was more and more sorrowful, and he went away into the pastures and he built himself a hut, and fasted forty days and forty nights, and he said, "Until the Lord God looks upon me mercifully, prayer shall be my meat and my drink."

And Anne, his wife, remained lonely in her house and mourned with a two-fold sorrow. And at the ninth hour she went into her garden and sat down under a laurel tree and prayed earnestly. Then looking up to heaven she saw within the laurel bush a sparrow's nest, and mourning within herself, she said, "Alas and woe is me! Who hath begotten me? who hath brought me forth? that I should be scorned and shamed before my people, and cast out of the temple of the Lord! Woe is me, to what shall I be likened? I cannot be likened to the fowls of the air, for these are fruitful in Thy sight, O Lord; nor to the unreasoning beasts of the earth, nor to the waters, nor to the earth, for all these are fruitful in thy sight, and praise Thee, O Lord!" And behold an angel of the Lord stood by her and said, "Anne thy prayer is heard; thou shalt bring forth, and thy child shall be blessed throughout the whole world." And Anne replied, "As the Lord liveth, whatsoever I shall bring forth I will present as an offering to the Lord." And the child was born and called Mary.

Then well might Anne rejoice, and well may we love and praise her, for her place was at the crib of the militant Church. She joined the links between its suffering and triumphant domains. Around her lowly abode, among the hills of Palestine, the dark night and shadows of the Old Law disappeared under the mild clear ray of Mary, the Morning Star, Bright Harbinger of the Son of Justice and Mercy.

The Fathers of the Church have made us acquainted with the virtues of Saint Anne. We follow them into her humble dwelling; we behold her piety, hear her vows and fervent prayers, and witness the joy of her late maternity; but after this we have but few records of her. This saintly mother, who had obtained her blessed daughter by prayers, brought her in her arms and presented her to the Lord in the temple, when she had reached the age of three years. She blessed her with many tears, and then returned to Nazareth, penetrated with sorrow for being deprived of the daily presence of her treasure; but the Lord comforted her by many consolations. Little more is known with certainty of the mother of our illustrious Lady, but it is usually supposed that she died while the Blessed Virgin was still in the temple.

In his sweet strains, let Father Faber sing to us  
of that blessed abode in far Galilee:

**Saint Anne.**

O Anne! thou hadst lived through those long dreary years,  
When childlessness hung o'er thy home like a blight;  
But angels, dear mother! were counting thy tears,  
And thy patience, like Job's, had been dear in God's sight.  
Thou wert meek when they scorned thee; thy rest was in  
prayer!  
Thy sorrow was sharp, yet its sharpness was sweet;  
When those that were round thee gave way to despair,  
Thy faith was more certain, thy trust more complete.  
Oh the vision of thee in thy lone mountain home,  
With thy calm broken heart so heart-breaking to see,  
In those dark after-years to thy Daughter might come,  
And the great Queen of sorrows learn something from thee.  
But joy comes at length to all hearts that believed,  
And the sighs of the saints must at last end in song;  
The best gifts of God fall to those who have grieved,  
And His love is the stronger for waiting so long.  
Oh blest be the day when old earth bore its fruit,  
The fairest of daughters it ever had seen,  
In the village that lies at the white mountain foot,  
And the angels sang songs to the young Nazarene!  
'Mid the carols of shepherds, the bleating of sheep,  
The joy of that birth, blessed Anne! came to thee,  
When the fruits were grown golden, the grapes blushing deep,  
In the fields and the orchards of green Galilee.  
Since creation was ever such gladness as thine,  
To whom God's chosen Mother as Daughter was given?  
O her beautiful eyes, dearest Anne, how they shine,  
And the sound of her voice is like music from heaven!  
Why was it thy heart did not break with excess  
Of a joy that was harder than sorrow to bear?  
Perchance had thine earlier sorrows been less,  
Thou couldst not have lived with a vision so fair.  
She was crown'd even then, like a creature apart,  
The child God had called to be Mother and Maid;  
Didst thou watch how the fountains of blood in her heart,  
Like the fountains in Zion, incessantly played?  
O Anne! from that blood the Creator will take  
The Flesh that shall save the lost tribes of our race;  
And His wonderful love the Eternal will slake  
At thy child's sinless heart, at those fountains of grace.  
O Anne! joyous Saint! what a life didst thou live,  
What an unbroken brightness of innocent bliss!  
Every touch of thy child a fresh rapture could give,  
And yet didst thou not kneel ere thou dardest to kiss?  
And we too, glad mother! are gay with thy mirth,  
For he who loves Mary in mirth ever lives;  
There is brightness and goodness all over the earth,  
For the souls Mary welcomes and Jesus forgives.  
Yes! gladness makes holy the poor heart of man;  
It lightens life's sorrows, it softens its smarts;  
Oh be with thy children, then, dearest Saint Anne,  
For Mary thy child is the joy of our hearts.

**ST. MARY MAGDALEN.---July 22nd.**

"Whosoever this Gospel shall be preached in  
the whole world, that also which she has done  
shall be told as a memory of her." This is the  
praise given from the mouth of our Saviour  
Himself. There is but one other such passage in  
the whole Gospel: "All generations shall call me  
blessed." Hence divine authority gives us the as-  
surance of the memory of but two created beings,  
living in the memory of man till the end of ages—  
Mary the Immaculate, and Mary the Repentant  
Sinner, whose feast we celebrate this week—the  
ardent penitent whose love and tears blotted out  
all past guilt; the beautiful Magdalen whose un-  
holy passions were all extinguished in the chaste  
love of our Divine Lord; Magdalen the young,  
the rich and lovely Jewess who, defying public  
opinion, came to the house of the haughty Phari-  
see; and heedless of the scornful glances of the  
invited guests bowed her penitent head and in  
tones broken with sorrow begs Him whom she

confesses to be her God, to cure the ulcers of  
her soul; and her mighty love and deep con-  
trition merited that wondrous sentence from  
the lips of the Saviour: "Many sins are forgiven  
her, because she hath loved much."

Then with her sins all forgiven, and glow-  
ing with the beauty and love of heaven, she  
went forth with no ornament save the luxuriant  
tresses with which she wiped the feet of Jesus;  
she sought the house of our Lady at Nazareth,  
where she shed her penitential tears upon the  
compassionate bosom of the Immaculate Mother,  
and the slave of satan became the chosen jewel  
of the Saviour's Sacred Heart.

She accompanied the Blessed Virgin during the  
time that elapsed between her conversion and the  
Ascension of her Lord. With Mary she entered  
Jerusalem when the Saviour came to that doomed  
city to celebrate the Passion. She saw the inhab-  
itants come out in crowds to meet the Son of  
David, filling the air with their hosannas, and she  
heard the savage cry of "Crucify Him." With  
His Holy Mother she was the first to follow,  
broken-hearted, the *Via Dolorosa*; she was last at  
the cross and first at the tomb, and her great love  
was rewarded by being the first person to whom  
Jesus appeared in His new life of the Resurrection.

She was also one of the favored witnesses of the  
Ascension, and for fourteen years after this event  
the greater part of her life was spent in celestial  
contemplation with the Blessed Virgin.

But in the persecution of the Christians, which  
continued after the martyrdom of St. Stephen, Ma-  
ry was apprehended—with Lazarus, Martha, Maxi-  
mus, and some seventy other Christians—put on  
board an old dismantled ship, and drifted out  
to sea without any sailors to steer the vessel. But  
our Blessed Lord watched over those who had so  
loved Him on earth, and He bore them safely  
over the stormy waves to the port of Marseilles,  
where, by the many miracles she wrought, Mag-  
dalen was instrumental in converting a great  
number of the Pagan inhabitants. But she did  
not remain long with the others. When Jesus  
was on earth she sat at His feet to listening to His  
words; and now she longed for solitude, where  
nought could divert her heart from the constant  
contemplation of her Beloved. So she went into  
a desert place, where she wept and did penance  
for her sins, as though they had never been for-  
given, passing all her nights and days for thirty  
years in prayer and spiritual contemplation.

When the time of her death drew near, and her  
holy soul was on the point of leaving the prison  
of her body, the Son of God, her beloved Saviour,  
appeared to her accompanied by a multitude of  
angels, and ravished her loving heart with the  
announcement that He was on the point of draw-  
ing her home at last to heaven. The holy Bishop  
Saint Maximus, who had accompanied her from  
Palestine, caused her saintly body to be placed in  
a magnificent sepulchre of white marble, on which  
she is represented in sculpture as in the house of  
Simon when she obtained the pardon of her sins;  
and over her sepulchre he erected a grand cathed-  
ral; and from the earliest ages of the Church to



the present time, the place has been famed for its many miracles, and the immense number of pilgrims from all countries that have visited it.

Never has the memory of any monarch been so venerated as that of this illustrious penitent. All the Fathers of the Church have celebrated it, all nations enlightened by the Gospel have erected monuments to her glory, and after the Virgin, whom all generations call blessed, there has been no saint more celebrated, to whom more statues and altars have been erected and more churches dedicated. In all ages the Church has testified a most extraordinary respect and devotion for the mortal remains of Magdalen, even for the places formerly sanctified by her presence. The frightful and almost inaccessible grot to which she retired, and the church in which her body was placed became most famous pilgrimages.

#### St. Mary Magdalen.

From the highest heights of glory,  
Mid the sweets of endless calm,  
Mary's spirit in its rapture,  
On the earth is dropping balm.  
On the bosom of the Saviour,  
Like a flower of stainless white,  
Lies the trophy of His mercy,  
In a blaze of heavenly light.  
Pardoned Sinner! wondrous Convert!  
Was there ever home like thine?  
Midst the splendors of the angels  
How thy fervent graces shine!  
Ever leaning, ever resting  
Upon Him thou lov'st so much,  
What extatic joys burn in thee,  
At the sweetness of His touch!  
And yet thou once wert wandering,  
Once wert soiled with darkest stains,  
Who art now the fairest blossom  
In the land where Jesus reigns.  
Thou wert wretched, thou wert drooping,  
Thou wert crushed upon the earth,  
Who art greater now and grander  
Than an angel in his mirth.  
Thou didst fly unto thy Saviour,  
And thine eyes were fixed on His,  
While thy guilty lips were printing  
On His feet full many a kiss;  
And then, wonder of compassion!  
In one moment thou wert free,  
And a gift of love unequalled  
From His Heart came into thee.  
Like the rising of the ocean  
Was the tide of glorious grace;  
Like the beauty of the morning  
Grew the beauty of thy face;  
Like the glory of an angel  
Was the purity within,  
Like the whiteness of thy namesake,  
Of the Mary without Sin!  
Blessed swiftness of a pardon  
Which thy guilt could not delay!  
Happy penance of a moment  
Burning life-long sins away!  
O those gentle Eyes of Jesus,  
And those tender Words He said!  
O the value that He places  
On the tears that sinners shed!  
The sweet fragrance of thine ointment  
All the earth is filling now;  
And thy tears are turned to jewels  
For a crown upon thy brow;  
There are thousands in all ages  
Come to Christ because of thee;  
Oh then, Mary, with thy converts  
In thy kindness number me!  
Queen of penance! Queen of fervour!  
Thou art martyr too of love,  
And thy likeness to thy Saviour  
Makes the angels glad above.  
Oh how wisely hast thou chosen  
For thyself the better part,  
To be braided like a jewel  
On thy Saviour's Sacred Heart!

#### THE MONTH OF MARY---AND PIO NONO. FIFTH DAY.

THE PRAYER OF PIUS THE NINTH, WHILST A CHILD  
—WHAT THE INFANT VIRGIN ASKED OF GOD IN  
THE TEMPLE.

The first Christian king that reigned over our forefathers, Clovis the Great, having been converted by the miraculous victory which the Lord gave him over the Germans on the plains of Tolbiac, and having thereupon resolved to embrace Christianity, received upon his haughty brow the gentle dew of baptism, poured from the hands of the glorious St. Remigius, Archbishop of Rheims, and every day afterwards meekly bowed his head, uncrowned, before the Cross of the Saviour. At the news of this happy change, Anastasius II, then the occupant of the Pontifical chair, sent him a paternal greeting in these memorable terms:

"The Chair of Peter quivered with joy when the news came that the net of the fisher of men—of the divine keeper of the Keys of Heaven—had been filled with so abundant and miraculous a draught. Thou art the son of the Church; be the consolation of thy mother. Be the pillar of iron to sustain her in the midst of the assaults of the demon. Thou wert in darkness, and now thine eyes are enlightened with heavenly brightness. We praise the Lord that the Church hath found an arm able to overthrow all her enemies."

This letter, from the venerable head of the faithful, communicated to his subjects by the royal convert, seemed to pass whole and entire into the heart of France, and to become, from that moment, her programme and her rule of action. Since that day, in fact, setting aside a few momentary intervals, France has always been seen by the side of the Church, loving her as a child loves its mother, defending her as a soldier defends his country—as a king his crown. Three hundred years after the death of Clovis, it was France that delivered, by the sword of Pepin and Charlemagne, the Church from the yoke which the Lombard princes were about to place upon her, as Constantine had delivered her from the dominion of the Roman Emperors. It was France that, at the voice of the Church, transported her valor and her devotion eight times to the tomb of Christ, to wrest it from the hands of the infidels; it was France again that, during seventy years, offered a refuge to the Vicars of Jesus Christ, and made Avignon to them a second Rome, whilst criminal factions had usurped the power in the Eternal City, and had ignominiously driven out the Royal Pontiff. And yet it was France that caused the first great anxieties of the innocent and pure life of our glorious Pius IX, and that justified what we have already said of him: viz., that Providence had caused him to be born in troublous times, willing thus to fortify him early against the cares of every kind that have surrounded him without ceasing. Let us say a few words now of the first alarms of so august a life:

In an outrageous paroxysm of audacity—by a prodigious perversion of her immense power, France, raising her own hand against herself,

dared to efface from her brow the life of fourteen centuries; dared to plant in her heart the germ of a new future. Scarce was it sown, that fatal seed, than it took root and grew, and all the powers of Europe tasted of its bitter fruits; a general war ensanguined the hand of nations and the thrones of kings. Italy received more than her share of evils in this terrible career of death. Plains of fire, mountains of cannon, forests of lances, rivers of blood, throngs of widows and orphans, a Pontiff dragged into captivity, such were the terrors that France came to spread around the cradle of Pius IX. But how did he, the holy child, reply to these acts of violence of that nation? Listen:

One day he was kneeling, according to his custom, by his mother's side, to recite with her his evening prayer. When they had finished: "My dear," said the Countess Mastaï, "we will now add an 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary' for the intention of Pius VI, now in exile, and another for the French, his persecutors."—"Yes, mother; yes, with all my heart, for the Sovereign Pontiff, who is so unfortunate; but are not the French very wicked people, to keep the Pope in prison? and ought we to pray for them, then?"—"My dear, that is a stronger reason why we should pray for them. Ah! it is not their fault if the Pope is their prisoner; it is their government which is wicked."—"Must we then pray for the wicked, mother?"—"Doubtless, my child; did not our Divine Saviour, when he was dying, pray Himself for those who were crucifying Him?" "Very well, mother; then in place of one 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary,' that you would have me say for the French, I will say two." And Pius IX, who was then about six or seven years old, prayed from that day forward, night and morning, with fervor, for the welfare of France, as well as for the unfortunate Pius VI.

Pious servants of the Virgin, is it not admirable, this magnanimity of soul in our Pontiff, still a young child! Is not this prayer sublime, that, in the midst of the misfortunes of his country, he addressed to God for those who were pouring out upon it the vials of bitterness? But where did he imbibe that elevation of heart so rare at his age? From Mary—from the infancy of Mary, passed, like his own, amidst the numberless afflictions of her brethren.

The prophets of Israel, we read, had announced that on some future day the sceptre of Juda would pass into strange hands—deplorable loss—destined to draw down upon the heads of the Jews mountains of wrath and frightful vengeance; and now the time was come. Herod, from Ascalon, a city of Idumea, reigned over the people of God. The throne of David became the seat, under this prince, of a long series of infamies and crimes. By his barbarous orders two high priests, Aristobulus and Hircanus, came to a cruel end. The first was drowned; the eighty winter's snows of the second could not save his life. Mariamne, the first wife of Herod, Alexandra, his mother-in-law, Joseph, one of his brothers-in-law, and a crowd of others, were immolated to his jealousy or resentment. To

these early enormities were afterwards added the most scandalous acts of impiety. A city and temple were built to Augustus, his protector, where the Emperor received divine honors; and when a certain Israelite, named Judas, disgusted with this audacious insult to the ancient faith of Juda, tried to persuade his brethren to tear down the golden eagle from the summit of the temple, Herod immediately had a funeral pile raised and cast him alive into the flames. Finally, to sum up all the horrors of which the Holy Virgin's native country was the theatre, at this mournful epoch, the Idumean prince, on account of a mere suspicion, caused his two sons, Aristobulus and Alexander, to be strangled, so that the public conscience, pushed to its extreme limit of indignation by these excesses, thought it could take no better revenge on the monster than by declaring abroad that *it was better to be one of Herod's swine than one of his children.*

Whilst these calamities plunged the children of Israel into mourning, what was the august and sweet Mary doing? Mary lifted to heaven her eyes, her heart, her hands—Mary prayed. Hidden in the peaceful recesses of the temple, says Saint Bonaventure, she asked of God each day seven particular graces, the first, that she might love him with all her heart and obey his eternal laws to the very iota; the second, that she might love her neighbor, whether unrighteous or just, as God desired; the third, that she might be armed with the most intense hatred for sin, and for all that afflicts the Spirit of God; the fourth, that he would give her the most profound humility, the most perfect disengagement from the trammels of worldliness, the greatest patience under every trial in the vicissitudes of life, and an angelic purity to the end of her days; the fifth, that she might see the time when that Blessed Virgin who was destined to bring forth the Messiaiah should be born, that she might throw herself at his feet, and beg to be numbered among the last of her servants; the sixth, that she might follow, on every occasion, with the most scrupulous docility the will of those upon whom she depended in the temple; seventhly and lastly, she entreated God to have pity on his people, and to send them the Redeemer for whom they had waited so long.

Behold, pious servants of the Virgin, upon what model the infancy of Pius IX was formed. His pious mother had, no doubt, told him all that we have just recounted of the misfortunes that afflicted Israel from the earliest years of the august Mary. She told him in what manner the Holy Child conversed with God in the Temple, praying either for her own spiritual benefit, or for that of her brethren and the entire world, and he, then, feeling assured of being agreeable to God in praying like Mary, for all both sinners and just, that in his childhood he beheld around him, added to his prayers the generous intentions we have mentioned above.

LET nothing appear great, nothing valuable or admirable, nothing worthy of esteem, nothing high, nothing truly praiseworthy or desirable, but what is eternal.



For the AVE MARIA.

## The Ave Maria.

*Ave Maria!* how strong is the claim  
Of the journal inscribed with the loveliest name;  
From its white leaves diffusing the hallowed perfume  
Of the Rose ever bright with its mystical bloom.

*Ave Maria!* bright, beautiful one,  
Whose praises the lips of an Angel begun;  
And millions re-echo their cadences sweet,  
*Ave Maria!* with graces replete.

*Ave Maria!* where Purity sprung,  
When blooming, immortal earth's foul weeds among;  
Thy immaculate form as a lily divine,  
Didst shelter the Sinless, the Holy enshrine.

*Ave Maria!* from Calvary's tree,  
The lips that first uttered sweet "*Mother*" to thee,  
Grew white while consigning our souls to thy care,  
And well do we know we may never despair.

*Ave Maria!* the rays of thy love,  
Are beaming unclouded from Heaven above;  
And with confidence ever we look up to thee,  
Our cynosure over life's perilous sea.

*Ave Maria!* thou see'st our strife,  
And how weary we grow in the conflict of life;  
How we "faint by the way" of perpetual care,  
And are bleeding and bruised by the thorn and the snare.

*Ave Maria!* unshattered once more,  
Unto us the "invincible armor" restore;  
We see all around us the wild host of sin,  
Oh, aid us to conquer, and Heaven to win!

CAMBRIDGEPORT, JUNE 28.

A. M. G.

## LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

## No. 3.—The Widow's Son.

FROM THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

[Concluded—Reproduction interdicted.]

## CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Reduced to voluntary slavery, the grandson of consuls, the friend of the greatest men of his age, the proprietor once of dominions vast as kingdoms, the former Governor of Rome, entrusted with the care of the gravest interests of the empire, he thought no more of his past greatness, and did not disdain to humble himself to the most menial labors. The change in his fortunes did not affect the peace of his soul. The Christian accomplishes without effort the most sublime sacrifices. He never falls from the summit of power, for he knows how to descend honorably. Prosperity sometimes crushes him, but misfortune never. What do I say? For the true disciple of Christ, adversity does not exist. In the midst of worldly losses, he does not lose his joy, for his joy is placed in God, and God never fails him.

Paulinus rose at daybreak. While the city was still asleep, and the silence of its slumbers was unbroken save by the sighing of the gentle sea-breeze, he prayed and offered his praises to the God who made the sun to enlighten the day,

The labor of his hands left his spirit free. While his body was bent to the earth, his soul was elevated to God in prayer and meditation; he often indeed sang hymns and canticles aloud.

He pictured to himself the happiness of the widow to whom he had restored her only son. This thought alone would have been enough to console him, if he had stood in need of consolation. He made sure that Providence would watch over his orphaned flock. Since he had no other

care, animated by this confidence, he did not feel the pressure of slavery. Heaven blessed his labors, and made fruitful the ground that he cultivated. The plants grew of themselves with unwonted vigor. The flowers multiplied and bloomed with extraordinary brilliancy and fragrance. The trees afforded an early and abundant harvest of fruit.

The other slaves at first looked upon him with jealousy; but little by little they were gained over by his kindness and charity. He became their friend, the depository of their griefs, and often their consoler. He made use of his influence to lead them to the practice of virtue in the performance of their duty. To the effect of example he joined gentle exhortations. He taught them how religion makes man free even in the midst of servitude. He assembled them to praise God with him. Together with piety, resignation entered their souls. They aspired to the reward of patience at the end of this mortal life. Their misfortunes appeared to them less heavy; and elevated in their own eyes above the degradation of their state, they became more faithful to their master. Teutbert soon perceived this change, and asked the cause. What was told him of Paulinus excited his curiosity. He wished to know the man whom all the household listened to and loved. He came down into his gardens to converse with him.

"I congratulate thee," he said to him, "on the skill thou showest in thy work. The women are delighted with thy flowers; and whenever my friends assemble at my table, it rings with the unanimous praise of the beauty and flavor of thy fruits."

"Thy soul is indulgent to thy slave; but thy praises are not really due to me; they belong to God, who alone gives to these trees their fertility."

"They tell me also that thy conversation has inspired my slaves with a zeal and a docility that they never had before."

They have flattered me to thee. My conversation has not so much power. Thou art a merciful master; it is only just that they should show themselves devoted and grateful to thee."

"I commend thy modesty."

"I only speak the truth."

"Thou hast not always been a slave?"

"Since I came into the world I have always served. For thirty-eight years, in fact, I was under the hardest servitude. The foul fiend ruled me. Then I was set at liberty; and since, I have been free. I bear only the sweet yoke of the Lord."

"What rank dost thou occupy?"

"I am the last among sinners, and am not distinguished among my brethren save by the number of my iniquities."

"But how didst thou get thy living?"

"By alms and the patrimony of the poor."

"Thy language however, is not that of a common mendicant. Thy mind is cultivated. Thou art evidently used to governing men, and I feel myself thine empire over the heart. Thy virtues declare the priestly character. Am I mistaken?"

"I cannot deny that, in spite of my unworthiness, I have been invested with that august office."

"And how, being a priest, couldst thou have been sold to the poor widow from whom I took thee?"

"Providence orders all the events of our lives."

"Slavery must have appeared very hard to thee, and thou didst doubtless bitterly regret thy lost freedom?"

"I might indeed lament to God that He has chained my arms, and forbidden me to gain souls to Him. But I have seen that he has opened to me here an unexpected harvest. I have instructed thy household in the Christian faith, and I have found hearts ready to receive the good seed."

"And if an opportunity of escape should be offered thee?"

"Why should I escape? I belong to thee; in robbing thee of my labor, should I not be guilty of theft?"

"I admire thee! Well; no one shall watch thee henceforth. Thou shalt roam through the city as thou wilt." Teutbert formed a sincere affection for his slave; he took so much pleasure in conversing with him, that he sometimes left the most aristocratic company to go and sit with him in the garden.

Paulinus made use of the favor he enjoyed, not to obtain selfish advantages, but to suggest to the prince ideas of Christian justice and charity. When he received a gift, he hastened to take it to those of his brethren who were in need. He induced him to purchase a great number of the inhabitants of Nola, who had fallen into the hands of cruel masters. In a short time the palace of Teutbert was full of them. Paulinus did all he could for these poor creatures. He visited them, consoled them, inspired them with hope and resignation. Teutbert learned from them that his gardener was bishop of Nola. He was at first astonished, and afterwards grieved. He foresaw that the friends of this great man, as soon as they learned his condition, would hasten to send his ransom, and take him away to his diocese. How had a Bishop fallen into slavery? He questioned him several times about this, but the saint always, through humility evaded answering, and would not satisfy his curiosity.

The father-in-law of this prince was Gontharius, the elder brother of Genseric, and he reigned with military authority over the barbarous nation of the Vandals. About this time he had a dream. It seemed to him that he was in an immense plain, covered with a multitude of slaves. Upon all sides, above the horizon, there was a circle of smoke—the smoke of the cities he had taken and burned. The black and crumbling ruins he had made, were scattered upon the hill-sides. Armed with a long scourge, he dragged along his captives, who were cowering to the earth and weeping, and it seemed to him that the earth was also sobbing. Women, old men and children, cast themselves on their knees before him, begging for mercy with clasped hands and tears. But he answered them only by blows with the uplifted scourge. Suddenly, from the midst of this multitude, there appeared an old man of venerable aspect and still in the vigor of manhood. He snatched from the hands of the king the scourge that he held, and broke it, strewing its fragments on the

ground. And although his countenance was mild, Gontharius did not dare to resist him. At a sign from the old man, the slaves dispersed. The king dared not make any opposition; but the grief he felt for their loss awakened him.

The recollection of this dream haunted him continually. Still, he did not tell it to any one. But the figure of the old man who had appeared to him was incessantly before his eyes.

On the following day, as soon as he saw Teutbert, Paulinus advanced to meet him, and said:

"The time will soon come. Tell the king, thy father-in-law, to prepare himself to appear before God. His days are numbered."

"The king!"

"Yes, the hour of his death is not far off."

"But he is suffering from no disease. It would be hard to bring him such news as that. He will be angry with me, and will not believe me."

"He will not be angry with thee, and if he refuses to believe thee, bring me to him."

"And how dost thou know what thou foretellest?"

"It is a thought that has taken possession of my spirit; but without doubt, it will come to pass."

The prince, moved in spite of himself, repaired to the palace of his father-in-law, and announced the prediction of his slave. As the Bishop foretold, Gontharius was not angry; he only expressed his desire to see Paulinus. The aspect of the saint struck him with astonishment, and for some moments he contemplated him in silence, immovable, and as if frozen with involuntary terror. He had recognized the old man of his dream. From that time he had no doubt of the truth of his prediction; and when he was told that the old man was a bishop, he begged of him to assist in preparing his soul for death.

Paulinus obeyed. He painted, in words of fire, the pains of hell and the terrors of Divine justice. Then he represented to him, with the holy liberty of a minister of the Lord, the crimes he had committed; the slaughter, the pillages, the enslavement of so many men. To call the dead to life was impossible. Gontharius could not repair then in this the wrong he had done. He was seized with consternation. Sublime work of religion! Armed with the sovereign power given him by God, it is the slave who threatens and terrifies, and it is the king who trembles and cries for mercy.

"Thou canst, at least," said the Bishop, "satisfy in part the justice of God. Restore the riches thou hast obtained by violence; use them to redeem the prisoners whom thou hast sold as slaves, and for the rest, trust in the mercy of the Lord."

Gontharius followed this advice. He purchased back the inhabitants of Nola from those to whom they had been sold, and restored them to their native city. And because poverty there was then at its height, he made them a present of several ship-loads of wheat.

Teutbert was no less generous. He set all his slaves free. He would have wished to keep the holy Bishop with him, but how could he retain the shepherd, while he yielded up the flock.

Paulinus returned in triumph to Nola at the



head of the captives whom he had delivered. The people came out in crowds to welcome him, and among the first he recognized Cypriana, who exclaimed: "Blessed be the Virgin Mary, who has restored these children to their mothers, and to all the people their common father. My son has become my pride and my consolation; and now, that his liberator is in the midst of us, nothing is wanting to complete my happiness."

—♦—

"Jesuit, by the Grace of God and the Police."

Listen to an *over* true tale, dear readers; for although the AVE MARIA admits no others within her pages, yet our singular title, we feared, might excite a doubt as to its veracity. This point being now settled, let us go back to 1864, and transport ourselves to the railroad depot in Angers, a celebrated city in France.

The four o'clock train had just arrived; a traveler, very pale and seemingly a good deal agitated, alighted. He had passed the night in the cars, certainly not the best place to obtain a fresh complexion, but evidently something more serious than the remembrance of a night's ride in an ill-ventilated train occupied his mind. His movements were undecided; he walked some fifty yards in the direction of the city, then hurriedly retraced his steps, returned to the depôt, and went up the street leading to the Cathedral; after walking very fast, he hesitated, stopped, and turned into a narrow alley; following it some distance, to his surprise he found himself in the open country; once more he retraced his steps, and a third time arrived at the depôt.

"Night brings counsel," says the proverb; but there are many different kinds of counsel. Judge for yourself of whom our traveler had received his.

Captain Karl — was a distinguished naval officer, and a member of the Legion of Honor; his breast was decorated with all sorts of foreign orders; he had, what is still better, within that breast so richly ornamented, an upright heart and a truly Christian soul. He did not believe that to be a good seaman it was necessary to be a bravado, nor to blush at the exercise of religious duties. On his vessel he reigned supreme in the hearts of the crew, who venerated him as a king and loved him as a father. It was a beautiful sight to see them all assembled around him for their morning and evening prayers; they were as courageous against their enemy as they were loyal to their captain and faithful to their God, and the renown of the brave Captain Karl — and his crew was well established throughout the Chinese seas.

He had but recently returned to France, where the promotion of Vice Admiral awaited him, when a singular idea took possession of his mind.

At sea one is very near God, and to Captain Karl the beautiful star-lit nights, as well as the wild tempest, spoke sweet language of the other world; but the many duties of his post left him no more time than was necessary to salute his Creator twice a-day, and say regularly the *angelus*.

In Paris, family affairs and the intercourse of

friends so completely absorbed his time that he seemed to belong no more to himself than when on the high seas. Then arose the singular idea of which we have spoken. "I must take eight days," said Captain Karl, "to make a retreat with the Jesuits."

Captain Karl had seen the Jesuits in their missionary labors at Shanghai, he had met them in the most remote provinces of the Celestial Empire, and their courage under the persecutions of their enemies, their persevering energy amidst all the fatigues and difficulties of their apostleship, had filled him with an enthusiastic admiration for the sons of Saint Ignatius.

Then he said to himself—"If I make a retreat with the Jesuits it will be a salutary and fruitful repose for my soul, which up to the present has been devoured with so many cares and anxieties. I shall leave the Jesuits strengthened for the work that lies before me in life, and shall be less unworthy to serve God and my country in the noble naval service, in which I hope honorably to live and die.

This thought had taken possession of his mind with as much tenacity as if he had heard in the voice of conscience the voice of God, and when God spoke, Captain Karl was not in the habit of selling his obedience; without further hesitation he took the ten-o'clock-forty-minute night express train, expecting to breakfast with the Jesuits the next morning in Angers.

But he had calculated without a certain individual of darkness, who, from the station at Choisy, argued close in his ear, pretty much in this style: "But, my dear friend, have you seriously thought of the result of the steps you are now taking? What are you going to do at the Jesuits? Have you not, ever since your childhood, been in the habit of making a sanctuary in your heart, where you can keep a spirit of recollection worth all the cloisters in the world? In truth, people will think your conscience must have been pretty well loaded when you had to go so far in order to relieve it! If it was absolutely necessary to make a retreat, why not do so in Paris? The idea of going to Angers is perfectly ridiculous! Could you not have remained quietly shut up in your own house and told Valentine, your valet, not even to open the door to a cat? And, again, let me tell you (here Satan strongly insisted on this point) you do not know these Jesuits, nor their arts! It is no secret that their dwellings are like the lion's cave; we know what enters, but what comes out is altogether another thing. Ah, my friend, it is easy to see that you will soon become their victim! They will at once understand that you are a rich, influential man, a renowned officer, who would reflect much honor on their society. They will so wind themselves around you during the retreat, that without much trouble and scarcely before you know it, you will be a novice." Once upon this chapter, Beelzebub, who is artful, eloquent and indefatigable, never ceased for an instant. So skilful were his arguments, that on arriving at his destination, Captain Karl scarcely knew what resolution to take.

After all, a retreat, and especially a retreat with the Jesuits, was not an affair absolutely necessary for his salvation. The reflections that had occupied his mind, since leaving the Choisy Station, should not be thrown lightly aside. And if those good Fathers were going to make him enter their net in spite of himself, would he not bitterly regret all his life his folly in carrying out this silly design. "Enough! it is a settled affair," he said, speaking aloud to himself. "These good Fathers will not have a visit from me this time! I'll take the return train; and make my retreat in our own parish. This night's ride has been a most ridiculous affair after all. Luckily, I did not acquaint any of my friends with my determination!"

Scarcely he had taken this resolution, when the Captain felt himself a prey to secret remorse. Doubtless he had not recognized the horns or club-foot of Satan in his traveling companion, or he would have immediately said, *Vade retro*. Yet, still, he could not help feeling that these suggestions, had but slight foundation, and the thought that he was betraying great inconsistency, in returning by the next train, also greatly annoyed him.

From these oscillating thoughts resulted his zig-zag course and diagonal paths around the depot; his sudden turnings, stoppings, rapid walking and hesitations, added to his contracted brow and anxious uneasy expression of countenance, betrayed a very troubled conscience. All this was quite sufficient to excite the attention of the guardians of the morals and public security of the good city of Angers, who by chance or duty, happened to be at the depot so early in the morning. Two of the police had just arrested an intoxicated disturber of the peace, who had overwhelmed them with quodlibets, and divers glutinous projectiles, such as addled eggs and rotten apples. Their equanimity of temper had been somewhat ruffled by such unceremonious behaviour, and they had become in consequence exceedingly sensible to the least infringement of the public tranquillity that should reign at daybreak, above all other hours, in a large city. These two police turned the corner of Saint John's street, just at the moment that poor Captain Karl turned the opposite corner, and striking his forehead, exclaimed in an excited tone: "The decision is made once for all, I'll do it," took the direction for the third time towards the depot. The police stepped up and said to him, "Traveler, your papers."

Railroads have rendered such invitations very rare, and the Captain, believing it a piece of stupid pleasantry, replied "what paper?" "Your passport!" "Ridiculous! passports are not required now-a-days. Besides, I am a naval officer in the Imperial service, Captain of a vessel just arrived from China."

"Perhaps so; but we would like to see the proof. It is not customary to come from China to Angers without having something in one's pocket by which a friend could know you, a little book or portfolio, a leaf of a journal or a *carte de visite*: haven't you anything of this sort? Besides, from the look of your face I guess your conscience isn't any better regulated than your papers; what are

you doing, wandering up and down the streets around the depot at such an hour?"

The poor Captain began to find his position ridiculous; the honest policeman was only doing his duty. All appearances were strongly in his favor, and against Captain Karl. But how could the latter tell him the history of his retreat and his hesitations? Besides, even if he told him, the police would not believe him.

The watch, long accustomed to deal with different sorts of rascals, could not help finding in Captain Karl's face an honesty that might easily satisfy for the missing papers; and while he had a strong inclination to arrest him, he at the same time wished to discover a motive sufficient to release him. "Well," he said, "you haven't exactly the appearance of a member of the House of Correction. If you came here, it must have been on business. I suppose you must know somebody here?"

An idea suddenly flashed across Captain Karl's mind—"Ah, yes, you are right—I have a letter for the Superior of the Jesuits."

"If he goes security all right. Forward, my brave comrade, let us march to the Jesuits. We have been talking long enough."

"With a policeman on each side of him, Captain Karl was obliged to pass through the greater part of the city. He consoled himself with the thought that, at such an early hour and in a strange place, where he had never before set his foot, there was not much probability of his being recognized.

"I suppose God intended me to make this retreat," he said to himself, as they went along, "since He has sent me the police to force me to it. Those frightful Chinese, whom I used to put under arrest and march through the streets with the drums beating, when they were uncivil to any of our nation, would certainly enjoy the joke if they could see me conducted as a malefactor through the streets of a European city."

It seemed to the Captain that his escort took a pleasure in making their promenade as long as possible. At length they reached the College of the Jesuits. It was not necessary to arouse the Superior, for it was six o'clock, and the Jesuit's day commences at four; it was merely required to wait until the good religious had said his Mass. Then they handed him the letter, which was the last plank left to the poor Captain.

"Is it possible I have the pleasure of seeing you, my dear sir," said the Superior, in the most cordial tone; I am rejoiced to welcome one of whom our Fathers in China have so frequently spoken, one who has been for them, on so many occasions, a powerful protector."

"Yes," replied Karl, smiling, "it is I; and I now in my turn, come to beg you to release me from a no slight embarrassment;" and turning, he pointed to the police, who were a few paces in the rear, but had not as yet been noticed by the Father, so great had been his joy at meeting the Captain. Karl continued:

"These gentlemen met me at the depot, and they found my appearance so suspicious, and my papers so badly regulated—(the fact is, they were reduced to the letter you have just read)—that if



you do not go my security, they will conduct me straight to the guard-house."

The good Father, as you may well believe, did not hesitate to act as security; and the mortified police stammered their excuses, while making their way to the door. The Captain, warmly shaking their hands, laughingly said—"You are brave men; and you may well boast of having rendered me, without knowing it, a signal favor." (Karl himself could not measure the extent of that favor.)

The Superior laughed heartily when he heard of Captain Karl's wanderings around Angers, when, in place of going straight to the Jesuits', he had fallen into the suspicious hands of the police. "The finger of God is there, my dear friend," he said to the Captain. "This is the first time, at least to my knowledge, that a person has been brought by physical force to make a retreat! Who knows? He who directs all things—the least step of the last policeman as well as the movements of the heavens—He, without doubt, has some design over you."

Strange lights illuminate a mind during a retreat! Captain Karl had not come, however, to be enlightened upon his vocation. His future career was clearly traced out for him, and he only sought to strengthen himself in the practices of a truly Christian life, which exerts so powerful an influence when practised by those in the first ranks of society. Nevertheless, from the second day of the retreat, the idea of remaining among these Jesuits, where God had conducted him by force, never left him.

Captain Karl still remains in the novitiate at Angers. His superiors destine him for the Chinese mission, that country so well known to him. He loves to relate the gentle violence God used towards him, and the means ex-parliamentary which Providence employed to overcome his hesitations. He entitles himself "Jesuit, by the grace of God—and the police."

#### THE SLAVE'S INTERVIEW WITH PIUS IX.

It is almost superfluous to tell our readers that the Catholic Church has constantly proclaimed, proclaims, and will ever proclaim, against the abomination of slavery. The Church alone has had the strength to resist the ideas, customs, interests and laws of a pagan world, and to triumph over all the obstacles opposed to the emancipation of the slave. Scarcely had she succeeded in obtaining this favor for the serfs of the middle age that she exerted her power in favor of the negroes, whom the cupidity of the whites had violently carried off from Africa to be sold in America.

The numerous Councils held during eighteen hundred years show the ardent solicitude of the Pontiffs, Bishops, and all the hierarchy, in favor of the serfs and slaves. With regard to the negroes, six Pontiffs, actuated, not by a hypocritical humanitarianism, but by the charity of Jesus Christ, have reproved and condemned with extreme rigor the odious traffic in human lives; these were Pius II, Paul III, Urban VIII, Benedict XIV, Pius VII and Gregory XVI. On many occa-

sions Pius IX has expressed the same horror for slavery and pity for the slaves as his predecessors. Illustrative of his sentiments we give the following little incident:

A few years ago, a family from New Orleans, accompanied by a mulatto slave, visited Rome. The family took up their residence at the German Hotel, in Condotti Street, the most fashionable part of the Eternal City. Sarah, the young slave, had made her first communion. She loved God with her whole soul, and felt a most earnest desire to be confirmed. Near Condotti Street is the French Church of Trinita dei Monti, to which is annexed the renowned Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and it was the joy of the poor mulatto to go there every morning to Mass.

Sometimes, when the principal door of the church was locked, she would ring the convent bell and Sister Cesarie B——, opening the door with her characteristic urbanity, let her into the church.

Sarah prayed—prayed long and fervently. Nevertheless, she seemed sad; she begged God to grant her the grace of Confirmation, and God seemed deaf to her prayer. But God had heard her; for one day Sister Cesarie said to her—

"What is the matter with you, my child? Your eyes are filled with tears."

Sarah told her sorrows to the good Sister, and the latter, tenderly pressing her hand, promised that her pious desire should be fulfilled. From that moment the young slave became the object of particular religious care; she was duly instructed in all that was necessary for the reception of the Sacrament; and a Bishop, to whom the circumstances were related, gave her Confirmation.

Poor Sarah's dark face beamed with joy. The Bishop, touched by her tender piety, asked her if she would like to see the Pope and receive his blessing. We may imagine what would be the slave's delight, if such a favor were possible. The Ladies of the Sacred Heart had among their pupils the daughters of one of the officers of the Pontifical Court; they therefore solicited this officer to ask permission some day of the Sovereign Pontiff to place Sarah where she would have an opportunity of gratifying her pious wish.

But when the application was made the Pope gave no reply. And Sarah, informed of the failure of the project, became sad. Sadness upon a negro's face seems doubled; it is sadness spread over what was previously sad.

Several days passed, and Sarah prayed more earnestly than before, ardently begging God to bestow upon her that second confirmation in faith and love which the sight of the Vicar of Jesus Christ would give her, when one day a dragoon presented himself at the German Hotel, carrying a letter with the seal of the Vatican, and addressed to Miss Sarah. But there was no one of that name in the fashionable hotel to claim it; for who, among that aristocratic crowd, could believe that such a message was for a mulatto girl, a slave? The dragoon went from door to door, in his vain search. Finally, thinking that only a religious could be the person for whom a letter bearing the Pope's arms was intended, he turned to the Con-

vent of the Trinita dei Monti and again renewed his inquiries for Miss Sarah. There the greater part of the religious are of distinguished birth, and have generous sentiments with regard to the slaves, and they immediately suspected that Pius IX had granted an audience to the poor mulatto.

When Sarah heard the news they could see her grow pale under her dark skin; then she wept tears of joy and gladness. The Sisters arranged her toilet. They dressed her in a black robe, threw over her crisped hair a long black veil, according to the etiquette of the Pontifical court, and then had her conducted to the Vatican at three o'clock Sunday afternoon.

The princesses of the blood royal alone have the favor of penetrating as far as the Pope's apartment, in gala dress and attended by their court. To every other female the parts of the Vatican reserved for the Pope, are as narrowly closed as a convent of Chartreuse; it is as we may say cloistered. Pius IX receives them Thursdays and Sundays, and they await their turn in the gallery of Raphael. From that place, one, or several together, are admitted to an audience in the vast library of the Vatican, or in one of the halls of the museum. The Sunday we mention was near Easter, and a large number of ladies were awaiting an audience. One of the Pope's chamberlains, clothed in a violet *soutane*, appeared and said in a loud voice: "Miss Sarah."

Sarah was in a corner; she arose, and passed through the groups with the simplicity of a Christian, and went to prostrate herself at the feet of the Pope. Pius IX, after having left her some time in this posture, where hearts penetrated with a truly filial love feel the most unspeakable consolation, raised her up and said:

"My daughter, you were there among the rich and great ladies and princesses; the last, without doubt, in their eyes, but perhaps the first in the eyes of God, and this is why I have called you at once."

Sarah could not speak; but she raised her large eyes, from which the tears were gushing, towards the Vicar of Christ; and the Pope quietly permitted those tears to flow, which are as dew to the pious soul; then he spoke to her most tenderly of the negroes; asked many questions about their condition; commiserated their sufferings, and blamed the egotism and hardness of the masters who divided husband and wife and separated the mother from her children.

"When you return to your country, my child, how will you then support your position?"

"Most Holy Father, I will bear it without pain, since I have been confirmed and have seen you."

"Well, my child, I give you my blessing; and you will bear it to all your brothers and sisters in slavery. Tell them that I love them as a father, and that in my heart they occupy a place equal to the whites; say to them that in affection my prayers go across the seas to them, to present them to Jesus Christ, and to obtain for them faith, hope and charity. The time will assuredly come when this ulcer of slavery, such as you know it, will cease in your country. But be assured that this

slavery is not the most terrible; among free white men there is a servitude more to be deplored than that which binds the negro—the slavery of the world and the flesh."

Before dismissing poor Sarah, Pius IX gave her a large box full of medals and rosaries.

"Distribute these things in my name among your brothers and sisters, and tell them that I love them and bless them."

We know now whether or not that blessing has been realized. But the eye of the Christian can trace its beneficent course across the fields of our late terrible battles, inspiring acts of heroism, devotedness and admirable conversions.

### The Holy Scapular.

I loved my own pure Mother—

I loved her with love sublime:

Nay, not with the love of time;

Not with the fickle affection to smother;

'Neath snow-drifts of change, and the thoughts of another;

O no! for once awakened, my love could not die,

For my beautiful Mother, the Queen of the sky!

Many I saw around me,—

Though humble I strove to be;

Humble, dear Mary, for thee—

Who knew not the blissful devotion that bound me;

Who never had sought the fond mercy that found me,

And with a sweet pride, which I cannot define,

I longed they should know me forever as thine.

A pledge of thy protection,—

For sake of thy dear Son,

That His will on earth be done—

A tangible proof of thy deathless affection,

A vesture, announcing our holy connection;

O this did I crave; and my pride was *not* pride,

For it sought but thy glory, nor sought to divide.

O then my own true Mother,

She gave me for love I bore,

The robe that St. Simon wore:

St. Simon, her child—and she made him my brother;

Joint heir of all gifts children hold with each other;

And the fasts of Mount Carmel, her penance and prayer,

With her SCAPULAR ROBE, I am honored to share.

O'er my heart she placed it tender,

The buckler of her defence;

No foe shall tear it thence:—

When morning and night my homage I render,

And press to my lips her insignia of splendor,

I believe her fair hand with the rays of her grace

The blest sign of Mercy above me doth trace.

For I know that Blessed Mary

In fires, on field, on flood,

Midst famine and scenes of blood,—

With truth and a constancy never to vary—

Hath come to her children, albeit unwary,

And guarded them safe, since they wore out of love,

Her Scapular vesture, her seal from above.

When clouds refuse their treasure

To the thirsting arid plain,

While the flow'rets cry for rain,—

And Mary reminded of her gracious pleasure

At sight of her Scapular, sends in full measure,

The store of her waters, and plenty and health

Return to the peasant the source of his wealth.

I rest me then unfeared;

I walk where foes abide,—

Grim foes on every side:—

For Mary, my merciful Mother, is cheering

My pathway, with voice as sublime as endearing.

I feel me a princess: the child of my Queen;

Her breastplate invincible, ever my screen.

And when I shall be dying,

I know that Mary will come,

To tenderly lead me home;

Aye more: In sweet patience awaiting and sighing—

To end my purgation; reward my relying,

And show me how potent is truth to the token,

Of trust in her care and my pledge all unbroken.

ROCKTON, Illinois, July. 1.

E. M. G.



## Weekly Chronicle.

*St. James—our Lady of the Pillar—a Church in a Wedding Basket.*

The Feast of Saint James the Great is celebrated on the 25th of this month. He was the kinsman, friend and chosen disciple of our Divine Lord, and with Peter and John, was admitted to His glorious Transfiguration, and was afterwards a witness of His agony and bloody sweat in the garden. The mother of Saint James, relying upon the merits of her children and their near relation to Christ, begged that her two sons might sit, one upon His right the other upon His left, in His kingdom, which she supposed was to be grand and renowned as an earthly empire. Then our Lord taught Saint James, by His answer to his mother, the lesson we must all learn, that in His kingdom honors are not attained by the proud and ambitious, but by the humble and mortified.

He was the first to preach the gospel in Spain, and while dwelling on that country, it is related, that he had a beautiful vision of the Blessed Lady standing before him in a pillar of jasper, and all around her were multitudes of angels singing the sweetest hymns. Saint James was surprised at seeing her, knowing that he had left her in Jerusalem, but he bowed before her, and she told him to build her a church on that spot, for there in future ages she would be particularly honored and loved. Saint James then perceived that it was a vision; but he immediately hastened to execute her request; he built on the very spot a chapel which he called our Lady of the Pillar, and to the present day a chapel of this name stands on the same place, and is held in great veneration throughout all Spain. It has in all ages been a favorite pilgrimage of the Spaniards.

Saint James had the privilege of being the first to follow his Royal Master to martyrdom. He did not then think about sitting on the right or left hand of his dearest Lord, or whether he would have a high or low place in His kingdom; but he knew that in a few short minutes he should look again on that sacred face, which he had not seen for ten long years, and he felt that it would be enough to make him happy for ever, only to see Jesus and be near Him.

From a most entertaining correspondent of *Le Rosier de Marie* we translate the following: "Last year, on the occasion of the marriage of a certain Miss Schneider, her father wished to make a wedding present to the city of Euget, and what do you suppose the gift was? I fear you could never guess. It was a church! Said to be very beautiful. Last week it was consecrated by the Bishop of Autun. We have not received the full details; but the fact in itself is so beautiful, that I am sure a notice of even ten lines will delight all your readers. To put a church into the wedding basket is as rare as it is worthy of praise, and it will most assuredly bring happiness to all concerned.

Another marriage and another new church was the occasion of another interesting incident.

About twelve years ago, in the Diocese of Troyes, a church had just been completed in the parish of Jeugny. A stone-cutter named Peroche had worked for a long time at the building. He was a stranger in the place, but finally married a young girl of Jeugny, and the first wedding celebrated in the new church was his own. According to the custom, a special gratuitous ceremony was granted him. The young man was much affected by the honor conferred upon him by the Church, and he promised to testify his gratitude by bestowing a present upon the new building; but to accomplish this required quite a change, in his straitened financial affairs.

"Twelve years passed, and the promise of the first bridegroom of the church of Jeugny was forgotten in the parish; but not by himself. He paid a visit lately to the former home of his wife. Fortune had favored him; on entering the church he recalled his voluntary promise, and as his eye rested upon the vacant place in the tribune, destined to be filled by an organ at some future day, he immediately declared that *an organ* would be his wedding gift.

"On returning to Paris he purchased a magnificent instrument, defrayed all the expenses of transportation and erection, and assumed also the payment of the instruction necessary for the future organist."

Is not this a beautiful incident, nevertheless it is but a simple application of a fundamental law. The young Peroche had made a promise to the church of God, which he honestly determined to fulfill, and for this God had recompensed him. In order to enable him to realize his promise, God had enriched him. He had but to render to God what belonged to God; and he could keep without scruple the major part to increase it still more.

Let me speak of a third gift under slightly romantic or rather sporting circumstances: A celebrate French sportsman, Mr. Legrange, gained the first prize with his horse, *Gladiator*, at the late Epsom races. It was a signal triumph over the sporting clubs of England, by which the lucky winner realized a very large amount; from his winning he sent five hundred dollars to a religious order to be used in the construction of the new church at New-market, London. Eight days after, the same Mr. Legrange, with the same *Gladiator*, gained the grand prize of twenty thousand dollars at the races of the Bois de Boulogne. Without exactly encouraging *sporting* we love to record an action of generosity to God in His Church, from whatever source it may come. God in His own time will draw all that is good from the chaff and the bad weeds. It is for us, by the Apostleship of Prayer, to aid all hearts to turn to God through His Blessed Mother.

THEY that love Jesus for Jesus' sake, and not for any comfort of their own, bless Him no less in tribulation and anguish of heart, than in the greatest consolation. And if He should never give them His comfort, yet would they always praise Him, and always give Him thanks.

## THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

## Missions of Oceanica.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF REV. FATHER POTTINEL, VISITOR OF THE MISSIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF MARY.

*Rev. Father:* For many months I have been anxious to write you, but have been prevented by pressing and multiplied occupations. Praised and loved be the Heart of Jesus, who on the day of the feast grants me leisure to express to you my sincere and lively gratitude, and to say how happy I am to be able in these distant regions to establish the Apostleship of Prayer.

This work of apostolic charity is surely one of the delicious fruits produced by the adorable Heart of Jesus. And how providential this thought, which calls all Christians to combat the enemies of God and the Church, by union of prayer and good works.

It is developed in the epoch when the Church is attacked by most powerful enemies—more violent than perhaps at any other period; but it is also the epoch of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, of which the Church is the heavenly messenger, in multiplying and sending to every part of the globe apostles of charity.

For the last seven years, obedience has established me Visitor of the Missions of Mary in Oceanica. I have visited all the islands and tribes where our Congregation labors to evangelize the people, even to the savages in the islands of the South Sea; and I have been touched and consoled by the success of their Apostleship. But in their progress they encounter many enemies and great obstacles. It is difficult to convert pagans—and untiring zeal and vigilance is necessary to maintain in the faith, and advance in the Christian life, these new converts. One of our oldest and most devoted missionaries writes me: 'I beg you to obtain many prayers for us; we all greatly need the Apostleship of Prayer. Without grace and the aid of prayers we can do nothing.'

From the Heart of Jesus, then, Rev. Father, let us ask grace to convert the infidels, heretics and sinners. Pray also that we may obtain the grace of strength, patience and abnegation, so necessary to the missionary in his ministry where privations, fatigues and trials of all kinds abound. If the Son of Man permitted the enemy to tempt his soul and overwhelm it with sadness; if an angel from Heaven came to comfort the Man-God in His agony, can we not also imagine how the missionary has his days of sadness and agony, when his courage seems almost failing! Jesus, who loves His apostles with the love of predilection, will send angels to console them, but it is not necessary that these messengers come from Heaven; the Associates of the Apostleship, by the fervor of their prayers, will be the blessed angels who will restore to the hearts of these evangelical laborers, strength, devotedness, and the spirit of sacrifice.

All the Marist Missionaries in Oceanica are firmly resolved to maintain themselves in close union with the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer.

## Apostleship of prayer at La Trappe.

In reading the lives of the Fathers of the desert we involuntarily regret the days when the Church offered the world such examples of devotion and mortification. How the silent preaching of these illustrious penitents, who formerly peopled the solitudes of Egypt, would strengthen our wavering faith, and give a little vigor to our effeminate hearts! In burying themselves, as it were, in those narrow cells—more like tombs than human habitations; in passing the nights in prayer and meditation, and the days in hard labor; in observing a perpetual fast, clothing themselves in hair-cloth, excluding all recreations, all conversations not strictly necessary, and yet in this life of mortification preserving their hearts full of joy and their countenances beaming with serenity, they taught the degenerate Romans of the fourth century how the enemy of the spirit can subdue the revolts of the flesh, and how the hope of eternal goods can sweeten the bitterness of the present life. We too need this double lesson, and happily for our age there yet exists some places where the monasteries of La Trappe replace the Thebaide; where we may behold the daily works of mortification and penance united with the holy joy that once illuminated the deserts.

At the present time the community of La Trappe comprises thirty-one houses of men and nine of women. We now speak of the great Abbey of La Trappe in France, six miles from Mortagne. As sight of human habitation vanishes and we enter the forests that formerly belonged to the monastery, a winding road, hidden beneath the thick shade of the beech trees, heightens the impressions of this life of solitude, and completes the isolation of the inhabitants of this new paradise from the profane world.

It is truly a new world which opens to our view on leaving the forest: to the left several lakes united by little rivulets reflect in their tranquil waters the rays of the sun; gentle image of the souls whose tranquility, unruined by agitating minds, reflects the luminous rays of divine truths. Here we see a fine building of recent date; this is the agricultural colony, of which we will have occasion to speak hereafter; farther on, vast fields admirably cultivated, planted with apple trees which make of this plain an immense orchard; to the right green prairies irrigated by the waters of the lakes, in which we see herds of cows quietly pasturing; between the lakes and prairies, a causeway at the end of a long avenue, shaded on each side with poplars, leads to the door of the Monastery.

But the emotion produced by the landscape is effaced by others more impressive, as soon as we cross the threshold of the house of God. It is not the edifice itself which produces these emotions; built with scanty means, after the revolution, it has none of the majesty of our ancient abbeys. But what is wanting in the material edifice is abundantly compensated by the beauty of the virtues it encloses. If Saint Bernard returned in our days to France, he would not regret Clairvaux; here he would find himself at home, where in full rigor his rules are observed as in their



primitive days. After the revolution, the Congregation of La Trappe restored in full force the prescriptions of Saint Bernard, and the Cistercian rule is still in all its severity. We will indicate the principal points, trusting that they be of particular interest to our associates, since the good Trappist Fathers have given the interests of the Apostleship of Prayer a special part in the merit of their prayers and austerities.

At La Trappe the fast is perpetual; even on Sunday nothing is taken before noon. From September until Easter the fast is not broken until two o'clock; on the fast days of the Church the repast is not taken until three o'clock, and this is the only meal in the twenty-four hours. Nothing is taken in the evening. There is no exception to this rule save in the case of the sick and aged who are in the infirmary, and young novices; the latter are allowed four ounces of bread in the morning. The food of this one meal is scanty, little better calculated to satisfy nature than the fast itself. Neither meat, eggs nor fish ever find a place in the refectory of La Trappe. The carps which the lakes of the monastery furnish in abundance are served to strangers; the religious never taste them. The rules only allow vegetables seasoned, three times a week with milk; the other four days salt and water form the only expense of seasoning. But we must confess that at La Trappe the sauce which rendered the black broth of Sparta so delicious is never wanting; twenty-four fasting hours—and five, at least, of hard labor—seldom fail to provide a good appetite.

At La Trappe, as among the solitaries of Egypt, every one works. But here, not satisfied with making a few mats, which might render the fasts of the ancient anchorites comparatively easy, the Trappists devote themselves to very hard agricultural labors. From the Rev. Father Abbot to the last lay brother, all are by turns ploughmen, reapers and gleaners.

At the time of our visit all were engaged in gathering apples, from which they make cider. The Fathers, in their white habit, tucked up to the knee, and covered with their black Scapulars, share everywhere the labor of the lay brothers; and from the activity they all displayed, the son of the peasant could not be distinguished from the man of rank and fortune. It seemed that on entering La Trappe they had clothed themselves with another nature; delicate constitutions, in place of sinking under this appalling regime often found there a strength before unknown to them. We were assured that it was almost an unheard-of thing for a novice to leave on account of his health.

This phenomenon, so strange at first sight, is nevertheless easily explained. It is evident that the greater part of sicknesses is exiled from La Trappe, with intemperance, their fruitful source; we also see that the two great remedies of Hippocrates, diet and exercise, are largely administered; finally, the preoccupations and moral shocks, the fatal effects of our state of society, which so often materially affect health, have no place in this empire. La Trappe furnishes one more proof of the vivifying power of Christian mortification. These

fervent religious understand that their withdrawal from the world is their precious treasure, and they guard it with a jealous care. Even those who have the charge of receiving strangers, absolutely interdict all conversations on political subjects. The others preserve an absolute silence. When necessity obliges them to say something to their brothers they communicate by signs. Neither the Fathers nor the Brothers have private cells; they all sleep in a dormitory, the Reverend Father Abbot with the others, and their bed is of hard straw, on which they take their rest without ever laying aside their every day religious dress. At two o'clock they rise for matins, and on festivals at midnight. Almost all time not devoted to manual labor is spent in the choir.

From this slight sketch, our readers will easily understand that their lives bear no great resemblance to the Trappists. Our education has made us so delicate that we can scarcely understand how the body can be reduced to such a state of servitude; nevertheless this life is not only possible, it is also happy; a thousand times more happy than the life of the slaves of sensuality. In no part of the earth can one taste more deliciously that peace of mind which is the only true happiness of the present life; and those who have generously embraced this yoke assert that God has bestowed infinitely more upon them than they sacrificed for Him.

We owe them deep gratitude for the part they give the Apostleship in their merits, and their labors to extend its diffusion. The many guests who visit La Trappe, priests in particular, know how efficacious has been their assistance in making known its power and many date their association to the Apostleship from the time of their visit to La Trappe.

All the Fathers of the Order take a lively interest in our work, and the intentions of each month are regularly hung up in a conspicuous place, where they can be known by the Brothers as well as the Fathers, in order that they may be made the subject of their prayers and the offering of their labor.

Our little journal (*The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*) is read aloud in the refectory, and is heard with deep interest; and we were able to judge ourselves of their sympathy in the work when we were invited to speak of it to the entire community assembled in the chapter-room. We shall never forget the emotions with which we were penetrated at the sight of those one hundred and fifty religious, clothed in their majestic white cowl, their Scapular, and large woolen cloak. Assuredly it was not difficult to speak of the Apostleship of Prayer to men whose entire life is but an uninterrupted exercise of this Apostleship. To recall its efficacy, merits and consolations was merely to speak of the crowns they conquered every day; and while we encouraged them to fight the good fight, it was impossible for us not to feel the effects of the example of those who, being our masters, wished to become our auditors. What we teach they practice; their part is without question the better one, and we beg of God the grace of not being excluded from it.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

## THE MIRACLE OF ELISHA.

A DIALOGUE FOR OUR LITTLE BOYS.

WILLIE—

Come, Master Eddy, play with us !  
Just drop that pensive look ;  
For cousin Charlie's here you see,  
And you must leave your book.

EDDY—

Perhaps you'll choose, dear Charlie,  
A seat beside me here ;  
It is a very pleasant story  
I have been reading, dear !

CHARLIE—

A story ! if it is a story,  
I'll gladly sit with you ;  
I love to hear your stories so,  
Because they're always true.

WILLIE—

Yes, Eddy, for the story first,  
And I will wait the fun  
To chase the meadow bobolinks  
With my big new tin gun—

EDDY—

I was just reading how in Shunem  
Once lived a woman great,  
Who had a kind and generous heart,  
Though owning vast estate.  
How to her house Elisha came,  
The prophet of the Lord,  
And she with pious gladness heard  
His pure and holy word.  
Methinks I see the tall palms wave  
Above her mansion fair ;  
Before its cedar portals stand  
The good man welcomed there.  
And when she feared that he might shrink  
From so much pomp and care,  
She asked her husband just to build  
For him a chamber there.

CHARLIE—

And had she little boys and girls  
To play beneath the trees,  
Where they might come, to kneel with her,  
Around the prophet's knees ?

EDDY—

Not so the sacred story runs ;  
Her generous love to share,  
This kindly matron had no child,  
This noble house no heir.  
And so in rich reward one day  
For all her kindness done,  
The prophet called her to his door  
And promised her a son.

CHARLIE—

And was he born ? And was he good ?  
All dutiful and mild ;  
And did he love the prophet too ?  
Was he a holy child ?

EDDY—

Yes, he was born, and he was good,  
Was dutiful and mild,

And loved the reverent prophet too,  
And was a precious child.

But on one sultry summer day,  
To see the reaper-train,  
This little son, this only child,  
Played mid the bearded grain,  
But, ah, the scorching sunbeams lit  
A fever in the brain,  
His little hands clasped to his head,  
He sobbed aloud for pain.

They bore him to his mother's arms,  
"My head ! my head !" he cried,  
And moaned upon her lap until  
At hour of noon he died.

Then rose that mother in her grief  
Up with that precious dead,  
And silent laid him down upon  
The prophet's holy bed.

Great faith was in that mother's soul,  
She calmly closed the door,  
And left her dead alone, to seek  
The man of God once more.

From Carmel's heights Elisha saw  
The woman e'er she came,  
And sent his servant forth to ask  
Three questions in his name ;—

Well is it with thy husband ! say ?—  
The prophet's questions fell—  
Well is it with thee, and thy child ?—  
She answered, *it is well.*"

But when she near the prophet drew,  
The mother in her soul  
Broke through the barriers of awe,—  
She wept without control.

With prayers and tears she clasped his feet,—  
Her grief was sore to see,—  
"Asked I" she cried, "O man of God !  
"Asked I a child of thee ?"

As lives the Lord ! as lives my soul !  
I will not e'er leave thee,  
Unless thou hear my prayers, she said,  
And follow after me.

And as the prophet reached his room,  
Still dead the fair child lay ;  
He shut the door upon them twain,  
The dead and him—to pray.

The cold flesh waxes warm again,  
The prophet clasping lies—  
The fresh breath through the nostrils creeps,  
He opens now his eyes—

Without, the pallid mother stands,  
Alive with hopes and fears ;  
And when her name the prophet calls,  
O, with what rapture hears !

And when she found her child alive,  
What thanks her warm heart found ;  
She hastened to his holy feet,  
Bowed to the very ground.

CHARLIE—

I think because that woman gave  
That man of God such care,  
A reason also why the Lord  
Did hear his holy prayer.



I think 'twill learn us also, too;  
 Say, Willie, wont it you,—  
 For those who teach us holy things  
 To acts of kindness do?

Willie—

O yes, dear Charlie, but I wish  
 Some prophet just lived here,  
 Who when we grew so sick and died  
 Might to our help appear.

Eddy—

Ah, Willie, that's a wish that's vain,  
 We all must fade and die;  
 And when that solemn hour has come,  
 No mortal help is nigh.

Yet there's a Prophet greater far  
 Who once had had human birth,  
 Who to save us from endless death,  
 Was crucified on earth.

And there's a tender Mother too,  
 Who sits by Him above;  
 And even little children share  
 Her watchful care and love.

This Shunem woman is her type,  
 Our Lily of the World,  
 And she is mother to us all  
 Sweet Mother of our Lord;—

A mother when our days are bright,  
 And all things pleasant run;

A mother when we droop and die,  
 Who claims us for her Son.

†††

#### God Loves Little Children.

Come now, my little children, the AVE MARIA has a very important question to ask you this week. It is this: Do you often think of God and how much He loves little children? If you never have—then please commence right away; and when you awake in the morning, or play among the flowers, or under the shade of the big apple tree, or nestle down to sleep in the sweet little beds prepared for you by your good mothers, think that God loved you all so very much that he wanted to be like you, so He became a little child in the arms of Mary His Mother. And when He grew up and went preaching to all the people of Judea, He used to lay His hands on the heads of little children and bless them, and He was very angry with those that prevented little children from coming to Him.

Our dear Lord loves to hear the sweet voices of little children speaking to Him in their prayers; and the prayers of a good, innocent child go up to Heaven quicker than the prayers of grown-up people. God loves to speak to children, and He has often spoken words to them that He would not speak to anybody else. Listen, and I will tell you about Samuel, and some time you may read all about it yourselves in the Bible, and how the little boy became a great priest and prophet when he grew up to be a man.

This good little child lived with a very old priest. Almighty God wanted to say something to the priest; but He would rather say it to the child, and let the child tell the priest. So one night, when the little boy was fast asleep, God called him by name, "Samuel!" This awakened

him. He did not know that it was the voice of God; but he thought it was the priest, so he jumped out of his bed and went to him saying, "Father, did you call me?" The priest answered, "No, my child, I did not call you; go back to your bed and go to sleep;" and the obedient boy did as he was told. In a little while he heard the same voice calling him again and again. Each time he went to the priest, and at last the priest said to him, "Perhaps, my child, it is the voice of God which calls you; so if you hear it again, say 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant hears Thee.'" After a little while he heard the voice again, and he said what the priest had told him. Then God spoke to this good boy and commanded him to tell the priest what he had heard.

Now you see how God loves to speak to innocent children, and you may be sure, dear little children, He will also speak to you if you will only let Him. You will not hear His voice in your ears, as Samuel did, but you will hear it in your heart.

A few years ago a very wonderful thing happened on a high mountain in France, called La Salette. Many people in that country were very bad; they used to swear and blaspheme the Holy Name of God, and they did not keep Sunday holy. One day the dear Blessed Virgin Mary, our Lady, the Mother of Jesus Christ, was seen on this hill. The light of Heaven shone around her; she came with tears in her eyes, to tell the people that, if they did not repent of their sins, God would send horrible punishments upon them; and to whom do you think the Blessed Virgin spoke? Perhaps to some great or very learned men—not at all. She spoke to two little children, who were guarding their flocks upon the hill, and she bade them take this message to the people.

Many hundreds and thousands of little children have loved God most tenderly when they were young; good men and women were almost always very good when they were little children. When you grow older we want you to read the life of a holy priest, called M. Vianny, who lately died in France, after converting thousands and thousands of people and working many miracles. When he was only three years old he used to go, often in the day, into some quiet place to say his prayers. In the long winter evenings he would sit for hours by his mother's side, talking with her of God and holy things. The first present she gave him was a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, which he would not exchange for all the toys in the world.

As he grew older—about eight or nine years of age—he used to go, with his young companions, to a lovely little valley, and there, by the side of an old willow tree, he would make a little altar and place on it his precious statue of the Blessed Virgin; and after they had all knelt down before it and recited the Hail Mary, he would rise and gravely address the others, telling them how much they should always love the Mother of God. Sometimes the others grew tired and ran off to play; then the little John Mary would kneel by his dear statue, for long hours, in silent prayer.

Offering, through the sweet heart of Mary, his innocent heart to God.

# LETTERS

From devout Clients of the Holy Mother of God.

Very Rev. Editor of the AVE MARIA:

To-day, in passing over the beautiful country, whose ocean-like grandeur seemed to me an embodied *Magnificat*, I thought of your AVE MARIA. This morning I clipped from a newspaper a little scrap containing Count Montalembert's eulogium of America. "It takes its place to-day," says he, "on the highest step, among the great peoples of the world." The Count's most admirable biography of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, where he shows himself so well qualified to stand as the champion of the Church against the invasion of fashionable modern ideas, distinguishes him as one who can appreciate the capabilities of our lovely Republic. His opinions are untrammelled; are just. Could he have looked from our carriage, to-day, and marked the vast swell of the emerald sea; (the grains and grasses) stupendous undulations, stretching for leagues before the unlabored sweep of the vision, interspersed with rich groves, bright snatches of the river, and stately water-elms, I am sure he would say, "Americans, to be worthy of their grand patrimony, should stand first among nations in their moral and religious character."

"*Ave Maria gratia plena!*" said I, in my heart, "to whom should these peerless estates belong but to thee?" Then the remembrance of your holy enterprise, so broad, so silent, so significant, fell as naturally upon my heart as the answer to a prayer.

In the publication of your AVE MARIA, Very Rev. Sir, there appears something far beyond the ordinary issue of a new journal; an interest indicating great results. The very name is the synonym of lofty success, and to honor its name what may we not expect from the AVE MARIA?

It is, Sir, my unexaggerated conviction that the American world of literature will contract a debt, in your regard, that Heaven alone can cancel. A new current of thought and sentiment, towards the Blessed Virgin, must be the response to your undertaking; for to know Mary is to love her, and to instruct the people in her devotion is to instill those virtues which are alike the foundation, the security, and the perfection of Christian society. Indeed, your responsible office might well cause you to tremble, were not the Blessed Virgin herself the patroness of your enterprise, your strength, your inspiration. The interesting points attracting my attention in your late numbers, have been, the department for children and that of the Apostleship of Prayer, forming two unobtrusive but most powerful means of wielding an influence wide as the world, lasting as time, and involving consequences to be felt throughout eternity.

If we see little active faith among many who are Catholics, we will find two causes have been brought to bear upon them: first, that in childhood the heart has been diverted from practices promotive of faith, and further, that the spirit of unbelief, characterizing the eighteenth century, has infected all society, and rendered it, I am ashamed to say, almost a puerility, to the minds of some, to avow a strong belief in the efficacy of prayer. To illustrate my meaning, in the first

point: trashy reading, we know, is scattered broadcast over the land, and when children are offered non-Catholic story books, tales of bandits, the villainous heroes gilded with false traits aping virtue and seducing the youthful imagination, they, in their inexperience, contract a taste for these vile things. The journals of the day—the newspapers—what true votary of Mary would not shudder to see a child peruse them? The very advertisements should put the type to blush. Yet pure minded children are inevitably exposed, so long as they are left without a substitute. No wonder, in their natural and harmless desire for inviting reading, that they take in deadly poison, if no wholesome food be offered in its stead. In the children's department of the AVE MARIA we shall look for the antidote to this frightful virus. How joyfully must every parent who is intelligent enough to see the danger, and pious enough to recognize the remedy, greet the advent of this feature. May the angelic protectors of innocence inspire you in carrying forward this department, as they certainly must have prompted you to its establishment.

Of the second point, the Apostleship of Prayer, I wish I might speak worthily, or as I feel. It seems to me the most perfect response to the necessities of a country which had almost completely unlearned the *faith* of our fore-fathers over the sea, of three centuries ago. The world accomplishes its cold prodigies by strong physical agencies. No one doubts the results. No one is laughed at for believing in them, though he may be quite unable to explain the intricacies of scientific operations. Shall a like strong spiritual force be denied to exist, subject to the piety and constancy of souls who desire much at the hands of God, and who, to gain their desire, have but to ask with a strength proportioned to the momentous results they seek? Shall associated power here be spurned? I trust not. The delicate chain that binds heart to heart, the golden chain kept bright and beautiful by the breath of angels, who come to telegraph the prayers of the just along this line, finds its terminus in the Sacred Heart, the source of all power and life. Alas, shall the trust of the world, in its hard mechanical skill, be more lively and earnest than our faith in the Adorable Heart, which shed its last drop for us? The wings of your AVE MARIA bear the indignant denial to such a question far over the land.

Very Rev. Father, if humble words of mine be one ray of encouragement upon your path, happy am I to cheer you on, and to unite my intention to the grand tide of supplication ascending to God, through the holy channel which it is your good fortune to promulgate. M. H. S.

ROCKFORD, Illinois, July 10, 1865.

N. B. Many of our subscribers complain of the exorbitant postage they have to pay on the AVE MARIA. To prevent any such imposition, we offer to prepay all numbers on receipt of 20 cents per year on each subscription.



# The Ave Maria

IS A NEW CATHOLIC JOURNAL, exclusively devoted to the Holy Mother of God, published weekly at Notre Dame University, Indiana, under the highest authority of the Church, for the benefit of the Missionaries' Home; that is, for the Home of aged and invalid Priests, who are unable to discharge any longer the laborious duties of the Sacred Ministry. Thus the patrons of the journal are enabled to aid two good works by one good action.

This paper, the first ever established in the New World for the interests of the Blessed Virgin, is addressed, not to nominal Christians, but solely to such as love the mother of Jesus, and earnestly wish to see her known and honored through the land; commending itself not only to the various pious Associations in honor of our Blessed Lady—such as Living Rosary, Scapulars, Children of Mary, Sodalties, etc., but to the whole Community. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated every Saturday at Notre Dame for life-subscribers, and a certain number of communions offered for them; a requiem Mass shall also be offered for them whenever it shall please our heavenly Father to call them from our midst.

It is hardly necessary to say that the "AVE MARIA" is not a political paper; it will ignore absolutely, political strifes. Yet it will contain regularly a summary of recent events, especially such as relate to religious interests; editing and accrediting Legends, Essays and Criticisms upon late works, will find an appropriate place in our columns. Everything conducive to the interests of the Church will be carefully sought after; for no child of the Church should be ignorant of the trials and triumphs of his mother.

In order to secure the permanency of our paper, and to establish it on a successful material foundation, we purpose creating a fund that will place it, from inception, beyond the contingencies to which similar enterprises are too often liable. The method is as follows: a payment of \$20 constitutes a life-subscription, and such subscriber will receive the journal regularly without being liable to any further payment.

For life-subscription.....\$20 00  
Five years.....10 00

For two years' subscription.....5 00  
One year's.....3 00

## TESTIMONIALS:

VERY REV. E. SORIN:

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I feel truly gratified to send you the reply of His Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, in reference to the "AVE MARIA," on which you desired me to consult him. I congratulate you upon the kind words of encouragement I now convey to you. After such a high sanction, it would be too cold to say that I have no objection to your pious undertaking. But you know before, with what delight I heard the first words you spoke to me about it. With all my heart I hereby bid you go on with it. You have opened a rich vein, at which a number of pious souls will come to refresh and invigorate themselves. Fear not! You will be supported by all who love the Holy Mother of God; and who can call himself a Christian and refuse her that proof of his veneration?

I am happy to see the foundation of such a monument hid in my Diocese. It will cheer all my Priests, it will gladden all the country.

JOHN HENRY,  
Bishop of Fort Wayne.

"I very highly approve of the design relative to the paper which Father Sorin proposes to publish, nor do I doubt that a work of this kind, proceeding under your auspices, will be productive of great good."

ALEX. CARD. BARNABO,  
"PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA."

BALTIMORE, June 16, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: The establishment of a paper in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of our dear Lord, and our own sweet Mother in Heaven, was something so new in this country, and so far in advance of what many might believe to be the religious sentiment of our Catholic people, who have been made to breathe from childhood an atmosphere infected by unbelief, that I, at first, hesitated to lend my sanction to the undertaking, and I wished to examine carefully the first numbers of the AVE MARIA, before giving it my approval. This I have done, and I am now happy to be able to say, that I have been much pleased with the first five numbers, with the slight exceptions I have taken the liberty to communicate to you. Go on as you have begun; avoid all exaggeration, for our Immaculate Mother needs no such eulogy, which were rather injurious than beneficial to her honor; and, I have no doubt you will succeed, and obtain the blessing of our Lord, who cannot be greeted with a more acceptable homage than that which comes to Him through the one nearest and dearest to His Heart—His own Mother.

Our faintest nature's solitary boast."

Our Catholic people are fully advanced in piety than many gave them credit for; they are prepared not only to gather the fruits, but reverently and lovingly to cult the flowers of devotion. They will no doubt welcome the AVE MARIA with an abundant and increasing patronage, thus signaling their love towards the great Patrons of these United States.

I remain, very faithfully, yours,

M. J. SPALDING,  
Archbishop of Baltimore.

VERY REV. E. SORIN:

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I can but approve fully of your undertaking in publishing the "AVE MARIA." A weekly from such a source, and under such supervision as Notre Dame has already its sanction; and needs indeed no other approbation but the one of the diocese, in accordance with the only proper rule in our Church. Please to have two copies forwarded to my address. Believe me, dear father, with sincerest respects, your truly devoted.

JOHN M. HENNEL,  
Bishop of Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, April 1, 1865.

REV. DEAR FRIEND: Please receive my subscription, and at the same time my hearty approbation of your holy and noble undertaking. Mary is the great advocate of the Church in America. Let us unite our efforts to promote her glory, and obtain more and more her powerful assistance for the triumph of our Holy Church.

AMEDEUS, Bishop of Cleveland.  
CLEVELAND, April 11, 1865.

VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR: I rejoice at your pious thought of the AVE MARIA. It must succeed. When the great rebellion against the Church of the living God, which is the body of Christ and the fulness of Him, is crumbling away in multiplied divisions, the sweet and bright AVE MARIA of the Archangel is the harbinger of many conversions. "Gaudia Maria Virgo, cunctas hereses sola interemisti in universo mundo." It is also the harbinger of that restored unity for which the Saviour God so touchingly prayed in the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel. Hence I rejoice at your enterprise. Accept for the good work the endorsement which I wish my thanks would permit me to increase a hundred fold.

With great respect and esteem,  
JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.  
BUFFALO, April 5, 1865.

ERIE, Pa., April 24, 1865.

VERY REV. FATHER PROVINCIAL:

So much procrastination, and absence and business, have nearly prevented my reply, till the month of May, said kind. As you have chosen it to inaugurate your enterprise to her honor, I must send you my full and hearty approval, for I should miss the merit of it if I longer delay. We had of course further it among the busy and pressing with care and zeal, praying meantime for success. I take the liberty to enclose a copy of my first issue, a subscription, and, secondly, for specimen numbers of the first issue, to be sent to me so as to help its circulation.

Pray for yours in Christ,  
J. M., Bishop of Erie.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir: I have just received my subscription for the AVE MARIA. I have read the pleasure of reading the first two numbers, they pleased me very much, they breathe a spirit of true and genuine piety. It has been a great wish for its entire success.  
F. P. McHARRAND,  
Bishop of Hartford.  
May 19, 1865.

PITTSBURGH, June 21, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: Our Holy Father, in his late Encyclical Letter, sets forth the duties of our holy religion, and in his pious doctrine, he denounces of perfidious books, pamphlets and journals. A most energetic attitude against this poison is the circulation of truly religious journals. I join, then, with joy the AVE MARIA. From such a Catholic paper, under the auspices of the Immaculate Mary, who is the Protectress of America, and whose dogmas and heresies throughout the world, much good is to be expected.

M. DOMINICK,  
Bishop of Pittsburgh.

We have received a beautiful letter from the Very Rev. CHARLES C. PISE, D. D., of which the following is an extract: "With hearty congratulations I bid your enterprise in publishing the 'AVE MARIA,' and trust that your most sanguine expectations may be realized."

LEVEL  
ONE

# AVE MARIA



NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

1865.





## THE MISSIONARY'S HOME, Notre Dame, Indiana.

[The Missionary's Home forms of itself a separate corporation, under the control of three Right Rev. Bishops, this arrangement of ours having been lately approved at Rome.]

The Missionary's Home is an institution to provide for the necessities of our overtasked Pastors, when infirmity or age or accident shall have rendered a retreat from the world desirable; when, having exercised for long years the sacred duties of their high calling, they feel incapacitated for further exertion and desire an honorable repose, a retirement in which no anxiety respecting the providing for necessities shall intermingle with the attention to the care of their own salvation, which will then form the sole object of their solicitude.

The proposal for the foundation of such a Home has received not only the formal sanction and the solemn benediction of His Holiness Pope Pius IX. but with the zeal that so pre-eminently distinguishes him, he (the Pope) amid the difficulties that surround him, and the necessities created by the disorders of the times, was prompted by his own heart to aid a work which has so entirely the glory of God for its object, and he generously disbursed a pecuniary offering in addition to the invaluable blessings of his sanction and approbation.

Were superior motives wanting, yet might self-interest alone prompt the faithful to give the greatest assistance they could command to the measure; for contemplate for a mo-

ment what would be the consequence if, instead of the disinterestedness that now characterizes the Catholic Priest, it were to become a necessity, real or supposed, that he too should set apart from his income a sum sufficient to maintain him in his declining years. The sums now freely given for the promotion of the greater glory of God, would then be hoarded up in a commercial spirit, and the consequences would affect not only the external acts, but the interior relations of the soul in a manner too painful to dilate upon at present.

The Missionary's Home appeals then, of itself, to the highest sentiments we can entertain. It presents itself feelingly to our hearts, as if it were a direct appeal from God himself to animate our zeal. If a cup of cold water shall in nowise lose its reward; and if to clothe the naked and to give drink to the thirsty among the least of His little ones, shall be esteemed by our Divine Lord as if done to Himself; shall we not invoke a powerful blessing by the exercise of extensive charity towards those who came in His name to announce the glad tidings of salvation to mankind?

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## Weekly Calendar.

### JULY.

Saturday 29.—St. Martha, V. Com. of SS. MM. in L. and M.  
Sunday 30.—Eighth Sunday after Pentecost. Aug. 1.

Monday 31.—St. Ignatius of Loyola, C.

### AUGUST.

Tuesday 1.—St. Peter's chains.  
Wednesday 2.—St. Alphonsus Mary de Liguori.  
Thursday 3.—Finding of the body of St. Stephen, Proto M.

Friday 4.—St. Dominic, C.  
Saturday 5.—Dedication of St. Mary at Nires.

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 29, 1865.

No. 12.

## THE CURE OF ARS AND VOLTAIRE.

The house of Kelly & Piet has recently imported an English abridgment of the life of the saintly Curé of Ars, compiled from the French of Abbé Monnin. We regret that a full translation of the original work, in two volumes octavo, has not been given to the English reading public in place of this meagre synopsis. It is one of those rare works that captivate the hearts of all Christians; of a beauty and simplicity alike charming to the unlearned and the intellectual, as it describes the days of the saintly priest whose holiness drew the wise and simple in crowds to his humble little country parish.

In the English epitome we have but a dry skeleton of this Saint of our day. The fascinating chapters upon "his amenity of character, vivacity of mind, grace of conversation and amiable repartees," are cut down to a few paragraphs. The beautiful chapter on his devotion to the Blessed Virgin is entirely omitted. From the original we give our readers the portrait of Mr. Vianney, and the points of resemblance to one very widely different from him—we mean Voltaire:

"The venerable Curé of Ars presented in his person all the characters which constitute, if it is permitted to use the expression, the *physiology of the Saints*. Holiness is frequently accompanied by exterior signs, scarcely susceptible of being analyzed by words; it is *felt* rather than expressed. \* \* \* \* The whole saint carries Jesus Christ in him, not merely in his soul, but in his body. Jesus Christ breathes in his thoughts, sentiments, acts, and even in the expression of his features, reproducing, as much as it is possible in the human physiognomy, the dignity, grace and loveliness of the Saviour. The whole person of the saint becomes a most pure and clear crystal through which shines forth the glorious and Divine form of Christ our Lord: *That the Life of Jesus may be manifested in our mortal flesh.* (2 Cor. iv, 2.) This fact alone renders the Divine action evident, as it were, palpable to experience and even to scientific observation. It is a ray of grace, the intimate fusion of the natural and supernatural, the showing forth of the divinity through the transparent folds of the body. And such is the power of this transformation that men the most destitute of religious feeling are subdued by the ascendancy exercised on all around them by the saints. They recognize them, they know not why, as superior beings; they admire, without understanding them, as those who have been born blind feel the rays

of the sun though they see them not. The Curé of Ars was favored in a high degree with the wonderful gift of appearing, to the eyes of all, the image of Jesus Christ. \* \* \* \* Without thinking it, without willing it, without knowing it, this man so weak in bodily presence drew all within the sphere of his attraction. We might say of him that he had a system, as the stars, and that his simple movement regulated the gravitation of the thoughts and affections of his satellites. Once to meet his eye, or hear his voice was to be fascinated by his look and words; the eye was dazzled and the ear deaf to everything else. Men of the world, accustomed to the power of far different spells, have acknowledged that, after they had seen the Curé of Ars, his image seemed to haunt them; his remembrance followed them in all places, and they could think of nothing else."

His hair fell thick and long, as a white aureola, round that calm expressive face; beneath the sweet majestic expression of which might be discerned some traces of the rusticity of his early life—a rusticity tempered and subdued by benevolence. It was but the frail transparent covering of a soul which no longer belonged to earth. The eyes alone betokened life, they shone with an exceeding lustre; there was a kind of supernatural fire in Mr. Vianney's glance which continually varied in intensity and expression. That glance dilated and sparkled when the saintly Curé spoke of the love of God; the thought of sin veiled it with a mist of tears; it was by turns sweet and piercing, terrible and loving, childlike and profound. When fixed upon any one, it was a very furnace of tenderness and compassion; it had that mysterious attraction bestowed by our Lord upon the eyes which are continually raised to Him.

"Next to the eyes, the profile was most remarkable, the lines of which were bold, harmonious and well-defined. Although the sweetness and serenity of his face betokened the divine peace that dwelt within, its characteristic and familiar expression, when at rest, was that supernatural melancholy which belongs to the constant sentiment of the invisible while yet in this visible sphere. It was deepened by the habitual contact with sin and sorrow, impressing many a bitter thought upon his soul, and casting their mournful reflection upon his countenance. But when he came forth from that habitual state of recollection to converse with man, it was with a bright and gracious smile, ever ready to respond to every look that was turned upon him; there was not one of his features that did not smile."



Every one remarked the striking resemblance between the *mask* of Mr. Viannay and that of Voltaire. We say *mask*, for the physiognomy was widely different. Place the bust of the Curé of Ars beside the frightful statue which ornaments the ante-chamber of the chateau of Ferney, and one is immediately impressed with the resemblance of the lines. But the contrast of the expressions is no less strikingly different.

"There are," says Father Gratry, "human faces which seem luminous, etherealized, expressions simple, open and expanded by an overflowing love. Others are double, and seem contracted and destroyed by deadly passions. The first, transparent, and as clear as day; the second, enigmatical, complicated and hidden; the latter repulse and frighten; the former attract, and little children on the bosom of their mother turn confidently to them, and nestle in their arms. Simplicity of expression and countenance! Duplicity of expression and countenance! Proud, voluptuous look; despicable and contemptible ugliness, when accompanied with weakness; satanic ugliness, if strength unites them. Pure and limpid expression full of love; goodness and gracious beauty, if weakness accompanies it; celestial beauty, if both be sustained by bonds of strength and courage. By expression I speak of the soul as expressed by the body. The gospel says 'If your eye be simple,'"

This contrast could not possibly be better expressed than in the faces of the Curé of Ars and the infidel old man of Ferney, notwithstanding the strikingly marked resemblance between the busts of those two persons."

Is it not a subject worthy of remark that, in the same country, with an interval of one hundred years between their existence, these two men reached so brilliant a renown by a path so entirely opposite? That their names have rendered celebrated two villages obscure and unknown before their time? Ars and FERNEY have become synonymous with the two extremes in morals—the poles, as it were, of love and hatred! The eighteenth century ran to Ferney, the nineteenth to Ars. And notwithstanding the contrary signs, and the dark clouds which are gathering and seem to threaten the future, we see many evidences of the triumph of truth in our age. Ars is destroying Ferney. And in considering the strong resemblance between these two men, in whom are personified, in the highest degree, the love and hatred of Jesus Christ, we are reminded of divine wisdom playing with the things of earth: *Ludens in orbe terrarum*.

Ferney very soon forgot Voltaire, but Ars will not so soon forget her pastor. In times to come, not Ars alone, but the entire world, will speak of the humble priest, will relate his works, exalt his virtues, glorify his memory, and preserve his portrait in places where neither the portrait of Voltaire nor of any other person of our age will ever enter. The pastor of Ars will live, after all contemporary things the most stable, most beautiful and grand will have past away forever. He will live the life of memory promised to the just, which is the recompense of time, the *avant courrière* of eternity,

But we cannot leave this portrait of the Curé of Ars without surrounding it with the framework of his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and placing before it some of the flowers of piety he daily planted in the hearts of his penitents for this good Mother. He literally breathed the love Mary.

The Curé of Ars particularly recommended three devotions: devotion to the Passion of our Lord and to the Holy Eucharist, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and devotion to the Souls in Purgatory.

He said his mass at the altar of the Blessed Virgin whenever it was in his power, and he never omitted saying it on Saturdays. Every day he recited the *Regina Celi* in thanksgiving for the favors he received through Mary. "Every evening after night prayers (said with his parishioners in the church) he recited aloud the beads of the Immaculate Conception. On his first arrival at Ars, he organized an association of prayers in honor of the Blessed Mother of God. The fundamental practice consisted in reciting an *Ave Maria* whenever the clock struck, with the invocation *Blessed be the most Holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary Mother of God. O Mary, may all the nations glorify and may all the earth invoke and bless thy Immaculate Heart*. This pious practice he never omitted; and in order that all his parishioners would faithfully observe it, he placed a large clock in the steeple which could be heard all over the village.

By the title of devout servant of Mary, Mr. Viannay was first known to his parishioners, and he made use of every means to increase the devotion to Mary. Even before the commencement of the pilgrimages, her festivals were celebrated with great pomp at Ars; the communions were numerous, the offices solemn, and the sermons most touching. This religious animation, the fruit of the example of the saintly pastor, continued constantly to increase. On the days dedicated to the Mother of God, there was always a greater number of strangers than usual at Ars. Her image was seen everywhere—in front of the church, over the door, and also in the houses.

The heart of the Blessed Virgin was the refuge of the Curé of Ars in all his troubles—the arsenal from which he constantly borrowed the weapons he used against his infernal enemies. One of the exercises he most frequently recommended was a *novena* to the sacred Heart of Mary. "I have so often drawn from this source," he would say, "that it would have been long since exhausted, if it were not inexhaustible." In his instructions he never wearied in speaking of this heart so pure, so beautiful and so good;—the work and delight of the Holy Trinity.

"The Father delights to regard it as His masterpiece, as we love our own work, particularly when it is well done; the Son regards it as the heart of His Mother, from which He drew the blood that redeemed us, and the Holy Ghost regards it as His temple." "The heart of this good Mother is but love and mercy. She wishes only to see us happy. To be heard favorably, it is only necessary to invoke her."

"God so loved us as to die for us; but in the heart of the Saviour is justice," the attribute of God; in the Blessed Virgin's we find but mercy."

"The greater sinners we are, the greater her compassion and tenderness for us."

"The child that cost the most tears to the mother is the dearest to her heart. Does she not rush to the rescue of the weakest and most exposed? In an hospital does not the physician give his greatest attention to the most dangerous cases?"

"Behold how good is the Blessed Virgin! Her great servant, Bernard, often said *Hail Mary*; and one day this good Mother replied: 'Hail, my son, Bernard!'"

"Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is tender, sweet and nourishing."

"When we speak of earthly things we soon grow weary. When we speak of the Blessed Virgin it is always refreshing, never tires."

"The *Ave Maria* is a prayer that never wearies."

"We never enter a house without speaking to the porter; let us not forget, then, that the Blessed Virgin is the portress of heaven."

"When we wish to make an offering to a distinguished person, we present it through the medium of a favorite friend, in order that our homage may be the more agreeable. In like manner, when we present our prayers through the Blessed Virgin, they obtain altogether a different merit, because the Blessed Virgin is the only person that never offended God. All that the Son asks the Father is granted; all that the Mother asks the Son is equally granted."

"When our hands have touched aromatics, they render fragrant all that they in turn touch; let us then pass our prayers through Mary's hands and she will make them fragrant."

"I think that at the end of the world, the Blessed Virgin will be tranquil; but as long as the world lasts, *she is drawn to all sides*. The Blessed Virgin is like a mother with a great many children; she is continually occupied with one or another."

"Twice has the Blessed Virgin given us birth; at the Incarnation and at the foot of the Cross, hence she is doubly our mother."

"The Blessed Virgin is often compared to a mother, but she is a great deal better than the very best mother; for the very kindest mother punishes her child, when it causes her displeasure; she even whips it, thinking to do it good. But the Blessed Virgin does not act in this manner; she is so good that she ever deals lovingly with us and never punishes."

"The Prophets published the glory of Mary before her birth, they compared her to the sun. And the appearance of the Blessed Virgin may well be compared to the beautiful sun on a foggy day."

"The Son has his justice; the Mother only her love."

"Before her coming, the wrath of God hung over our heads, as a sword ready to strike us; as soon as the Blessed Virgin appeared on the earth His wrath was appeased. She knew not

that she was to become the Mother of God, and when she was a little child she used to say: 'When then shall I see that beautiful creature who is to be the Mother of God?'"

"All the saints had great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and every grace that comes from Heaven passes through her hands. A saint one day asked her what she preferred we should venerate in her, and she replied: 'My Immaculate Purity, it is the means of obtaining all things.'"

Mr. Vianney continually thanked God the Father for having made the Blessed Virgin so great, so beautiful, and so good! With a heart burning with her love, he blessed our Saviour for her Immaculate Conception; he *congratulated* the Holy Ghost for the glory which returned to Him from the stainless purity of His Spouse. These were his favorite devotions.

To encourage the devotion of the Rosary, he often related that Saint Dominic was preaching one day in a church, when one of his relations entered with his suite; and this man appeared so hideous in the eyes of the Saint that he could not help speaking of it in a loud voice. Every one became afraid of him; his wife, children and neighbors fled from his presence. Saint Dominic induced him to recite the Rosary, and as soon as he did so, the demons who surrounded him fled away, and his face resumed its ordinary expression.

Another of Mr. Vianney's favorite examples was the following: "There was a good saint who was always saying 'Holy Mary, pray for me now and at the hour of my death.' One day he heard the Blessed Virgin reply, 'Do you wish to come with me to paradise?' 'To paradise!—to paradise!—to paradise!' he exclaimed, and died; with tears gushing from his eyes, the Curé of Ars added, 'Oh! how beautiful to die in this way.'"

To complete the contrast between the two men whose busts so closely resemble each other, and to show to what opposite extremes the same qualities in the heart of man are carried by nature and grace, we turn from the fascinating life of the Curé of Ars to give our readers the celebrated *critique* and portrait of Voltaire as drawn by the artistic hand of Count Joseph De Maistre.

"The immoderate admiration with which so many have surrounded Voltaire is the infallible sign of corrupt hearts. And if any one on entering a library feels drawn towards the *works of Ferney*, he may be assured that God does not love him. Ecclesiastical authority is frequently ridiculed for condemning books *in odium auctoris*; yet, nothing is more just than to *refuse the honors of genius to those who abuse its gifts*. If this law was severely observed we should soon see these empoisoned works disappear; but since their promulgation does not depend upon us, let us, at least, guard against an excess much more reprehensible than we believe—that of exalting beyond measure these guilty writers, especially Voltaire. He pronounced his own judgment when he wrote—

*"Un esprit corrompu ne fut jamais sublime."*  
A corrupt heart was never sublime.

This is literally true; Voltaire, then, with his hundred volumes was *only pretty*. I except in tragedy, where the nature of the work forced him



to express noble sentiments which were foreign to his character; and even on this scene of his triumph he cannot deceive the experienced eye. In his best pieces he bears the same resemblance to his two great rivals that a cunning hypocrite bears to a saint. I do not contest his dramatic merit, but I maintain my first assertion that whenever Voltaire speaks in his own name he is merely pretty (I can find no better word). Nothing can warm him, not even the battle of Fontenoy! I cannot bear with the exaggeration of calling him *universal*. There are wonderful exceptions to his *universal genius*. In his odes he is null. This is not surprising, for impiety had quenched forever in his heart the divine flame of enthusiasm; he is not only null but ridiculous in the lyrical drama, his ear being as absolutely closed to the beauties of harmony as his eye was to those of art. In the style of writing most analogous to his natural character, he drags, consequently he is cold, and often heavy and coarse, not above mediocrity in comedy, for the wicked can never be comic. For the same reason he knew not how to write an epigram—the least mouthful of his gall spreading over no less than a hundred verses. If he attempts satire, he slides into libel. In history he is insupportable, notwithstanding his art, elegance and grace of style, for no qualities can replace gravity, good faith and dignity, which constitute the life of history, and in these he is wholly deficient. Of his epic poem I have no right to speak; to judge a book it must be read, and to read it one must be awake; a drowsy monotony spreads over the greater part of his writings, which have but two objects—the bible and its enemies; he blasphemes or he insults. His pleasantries, so vaunted, is far from being irreproachable. The laugh it excites has nothing genuine, it is a grimace.

Have you never remarked that the Divine anathema is written upon his face? After so many years it still strikes the eye. Go and look at his face, as seen in the palace of the Hermitage! I never see it without being thankful that it has not been transmitted to us by the chisel of a Grecian sculptor, which might perhaps have been able to throw a certain *beau idéal* around it. As it stands now, all is natural. There is as much truth in this head as there was in the mould taken from his corpse. Look at that abject forehead, that never knew the blush of modesty; those two extinguished craters, that still seem to boil over with hatred and lasciviousness; that mouth—I am wrong, but it is not my fault—I should rather say that frightful *ricetus* (sardonic grin), running from ear to ear, and those lips pinched with pitiless malice as a tightened bow ready to dart sarcasm and blasphemy. Do not speak to me of this man; I cannot bear to think of him. Ah, what evil he has done! Like that insect, the scourge of our gardens, which inflicts its deadly sting on the very roots of our most precious plants, Voltaire with his *sting* is equally fatal to the two roots of society, women and young men; he impregnates them with his poisons, which they transmit from generation to generation. His stupid admirers in

vain seek to confound us with sonorous tirades in which he has spoken well of the most venerated objects; they do not palliate the remainder. These wilfully blind defenders do not see that they complete the condemnation of the guilty writer. If Fenelon, with the same pen that portrayed the joys of Elysium, had written "*The Prince*," he would have been a thousand times more wicked and guilty than Machiavel. The great crime of Voltaire is the abuse of talent, and the deliberate prostitution of a genius created for celebrating God and virtue. He cannot be excused, as many others, on account of his youth, levity, or the violence of his passions—not even by the sad weakness of human nature. Nothing can absolve him; his corruption is of a species that belongs exclusively to himself; it is rooted in the most minute fibres of his heart, and fortified with all the strength of his understanding. Ever united to sacrilege, it defies God while it seeks the ruin of man. With an unequalled fury this insolent blasphemer declared himself the personal enemy of Jesus Christ; he dared, from the depths of his nothingness to ridicule His name, and the adorable Law brought to the earth by the Man God he called *infamous*.

Abandoned by God, the greatest of all punishments, he knows no restraint. Other cynics astonished virtue—*Voltaire astonishes vice*. He plunged into the mire, wallows in it, inebriates himself with it; he delivers his imagination to the enthusiasm of hell, which gives him all its strength to drag him to the very limits of evil. He invents prodigies, monsters before which we grow pale. Paris crowned him—Sodom would have banished him! Insolent profaner of the universal language and its greatest names! How can I describe the feelings with which he inspires me? When I reflect upon what he could have done, and what he has done, his inimitable talents inflame me with a sort of holy anger for which I have no name. The last of men—meaner than the meanest of those who love him—suspended between admiration and horror, I sometimes would wish to raise him a statue!!!—by the hand of the hangman—*par la main du bourreau*.

It is not our fault if the name of Voltaire has found a place in the columns of the AVE MARIA. Shades are needed even in the most brilliant paintings. But we have not done with him yet. The striking similarity in some points between him and the saintly Curé of Ars—which is so graphically portrayed in the Abbé Monnin's life of the latter—we beg to extend to the end, and show our readers how wide a difference is to be found between the servants of Mary and the enemies of her Divine Son, especially and above all, at the supreme moment that closes the career of vice and virtue. Mr. Vianney died the death of a saint, Voltaire died the frightful death of a reprobate; the former amid the tears and blessings of a nation, the latter amid scenes of horror, making his death-chamber, as it were, the vestibule of hell.

O man! consider the end of thy ways and be wise!

SAINT MARTHA.---July 29th.

Saint of the busy hand and generous heart,  
Quick step and beaming eye;  
Give courage for our daily works,  
And at our death be nigh.

The Feast of Saint Martha falls upon the 29th, the day of our present issue. This saintly hostess of our dear Lord appears to be scarcely known or revered among the Christians of our day, yet she is one of the most celebrated saints of the first epoch of Christianity, one of the chosen few who lived in familiar intercourse with our Blessed Mother. And inasmuch as the imperfection of being "troubled about many things," for which she was lovingly chided by our Lord in the first days of her conversion, is the characteristic of our own age, it will not be amiss to bring Saint Martha before the readers of the AVE MARIA, and show what great things this natural activity, when purified by grace, enabled her to do. She should be one of the saints of our choice, for she was one of the first friends and pupils of the Blessed Mother of God; one who had the best opportunities to learn and to imbibe the spirit and virtues of our dear Mother. Let us go back to past ages and learn how to Mary's lovers this sweet saint has shown the road; and there may we learn from her to love the Mother of our Divine Redeemer.

In the territory of Jerusalem is situated the little town of Bethany, so often mentioned in the Gospel, celebrated for the frequent visits of the Saviour, consecrated by the hospitality which He there received, illustrated by the miracles He operated and by the tears He shed. In this little town was born the blessed Martha, the venerable hostess and most devoted servant of the Son of God.

Her father was a Syrian by birth, and illustrious not only by the nobility of his family but also by the important offices he held. He was one of the satraps of the province, governor and prince of Syria and all the maritime country.

Saints Martha, Mary and Lazarus possessed remarkable talents, and a perfect knowledge of Hebrew letters, in which they had been thoroughly instructed. The three were remarkable for beauty of person, gentle and engaging manners, and the charms of elocution.\*

Being of noble race and illustrious birth, they enjoyed by right of inheritance a rich patrimony and large possessions. They owned valuable property in Jerusalem, and three other estates—one in Bethany of Judea, about two miles from Jerusalem; Magdalen, in Galilee, on the Sea of Genesareth and another in Bethany beyond the Jordan, where St. John administered baptism. Martha being the eldest, by the desire of the others took the principal charge, and made a noble use of her riches. She never married. Her amiability and gentleness rendered her universally beloved; she was most charitable to the poor, and enjoyed the

respect, veneration and admiration of all on account of her great riches, and her rare beauty and modesty. Add to this her unbounded liberality and hospitality, and we have the character of Martha. When the days of our Lord's mortal life were coming to a close, in going to Jerusalem he tarried with the two sisters and Lazarus. It was at this time our Divine Lord addressed her those well-known words, "Martha, Martha, thou art eager about many things," &c. This repetition of her name is a mark of His love for Martha, for on account of her alms and charity He had great affection for her. Our Lord did not blame the life of Martha, while exalting Mary's. For if Martha had been reprehensible in preparing the repast of our Lord and His disciples, He would have told her to abandon it; He merely checked the little imperfection of her generous heart that caused her to be troubled in the midst of her hospitable duties.

At the resurrection of Lazarus we see her display her great faith, for which she is praised by our Saviour; and when Lazarus returns to the house with his Lord and the Apostles, with what joy does the blessed Martha, with her characteristic hospitality, serve the assembled guests. On the day of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the city poured forth her people to meet Him; when the air resounded with the cries of "Hosanna to the Son of David," and after all the wonderful miracles He had performed; even then, Jesus, finding no one in that city to offer Him a repast or a night's repose for His head, turned with His twelve towards Bethany to the hospitable house of Martha, whom "Jesus loved." And during that week of untold anguish when the Son of God wept and hungered, and gave His last instructions to the ungrateful city of Jerusalem, it was to Martha at Bethany He ever returned for His daily food. Oh, happy hospitable house of Bethany! Oh, happy Martha, to whom was given the precious privilege of bestowing on the Saviour His last refreshments and lodgings before the eve of the Passion!

During the years of our Lord's public ministry, and after His passion, our Blessed Mother frequently visited Martha and Mary, and passed much time in their house at Bethany.

After the Ascension, this venerable hostess, the image, as it were, of the divine liberality of her Lord, was one of those who, with Saint Magdalen, Lazarus and Maximin, was sent adrift upon the waves of the sea, in a dismantled vessel; Divine Providence conducted them to the shores of Europe, and they landed near Marseilles.

By the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they divided the country between them, for the better propagation of the word of God among the pagans. Saint Martha with a few companions, gave testimony of the Gospel in the cities of Arles and Avignon and the surrounding country. She possessed in an eminent degree, the gift of miracles; by the sign of the cross she cured the lepers and paralytic, gave sight to the blind, hearing and speech to the deaf and dumb, and raised the dead to life.

\* This sketch will seem wonderful, and perhaps new to many of our readers; but in substance it is all contained in a rare and valuable work entitled "*Monuments inédits de Sainte Marie Madeleine*," by the Abbe Feignon, the gravity and learning of the celebrated Sulpician are sufficient guarantee for the truth of the statements contained in it.



After having delivered the frightful desert of Tarascon from all the savage beasts and reptiles that infested it, she built there a house, or rather an oratory, in which she dwelt for seven years. Her food was the fruits of the forest trees, and the roots of herbs; and this nourishment she took only once a day. But while she so diligently mortified her own body, she acted very differently with regard to others. She never forgot her ancient hospitality. To the crowd of poor who daily visited her, she gave in abundance; as she had served the Head of the Church in person, so she continued to serve His suffering members; and the rich themselves, who came in great number, never went away empty handed; her generosity had always a gift for soul or body.

Her own garments were of the coarsest material. During these seven years she wore a hair shirt and a knotted cincture of horse hair. She always went barefooted: and the branches and roots of the trees, over which she spread a rough covering, served for her bed.

In the midst of such delights, Saint Martha spent her time in prayer and meditation, never wearied in adoring in Heaven Him whom she had loved to serve on earth.

She frequently went to the neighboring towns and villages to preach the faith of our Lord, and her labors were crowned with wonderful success, for whatever she taught by words she established by miracles.

One day, near the city of Avignon, while teaching the word of God to an immense crowd, a young man on the other side of the Rhone, seeing the multitude, wished also to hear this mighty person, who cured the sick and raised the dead to life; but there was neither bridge nor boat by which to cross the stream. He attempted to swim over; and the people on the bank soon saw him struggling in the waves and finally sink. All were edified with his zeal and deeply grieved at his death. In the afternoon of the next day his body was found and brought to Saint Martha, accompanied by a large concourse of people of both sexes, who besought on their knees the servant of God to let them see by the resurrection of this young man the truth of the wonders she had told them concerning the Saviour. Saint Martha, as was her custom, consented with joy, on condition that all who were present should embrace the Christian faith. She then approached the young man, saying, "In the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Son of God, arise and tell us the great things which the goodness of God has done for you." And he immediately arose, confessed his belief, and begged to be baptized; and all the crowd, seeing this miracle, testified their belief in the Christian religion and prepared for baptism.

From this time Saint Martha was honored and esteemed throughout the whole country of Gaul; and she converted a multitude of souls to God. Saint Maximin, the director of the holy life of Saint Magdalen, hearing of all these wonders, resolved to go and see Saint Martha. He met the

Bishop of Arles and Orange, who happened to be visiting her at the same time, and they both dedicated to the Saviour as a basilic the house which Saint Martha had made illustrious by so many miracles and the sanctity of her life. When the Bishops were at table, Martha served them with her accustomed hospitality, and as a great many other guests were also present, the wine gave out, then the hostess of our Lord filled the vessels with pure water, in the name of Jesus Christ, and it was turned into delicious wine. Before the Bishops left, St. Martha obtained a promise from Maximin, that her sister Magdalen would visit her before her death.

During the time of the persecution of the faithful in the province of Aquitaine and neighboring country, she gave shelter to the Bishops Frontin of Perigueux, and Georges, together with a large number of Christians, and served them with the greatest charity and liberality, until the storm passed and they were free to return to their homes. In bidding them farewell, the servant of God said, "O Bishop of Perigueux, know that at the end of next year I shall leave my mortal body, and I beseech your holiness to come and bury me." "My daughter," replied the Bishop, "if God wills it, and I live, I will assist at your obsequies." Saint Martha then informed all those who resided with her, that her death was near at hand, and during the whole year she lay upon her bed of dried roots and boughs, consumed by a burning fever.

While suffering with joy and meditating upon the things of God, she suddenly saw a brilliant crowd of angels, carrying the soul of her sister Magdalen; she immediately called the persons of her household and informed them of it, begging them to return thanks for her sister's happiness. "Oh, my blessed sister," she exclaimed, "why did you not visit me, as I expected, and as you promised? Will you go without me, to enjoy the embraces of our Lord Jesus—of Him whom we loved so much—and who loved us so much! But I will follow you wheresoever you go! Nevertheless I would not detain you; go then, enjoy, enjoy eternal life; be forever happy, and do not, I beseech you, forget your sister, to whom you are so dear."

Filled with joy by this vision, Saint Martha was more anxious than ever to die and be with Jesus Christ. Her poor mortal body was wearisome to her; she longed for the company of her glorified sister; but at this last hour her charity for others burned brighter than ever. Forgetting her own suffering, she exhorted, instructed and strengthened the faithful. The rumor had spread abroad that the Saint of God was dying, and the Christians flocked in crowds to Tarascon; they pitched their tents around her dwelling, resolved not to leave while this precious life lasted.

The evening of the seventh day, Saint Martha ordered seven wax candles and three lamps to be lighted. About midnight, those who had been watching being overcome with fatigue, were sleeping soundly, when a sudden gust of wind extinguished all the lights. The servant of God understanding the cause, made the sign of the cross and armed herself by prayer against the snares of the demons. Then she awakened the watchers

and begged them to relight the candles. They hastened to obey, and in their absence a burning light swiftly descended from heaven, in the midst of which appeared the special messenger of the Saviour, Magdalen herself, bearing in her hand a brilliant flambeau which in an instant relighted the seven candelabras and three lamps; then, approaching the bed, she said, "Hail, holy sister!" After Martha had returned the salutation, Magdalen continued: "Now you see that I did come and visit you before your death, as you made me promise by the holy Pontiff, Maximin! But behold your Saviour, your well-beloved, who comes to call you from this vale of misery. In like manner did he act with me—appearing in person to invite me to the palace of His glory. Come, then, and do not delay!" Having said these words, she ran joyfully before the Saviour, who entered, and approaching Martha, looked lovingly upon her and said: "Here I am, your Lord, whom you assisted so devotedly with your wealth; on whom you so many times bestowed generous hospitality, and to whom, since the passion, you have done so much good in the person of My members. It is I; I, prostrated at whose feet you said: '*I believe Thou art the Messiah—Son of the Living God.*' Come, then, holy hostess of my pilgrimage; come from this exile; come and receive your crown." On hearing these words Martha strove to rise and immediately follow her Lord, but He continued: "Wait awhile; I go to prepare you a place. I will return and place you near me—so that where I am you also will be," and saying these words, He disappeared, and Mary with Him. But the light which had surrounded them remained, and when the attendants returned they were greatly astonished at seeing the candelabras and lamps burning with extraordinary brilliancy. At day-break Saint Martha begged to be carried out in the open air. Oh how long were the minutes to the soul that had seen her Lord and was now waiting His reappearance! The morning was as a thousand years in duration. They spread a straw matting under a tree; on this was placed a rough hair-cloth upon which ashes were strewn in the form of a cross. At sunrise, the servant of God was laid upon these ashes, and at her request they elevated before her the image of the Saviour attached to the cross. There, after a little repose, she turned to the multitude of faithful who surrounded her and begged them, by their prayers, to hasten the moment of her deliverance. While the crowd was bathed in tears, raising her eyes to Heaven she exclaimed: "O Saviour! Thou who didst deign to receive my hospitality, why dost Thou delay? when shall I go and appear before Thy face? Since Thou didst speak to me this morning, my soul has melted within me! My limbs have lost all motion. In the ardent desire to possess Thee my nerves have become paralysed, my bones are withered and dried up, even to the very marrow, and all my entrails are consumed. My God, do not delay! Hasten, hasten, O my Saviour!"

She then remembered that she had seen the Saviour expire on the cross at the ninth hour, and

calling for the history of His Passion, which she had brought from Palestine, she begged Saint Parnas to read it aloud for her, and while listening to the recital of the torments she had seen her well-beloved suffer, she wept bitterly and for the moment forgot her own exile. She listened attentively, and at the passage wherein it is related that Jesus rendered His soul into the hands of His Father and died, she heaved a profound sigh—and her exile was ended. She was happy with Magdalen at the feet of her Lord.

Happy, glorious Saint! In our great needs, when we sometimes grow weary with all that lies before us, then give us thy love of work and thy spirit's manly power; and aid us by thy prayers so that we neither faint nor linger on the way, but imitating thy strong courage may we merit the grace to rest with thee and Magdalen, near our Blessed Mother and at the feet of our Lord, through the long, long bright day of eternity.

[We received this morning the following communication, which we read with no ordinary emotion, and in acknowledgment we gladly inscribe the Novitiate of the Rev. J. F., in F., among our life subscribers:—]—Ed.

### GREAT GOD! IT IS JESUS!

*Stray leaf from the diary of an old soldier, gathered by the Rev. Father Marie Joseph de Géramb.*

"If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema!"

The scourge of God, that man whose birth was a public calamity, that extraordinary being, who deluged the world with blood and tears, was marching over smouldering ruins, at the head of those dauntless heroes, whose valor and dauntless deeds of glory had set the imperial diadem upon his brow, and borne his name to the ends of the earth. He drew near to the capital of —, whose sovereign, a true model of the Christian ruler, thought it better to evacuate the city, preferring the peace and tranquility of its inhabitants, to the glory he must acquire by its defence. The entire population thronged his path, following with tearful eyes and straining looks the retreating form of their father, who saw a child in every subject; and when he had passed from their view, they mingled tears and sobs and prayers, calling upon the Almighty to preserve their sovereign and his august family.

On the following day, I left the capital with the corps under my command. After marching during the whole night, I found myself at early dawn with my advance guard, and surrounded by several officers, engaged in discussing the vanity of worldly things, when suddenly I perceived some persons approaching us, and heard the sound of a bell. As I advanced toward them, I distinguished a venerable, grey-haired priest, but poorly clad, accompanied by two peasants, who walked at his side with uncovered head, regardless of the sharp frost; one of them rang his bell at short intervals, the other carried a lantern. "Great God!" I exclaimed, "it is Jesus!"

I cannot describe the overpowering rush of emo-



tion that seized upon me at this sight—at the sight of the Saviour, whom I had so long neglected—forgotten—so unworthily forgotten! It was Jesus, going to console and strengthen some dying Christian; Jesus, the first name I had learned in my mother's arms; Jesus, whom I had so often called upon in sinless infancy!

I sprang from the saddle, and prostrate on the earth, offered the adoration of a heart bursting with grief and love, to Him who is everywhere invisibly present; to Him, whose creative hand, passing over the face of this vast universe, marked out the path of the sun; to Him, who loves by a chain of blessings to lessen the immense interval that separates Him from His creatures.

"Allow us, Reverend Father, to escort the Most Holy Sacrament. Be not astonished at the evolutions I am about to order; it is to honor Jesus Christ, the King of kings, the God of the universe."

I issued the necessary command, and the venerable pastor, who carried Mary's Son, soon found himself surrounded by the corps of officers, marching in the midst of the military escort toward the neighboring village.

How shall I describe my own emotions? I was walking by the side of Jesus, of my God, my Redeemer; of Jesus, who had displayed His power over me only by the number of His favors, and whose mercy I had yet so often braved! How vividly then did the happy hours of my childhood paint themselves upon my mind; bright but fleeting days, o'erfraught with charms; blissful days, when Jesus was the dearest object of my warm affections; when the book which often repeated Jesus' name was the chosen volume of my heart, whose pages bore the impress of my fervent love, wherever the sweet and hallowed name was found; days when Jesus spoke to me in every poor, every wretched, every suffering creature! But oh! how fully did one thrilling memory seize upon my heart! That happy day, on which I came with lighted taper and unwonted array, led by the virtuous tutor who formed my youth, into the hallowed sanctuary, and for the first time drew near, my heart fluttering with mingled dread and hope and love, to the heavenly banquet that was to unite me with my God. Alas! those days had fled like a vision of the night; and now, looking back upon myself, I trembled as I asked what had become of those hours of innocence and bliss; what had I done with that noble work of God, quickened by His breath, made to His own image, but yet in me so foully marred by sin? I was horrified as I thought of what I was, what I had been, and what I was to be, and my eyes were filled with tears.

Meanwhile we had been advancing in religious silence, save that the tramp of the horses' hoofs and the note of the clarion heralded from afar the approach of the thrice—Holy God.

On reaching the village, I accompanied the man of God and the officers into a respectable dwelling, and found the sick bed occupied by an elderly man, and surrounded by the kneeling inhabitants of the place. He was an old officer, loaded with years and glory, who now awaited his Creator full

of faith, and hope and love. He looked with surprise and gratitude at the unexpected and unusual escort.

"My son," said the priest, with gentle voice, "though the God of power and majesty comes to you now with the pomp and the honor of military attendance, yet I do not announce the God of armies and of battles, but the God of peace. Come, my child, cast yourself into the arms of the God of love; offer Him both your laurels and your sufferings, and say to Him, with truly loving heart, 'Thy cross, my Lord, is my only hope. My life I place in Thy hands, and bow in all things to Thy holy will. But if it please Thee yet to leave me for some few days in this vale of tears, I wish to give them all to Thee, O best of Masters, thus to repair those which I have passed forgetful of Thy claims!'" The priest had spoken, and the dying hero received his Saviour, the God of peace and charity, whose gentle accents ever whisper to our hearts: "You who groan beneath the weight of misfortune and of pain, come to me; I will dry your tears, I will soothe your sorrows, I will drive away your fears, and in return, I ask but your heart!"

At the close of the touching ceremony, the minister of God addressed the dying man: "My son, now thank these gentlemen; and if your strength allow, speak to them a word of edification."

He turned his fast failing eyes towards us, then raising them to heaven, and clasping to his heart the emblem of a crucified Redeemer's boundless love, whose image he pressed to his lips now wet with the beads of death, he spoke with faltering voice, "Gentlemen, at the awful hour, when passions cease to rule, when the brightest glory sinks to naught, and the deep conviction comes upon the soul, that *all is vanity save to love God and to serve Him alone*, the thought that he had served his king more faithfully than his God, wrung these words from the Marshal de Luxembourg, one of the greatest captains that France can boast: 'I would rather have the merit of a glass of water given to the poor for the love of Jesus Christ, than all the splendor of so many victories, utterly worthless at the tribunal of Him who judges kings and warriors.'"

These words made a deep impression on all our hearts. But can my hand retain its firmness whilst I pen the record of my crime? Will not my tears blot out the trembling lines I write? Alas! in less than fifteen days the touching scene had vanished from my thoughts; I was again outraging the loving goodness of Him Who had given His blood and His life for me! Yet the inward monitor we ever bear about with us cried out against my iniquities, the hidden crimes of my heart and my base ingratitude towards my God. Then did the terrors of remorse seize upon my soul; my trembling mind was beset by gloomy phantoms, fearful shapes which seemed to start from the earth and haunt my every step. Prostrated upon my bed, methought I saw pale death advance towards me; I counted his steps; I saw him as he bent over my couch and glared upon me by the dismal light of his funeral torch. I felt the clammy chill of his fleshless hand; I

breathed his grave-born odor, and heard the rattling of his bones. My hair stood on end with terror. I felt myself hanging by a single thread over the yawning gulf prepared from the beginning of time. I saw the lurid flame enkindled by the breath of an angry God; their pale and gloomy light revealed me in the midst of the reprobate, bearing on my brow, in characters of blood, the word—DESPAIR!

I seemed to hear the voice of the destroying angel repeatedly exclaiming: Thou shalt burn forever! and the fiery vaults rolled back the echo of the fearful cry with redoubled force. Chilled with terror, fainting with affright, I raised my weak and trembling hands towards Heaven, and cried out in accents of hopeless dismay: Have I, then, lost my God? Shall I never behold His face? Shall I never see Him whom I have called by the endearing name of Father? Shall I never behold the Queen of Heaven, Mary, that tender Mother? Must I be debarred from the delight of her presence; never gaze upon that heavenly beauty, those peerless charms! Never look upon her adorable Son who was so long—and my voice was choked with emotion by the thought of Him I no longer dared to name. But what is it that now meets my dying gaze? Who can approach a guilty, wretched slave, who feared not to defy his God, to insult Him by preferring the most criminal of His creatures, His greatest enemy, the demon! Who is it that presses in His arms, strains to His breast with the liveliest affection, the most tender love, a wretch covered with the foul leprosy of sin? Ah! fly far from me; fly a monster of ingratitude, who has used the very favors heaped upon him by God to pierce his Benefactor's Heart! But yet, grant me to know who Thou art; let me look upon Thy features; hide not from my admiration and surprise, the looks of one who is so compassionate—GREAT GOD! IT IS JESUS!

Yes, it was Jesus; Jesus the One, the changeless Friend, who, when we forsake Him, forsakes us not, but seeks and comes to meet us. It was Jesus; it was the voice of the best of fathers that I had heard; it was Jesus, the good Jesus who allowed me again to weep upon His bosom my tears of sorrow and repentance. It was Jesus, whom I shall never again forsake!

O Jesus! O my Master and the Beloved of my heart, if I forget Thee, let my right hand be forgotten! Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I make Thee not, till the last hour of my life, the only object of my joy and gladness!

From our Blessed Lady's purity came her deep simplicity. This is a grace which belongs to the regions near God. In our close valleys we know but little of it. It is the soul's highest imitation of the Divine Nature. It betokens already that great victory of grace, when oblivion of self no longer requires an effort, but has become like a second nature. Mary did not reflect upon herself. She did not confine herself to the subtleties of lofty science on the mystery before her. She blended the earthly and divine in every act of worship, with something like the simplicity with which they were blended in the Incarnation of the Son of God.

### A Fancy.

Something, you may call a fancy,  
Struck my heart again to-day,  
As I turned, dear Salvadora,  
Towards my little shrine to pray;  
Pray  
For dear Salva did I say?  
But the fancy I must tell you,  
For an old Castilian sound  
Rings, as if from precious metal,  
When that name is breathed around;  
Spain,  
In its high, chivalric reign.  
And within that fancy hideth  
Yet another, dearer still;  
As love hides its dearest treasure  
From world's eyes with wondrous skill:  
Blame  
Not the friend who loves thy name.  
Every morning, every evening,  
Often through the busy day  
Comes a pray'r to soothe my spirit,  
Waft my heart to heav'n alway;  
"Salve!  
Salve Regina!" thus I pray.  
"Salve! Salve!" thus the fancy  
Fastened on my mind to-day.  
"Salve! Salve!" thus in anthem  
Prays thy name for thee alway:  
Pray  
With thy name, dear friend, this day!

E. A. S.

The writer begs an Ave, for her intention, from every devout reader.

### LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

#### No. 4.—Notre Dame du Gavet.

##### CHAPTER FIRST.

The aspect of the peaks of Brittany is singularly picturesque. In the evening, when the darkness of night is gradually spreading over them, and their brown tint, fringed with gold, makes them stand out in bold relief against the empurpled sky, one would take them at a distance for the massive pillars of a temple built by the hand of Titans. The howling of the wind, and the low roaring of the sea, resemble the confused murmurs of an assembled multitude.

Night crowns their summits with gloom and mystery. The moonlight casts their lengthened shadows on the plain—gigantic, well defined—immovable. One would fancy them the phantoms with which bards have peopled their songs. It might be imagined that the spirits of Celtic heroes were passing through the mists of the night, and stepping with shadowy strides on the tops of the cliffs.

It is well known that these provinces were for a long time the centre and the asylum of Druidical worship—a sublime worship, it must be acknowledged, appropriate to the spirit of heroism and adventure which distinguished a people who gloried in withstanding the fury of the waves and braving the thunderbolt.

Christianity had succeeded at last in driving the sanguinary divinities of Druidical worship from this their last retreat; but the strife was tedious. The Celts loved their superstitions. They had always been accustomed to venerate their sacred altar-stones, and to listen to the predictions of the Druidesses, and to the mystic chants of the bards.

For a long time after the conversion of the



country, sorceresses preserved their hold on the popular belief. The morn at length rose upon this ignorance, and the Gospel dissipated the shades of superstition. Or if there were still some few weak minds who clung to the old fear of the evil eye, or put their confidence in the efficacy of certain formulas, the Lord of Sostang, at least, knew nothing of these terrors.

Still he could not pass through these mountain gorges without a vague feeling of inquietude. He instinctively put spurs to his horse, which, already exhausted by the length of the journey, scarcely had the strength to finish it, and fell again into a weary amble whenever his rider relaxed the application of the stimulus.

The nobleman was brave, and, except Almighty God, was afraid of nothing in the world. Besides, except the rival claimant with whom he was at law, he had no enemy. And since he lived according to the laws of Christ, rendered exact justice to his vassals, and never encroached upon the rights of others, his conscience was burdened with no crime, and he suffered no remorse.

Nevertheless, he hastened to leave these cliffs which seemed to threaten and to pursue him. He thought he heard strange sounds; the wind moved the tops of the trees with sinister whisperings. If he raised his eyes, he imagined he beheld on the pyramidal shafts of the rocks fantastic figures like the spectres of demons.

And yet, what should demons have to do in a country so long penetrated by religious truth? Did they come to weep for the fall of their empire, and sigh over their abandoned altars?

Ah no! It is long since the people have forgotten their pagan divinities. Hell has had time to console itself for the loss of homage paid to Tarann, to Heutha, to the frightful Teutates. It would rather glut revenge by weakening the true faith. For misfortunes had passed over these provinces—civil war, pillage and devastation. The blood of the worshipers of the ancient gods had been spilled through so many wounds that it was now exhausted.

But piety had suffered by these calamities. Sanctuaries raised to the memory of saints and martyrs had been ruined, and the poverty of the peasantry prevented their rebuilding them. At a short distance from the demesne of Sostang, there was formerly a chapel of our Lady. What had become of it? The walls had crumbled slowly away till scarcely one stone remained upon another. There was no trace left of arches or of pillars. A thicket closed the way to it. Ivy and other creeping plants covered what remained of the masonry, assisting the work of destruction by their luxuriant vegetation, and brambles had burst through the crevices of the flagstones that had formed the pavement.

The place would have been no longer distinguishable, if the devotion of the villagers, surviving the ruin of the edifice, had not taken care to preserve the altar. They still continued to come there to invoke the Mother of God, who, retaining also her regard for the spot, continued to receive their vows and listen to their prayers.

She was honored there under a title dear to the peasantry. She was pleased in this place to confer her favors upon little children. So that, for more than sixty miles around, mothers were accustomed to frequent the shrine of "Our Lady of the Cradle"—(*"Gavel"* in the Breton language, signifies a child's cradle.

The hope of the homestead, the blessing of marriage, innocent and tender infants, what anxieties and cares you cost us! What prayers your parents pour forth for you into the bosom of God! You suffer, they suffer in you, and would be willing to deliver you from suffering by taking it upon themselves. They importune Heaven, and do it violence by their sacrifices, and by the fervor of their vows.

The altar of Mary was always covered with presents. Some brought the first fruits of their harvest, in the hope of obtaining a blessing on them; others hung around it the first products of their orchard, in thanksgiving for benefits already received.

They had learned from their ancestors to venerate the ruined chapel. Tradition said that during the crusades the barons of the country had brought back from Jerusalem the cradle in which the daughter of Joachim had slept in her infancy, and had placed it upon this very altar.

As he passed by these ruins, Philip de Halegoët experienced a sort of terror. The wind howled mournfully through the foliage of the trees. The bushes seemed to wear fantastic forms. The night-birds flew with fright from their hiding places, and beat the air with heavy, noisy wings. His horse hung his head with sadness and drowsiness as he ambled along.

Philip never beheld the dilapidated chapel without emotion. But the demons, enemies of the worship of the Mother of God, had rendered the rebuilding of the sanctuary almost impossible.

No doubt the neighboring peasantry were ready enough to impose taxes upon themselves, and to make collections for this object, but they were so poor that the greatest sacrifice on their part would not have been sufficient to build one of the walls.

The Lord of Sostang, who alone of all the country would have been able to rebuild the edifice, for many years had been engaged in a vexatious law-suit, and had no idea yet of the time when he might hope to see the end of it.

It was about a tract of land of moderate extent, which was part of the inheritance of Lady Claudia de Barrin, his wife, whose right to it was disputed. The affair was simple, and, in principle, easily enough decided, but the lawyers and counselors had so embarrassed the whole matter that both of the adversaries had commenced to doubt of their own right to it.

They had exhausted all the means afforded by law, and from one court to another, the affair had been finally referred to the parliament at Rennes.

There, since the counselors were more experienced and knowing, they enveloped the procedure in new difficulties so complicated that the unravelment was hopeless. One took his stand upon the written code, another opposed to it the custom of the country.

Despairing of success, the fictions of the law were brought to bear on both sides, and the judges, bewildered, undecided, not daring to pronounce sentence, let the cause go on, hoping that the parties would finish by coming to an understanding, when the inheritance itself was exhausted.

In fact, the expenses were already very great. And Philip, who was not willing to divide the land, was beginning to fear that the lawsuit would consume even his own demesne of Sostang, with his manor house and his whole estate.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Letter of Recommendation of the Most Reverend John B. Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati.

VERY REV. EDWARD SORIN,

*Provincial of Cong. of Holy Cross,  
Notre Dame, Indiana :*

VERY REV. DEAR SIR: When my approbation was solicited for the publication of the first numbers of the "AVE MARIA," I withheld it on the ground that it had already secured the approval of your excellent Bishop, and, through him, of his Eminence, Cardinal BARNABO, which I deemed sufficient. I must confess that I had also some slight misgivings as to the expediency of the publication in the form in which you inclined to present it to the public. But as you kindly renew your application for a word of encouragement from me, and as satisfactory evidence has been afforded me that the "AVE MARIA" has thus far contributed, and bids fair to contribute still more largely in future, to the advancement of piety and the honor and glory of Jesus and His and our Blessed Mother, I hereby authorize and request you to have my name added to the list of those who embrace every opportunity of showing fealty, devotion and love to the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

Yours, very truly, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

JOHN B. PURCELL,

*Archbishop of Cincinnati.*

MT. ST. MARY'S, CINCINNATI,

*Feast of St. Bonaventura.*

### In Retreat.

Across St. Joseph's waters clear  
I watch the sunset glories fade;  
While o'er the tranquil convent creeps  
A tender gloom, a holier shade.

The happy outline of the woods,  
The chapel spires above the green,  
The placid lake, the winding stream,  
The flowing meadow lands between;

Thus in the hush of twilight stands  
"Our Lady's" sacred precincts fair;  
Till slowly chimes the *Angelus*  
Its tuneful call to vesper prayer.

Proud world! upon this peaceful shore  
Your baffled waves ignobly beat;  
The echoes, even, of your storms  
Break not the peace of my retreat.

Here life's sublime benignant flow  
The worldling's wildest flight transcends;  
The being drawn from God's still height,  
In God serenely, grandly ends.

NOTRE DAME.

E. A. S.

### Weekly Chronicle.

PETER'S PENCE—DEATH OF THE VENERABLE MOTHER MAGDALEN SOPHIA BARAT, FOUNDESS OF THE ORDER OF THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART—RESULT OF A VOW TO THE SACRED HEART—LETTER FROM LIMA.

We have but little news from Rome this week.

The generosity of the Catholics for the Holy Father seems to increase. From every quarter of the globe, offerings of money and rare works of art are sent to his Holiness through the *Archconfraternity of Saint Peter*. As regards Italy, the intervention of Divine Providence is clearly shown in the late change of events. *Saint Peter's Pence* have been most liberally bestowed this year, and far surpass the general expectation. There is not a Bishop, priest, religious, or person of any importance coming to Rome from any part of the Peninsula without bearing Pius IX some appropriate gift as a testimony of their love and the generosity of the faithful. The greater part of the journals devoted to the cause of the Church have opened subscriptions in their columns for the collection of *Saint Peter's Pence*. The *Unita Cattolica* has already received four hundred thousand dollars. On Pentecost she deposited something like twenty thousand dollars at the feet of the Holy Father, and a rich casket of jewels joyfully given by the Italian Catholics. \* \* \* \*

Almighty God has taken to Himself one of those souls who have labored most successfully for the glory of His adorable Heart and devotion to His Blessed Mother, the Venerable Mother Magdalen Sophia Barat, Foundress and Superioress General of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. She died in Paris, on the Feast of the Ascension, aged eighty-six years. She was but twenty-two when, associated with a few pious persons, she undertook to erect a new Society upon the ruins of the ancient religious orders, which the Revolution had almost completely destroyed in France. This pious undertaking was placed particularly under the invocation of the Sacred Heart, and was especially designed to propagate its devotion. With what success the efforts of this pious person were crowned, we may judge from the fact, that at her death she left eighty-seven flourishing houses of her Order, in which three thousand five hundred religious are engaged in educating female youth, both in our own country and in Europe. The spiritual daughters of this saintly religious have been singularly distinguished for their great devotion in establishing, not only among their pupils, but among the ladies of the world, the Confraternity of the Children of Mary. Since the commencement of her spiritual family, sixty-four years ago, we understand that eighteen hundred of her religious have been called to receive the reward of their labors, and it is given by faith for us to imagine the beautiful spectacle of those daughters coming to meet their beloved mother on her death-bed, and conducting her to the throne of our Divine Lord, in whose service she so devotedly labored.



In a late number of the *Rosier de Marie* we read the following letter from one of Madame Barat's spiritual daughters, dated from Rockhampton, near London, December, 1864:

"I am going to communicate to you a circumstance related to me by the person herself to whom it occurred. You have heard of that terrible church-burning which happened last year in Chili, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, at which two thousand persons perished. The one of whom I speak had that morning, in the same church, been received as a child of Mary. At the moment of the horrible accident she was crushed to the ground and trampled upon by the crowd. Many had fallen upon her; bruised and almost suffocated by the intense heat and stifled air, she resigned herself to death, when suddenly remembering the Sacred Heart, she made a vow to enter the novitiate of the Order, if God spared her life. At the same moment a strong arm seized her, drew her from beneath the dying, and placed her on her feet. Too weak to stand alone, she was again falling, when her waiting-maid with a desperate effort sustained her, at the sacrifice of her own life. At this juncture Miss M.— felt herself animated with supernatural strength; she passed through the church, which, as an ocean of fire, was one blaze of ardent flames, where naught was heard but the cries and prayers of the dying; she gained the sanctuary, sacristy and at length found herself in the street without having experienced the slightest injury. Immediately repairing to San Iago, she accomplished her vow. A journey she was obliged to make to England procured me the opportunity of seeing her. She added that when the dead were carried out from the church, many instruments of penance were found under their elegant costumes."

In the same paper we also find an interesting letter dated Lima, S. A., from which we extract the following: "I arrived in Lima upon the eve of Christmas, the grand festival of our Saviour and Mary, and so dear to mothers and children. With us Christmas is associated, and sometimes ornamented, with a white mantle of snow; here how different! One from our latitude might suppose it to be the eve of St. John, so intense is the heat during the day, and even during the night also, under this warm sky of South America. Here Christmas comes amid the fragrant flowers of midsummer. To this surprise, another is added in hearing the strange fantastic sounds of the bells of Lima; as at an early hour the chimes of the innumerable churches of this antique and picturesque city call the faithful to the offices of the feast. Amid the full sonorous sounds are mingled hundreds of others, hoarse, asthmatic and cracked, doubtless from metal whose birth-day dates back to the first conquest. Yet, in listening to this mingling of wild and musical sounds, on the eve of such a festival and under the charm of a climate whose beauty is a hymn to God, one feels a powerful undefined expression, which the most regular and harmonious sounds elsewhere have never produced, and tears of sweet emotion fill the eyes.

The cathedral is a fine monument of the *renaissance*; on this festival, as well as on others, it is filled with an immense, animated and eager crowd, dressed in a thousand varied costumes. The most variegated are those of the monks and country people. Among the first I remarked the Franciscans, in blue habits (their color in warm countries); the Brothers of a Good Death; the Dominicans, in black and white, and a hundred others. The countrymen, with their *pouchos* or colored cloaks, resembling the dalmatics of the middle ages, look like an army of deacons.

On leaving the church, the scene was one of the most interesting and brilliant imaginable. The miseries of the world seemed completely ignored by the joyous population of this charming clime. Nothing could be seen that indicated I was in the heart of a city tormented and impoverished by almost forty years of anarchy.

I must not omit to speak to you of the honors with which the Peruvians surround the *Presidentess* (Patroness) of their Republic, Mary the Immaculate Virgin, the festival of whose Divine Son I have commenced to relate.

On Christmas the *nacimientos* take exclusive possession of the popular favor. *Nacimiento* signifies the episode of Christmas, displayed under the porticos of certain convents, and sometimes in private houses, under the auspices of noble and pious women. The crowd, in which I willingly mingled, visited the *nacimientos*, as it were, in procession. The *nacimiento*, or crib, is not here, as in Italy or other places, confined to the scene of the birth of our Saviour; arranged in a little frame, it is a complete history of our Lord, filling a space more or less large, according to the locality; it commences at the stable of Bethlehem, and ends on Golgotha. Arid mountains, steep rocks, green oasis, silvery lakes, torrents, all artistically and naturally arranged and painted. Twinkling stars shine in the azure of heaven: one, the most brilliant, suspended by a thread, guides the magi to the Divine Infant; and as all the figures are mobile, the scene receives frequent modifications; thus the kings and shepherds, who on the first days of Advent were very far from Bethlehem, on Christmas Eve stand on the threshold of the stable. We then pass successively the scenes of the massacre of the Innocents, the flight into Egypt, the decollation of Saint John Baptist, and all the episodes of the Passion. In this manner they keep the festival of Christmas-night in Lima; the night proclaimed *good, par excellence*; in the language so essentially Catholic of the Peruvians, *noche buena*!

It was three o'clock in the morning when I returned to my friend's hospitable mansion, and from my window I heard the *serenos*, which, every time the clock strikes, modulate with melancholy sweetness the first words of the Angelic Salutation, and tell the hour of the night and the state of the weather. These accents, plaintive as those of the flute, repeated by every bell, from every part of the city, create a sort of pious concert, of most touching and affecting charm and sweetness.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

From *Le Messager du Sacre Cœur.*

The Blessed Margaret Mary and the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The Blessed Margaret Mary continues her Apostleship. In Europe and America, wherever there exists a monastery of the Visitation, the solemnities of her Beatification are the occasion of splendid triumphs for the Heart of Jesus. From all quarters we have most interesting accounts, which we would be most happy to reproduce if the limits of our little journal permitted. But among all these celebrations, there is one most particularly distinguished for the magnificence of its decorations and ceremonies, the number of the Prelates and illustrious orators, and the crowd of faithful who assisted, and, above all, by the presence of the relics of the Blessed Margaret Mary. The 26th, 27th and 28th of June were appointed by the Bishop of Autun for the solemn *triduo* at the Paray le Monial, to celebrate the Beatification of the saintly person who shed an unwonted glory on this pious house. The necessity of going to press before this date obliges us to postpone the full description of the festival until our next number. To-day, we place before our readers the admirable pastoral letter from the Bishop of Autun, to prepare his diocese for the worthy celebration of this solemnity.

The illustrious Prelate, in the words of the Sovereign Pontiff, establishes the fact that Margaret Mary had a special mission to make the Heart of Jesus known and loved. But to accomplish this mission, she had to be prepared by Him who gave it. To become the worthy instrument of divine love, she must have felt in herself all its influences. Love separates to unite, it mortifies to exalt, it destroys the life of the senses and passions in order to give the life of the spirit and God. This it accomplished in Margaret; it detached her from the world and herself, to unite her to Jesus Christ, by the double bond of suffering and eucharistic communion. Thus delivered from all fetters, implicitly submissive to the impulses of divine love, Margaret was ready to fulfill her mission, and it only remained to her venerable panegyrist to give a more complete knowledge of the manner she accomplished it.

From the origin of the Church, all its dogmas have been planted in the conscience of the pastors and faithful. They have been preserved as a sacred deposit, and nourished, so to say, by the Scriptures and tradition; then we see them expand in the open day, when the moment arrives, for each particular truth must concur with greater force and *éclat* to the glory of God, and the sanctification of His elect. The Church never invents a new dogma, never adds a treasure to revelation; but age after age she pronounces solemn decisions, which enlighten and confirm what had before been the faith of all. She practises to-day, what she has practised from the beginning. Only she is happy to vary and embellish the manifestations of her love for Jesus Christ, and at the same time

to give more efficacious aid to the piety of her children. From this point of view we must judge of the practices of piety and devotion established by the Church. To speak only of those which belong to the Passion—the cross, the crown of thorns, the Precious Blood, the five wounds, the flagellation, have always been objects of veneration and love; yet, at different epochs, under the direction of the Spirit of God, the Church has been inspired to give a greater light to each, and authorize new means to honor them.

When then Margaret Mary presented to men the Sacred Heart of the Saviour, as the natural and living symbol of charity and the object of a special devotion, and when the Church established for this purpose festivals, processions and confraternities, it was not the birth of a new devotion, but only a new and popular form of a devotion that dates back to the cradle of Christianity.

Mary first adored in the crib and at the foot of the cross the Heart of Him whom she loved at the same time as her Son and her God. Saint John, reposing on the bosom of his Master, drew from the fountain head the devotion of the Sacred Heart. And during the course of ages all the most loving souls have enjoyed the sweetness of this devotion. But it was, in some sort, an individual devotion. To Margaret Mary belonged the glory of its public establishment and propagation throughout the entire world. Sublime Apostleship, by which our Blessed one has powerfully coöperated in the principal work of the Redemption.

The great design of Jesus Christ has been to establish upon earth the reign of His charity. He wished to be loved. And in this design He has succeeded; and during eighteen hundred years He has received from souls what He was the first to give them, namely—love, sacrifice and devotedness.

Jesus is the Sovereign Attachment, the unique Beloved of all that is great in the world by genius or virtue. He asks renunciations, and they are made; He asks blood, and it is given; it is an honor to receive humiliations as He did; it is gain to be poor with Him; it is sweetness itself to mingle our tears with His; it is true life to die and be buried with the Author of Life itself. Such is the spectacle we admire in Margaret Mary! Her entire existence was a generous emulation of sacrifice with Jesus, a sublime folly of love which corresponded to that of Calvary and the Eucharist.

But we must acknowledge that the victory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is far from being complete; by the side of the best and most noble portion of humanity which returns Him love for love; there is a multitude of indifferent, ungrateful and rebellious souls. The God of Love often complained of this to His Blessed servant. "In this," He said, "was the most exquisite torment of My Passion. Ah! if men would return Me love for love, all that I have done for them would seem to Me very little! And if I could I would have done much more, but they are cold towards Me and repel all My advances." At another time He revealed to her that His sorrow was still greater at the thought of the ingratitude of those hearts that had been consecrated to Him. \* \* \* \*



The devotion to the Sacred Heart is, then, a supreme effort of Jesus Christ to make Himself loved. We read in the life of Saint Gertrude that Saint John the Evangelist having one day appeared to her, she asked him why he whose head had reposed on the bosom of his Lord at the Last Supper had never written anything for our instruction on the beatings of the Heart of his Divine Master! The Saint replied in these remarkable words: "I was charged to announce to the infant Church the doctrine of the Word Incarnate of God the Father; but with regard to the sweetness of this Divine Heart God has reserved to Himself to make them known in the last ages, when the world is growing old, in order to reanimate with it the flame of charity which will also be growing cold." The same was announced to Margaret Mary. "On Saint John Evangelist's day," says she, "after having received from my Divine Saviour a grace similar to that received the evening of the Last Supper by the beloved disciple, the Divine Heart was represented to me on a throne of fire and flames, from which rays proceeded on all sides more brilliant than the sun and transparent as crystal; the wound it received on the cross was plainly visible; it was surrounded with a crown of thorns, and above it the cross was displayed. The Saviour made known to me that His great desire of being perfectly loved by men had inspired Him with the design of manifesting His Heart to them, and of giving them *in these last days this last effort of His love.*"

"Another day the Divine Master said to her: 'I seek a victim for My Heart, which will sacrifice itself as an immolation for the accomplishment of My designs.' Then the humble virgin, throwing herself at His feet, mentioned several holy souls whom she believed capable of corresponding with His designs. 'No,' replied the loving Saviour, 'I wish for no other than thyself.' And He promised her all the graces necessary for the ministry given her. Wonderful harmony, which an eloquent writer has delineated in the portrait he has traced of the Blessed Margaret Mary: 'Of a frail and delicate temperament, such as God gives to the souls He destines for great sufferings; of an exquisite sensibility, His gift to those who must love much; joined to intelligence, good sense and sound judgment; a gentle yet invincible will; a patient and unalterable soul, that would not waver at any opposition; an ardent love, a strength in devotedness, which no sacrifice could overcome; and, above all, an elevation, delicacy and depth of heart, that rendered her capable of comprehending that of her Divine Master.' Add to these happy dispositions, a faithful correspondence to all the designs of God, heroism in sacrifice, passionate love of suffering and of the Eucharist, and you will readily understand the truth of the Sovereign Pontiff's words: '*Margaret Mary has shown herself, with the grace of God, worthy of her sublime mission.*'"

From Portugal we received the following:

I can scarcely tell you how I was affected in seeing among the intentions of the Apostleship of

last month, *the cure of two hundred and fifty-four sick, particularly one of our Portuguese associates;* and to the prayers, offered through the Apostleship, I attribute the entire restoration of my sight after a long period of partial blindness, for the cure commenced from the date of the last *Messenger of the Sacred Heart.* The poor old woman whom we recommended to the prayers of the Associates at a time when she would neither speak of God nor the salvation of her soul, lately died in the most edifying dispositions.

From *Le Messager du Sacre Cœur.*

### Fruits and Progress of the Apostleship of Prayer.

We are happy to transmit to our dear Associates a favor of which they will know how to appreciate the advantages. The hope we expressed in our last number to obtain for them a special participation in the prayers and good works of all the members of the Order of La Trappe has been realized. The letter we wrote on the subject to the Very Rev. Superior General did not reach him, but as soon as he heard of our desire he wrote us as follows:

"MY VERY REV. FATHER: The last *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* announces your praiseworthy desire to obtain for your legions of associates a special participation in the prayers and good works of our Order. As soon as our Rev. Superior General had been informed of this desire he gave it according to the full extent of your wish, charging me to transmit it to you by writing.

"The Reverend Father Dom Charles Seisson, our Superior General, willingly grants to all the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, present and future, a full and entire participation in all the masses, offices, prayers, fasts, abstinences, alms—and in general, all the exercises of piety and penance which are practised, by the mercy of God, in the different houses of our Order. And in return, his Reverence beseeches you, Rev. Father, to recommend in a particular manner to the prayers of the Associates the different houses of our Order; so that we may all console the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Rev. Father General is also by rule the Local Superior of La Grande Chartreuse; but it is in his quality of Superior General that he grants this participation in the graces and merits of all the houses of the entire Order.

Perhaps it will be a gratification for the Associates to know that the ferial office with us is always followed by that of the dead, (Vespers, Matins of three nocturns, and Lauds,) and that we recite daily, even during the last days of Holy Week, the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. Ever since the time of the Crusades, we recite daily prayers for the *recuperation of the Holy Land*; they consist of two Psalms—*Deus, venerunt gentes* (lxxviii.) and *Ad te levavi oculos meos* (cxxii), followed by analogous versicles and the prayer: "*Deus, qui ad exhibenda nostræ redemptionis mysteria, terram promissionis elegisti, libera eam, quesumus, ab instantia paganorum, et restitue eam cultui Christiano, ut gentilium incredulitate confusa, populus tuus Christianus, in te confidens, de tue virtutis potentia gloriatur.*"

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

## JANE W-----.

Died on the 25th July, 1833, aged 7½ years.

JANE W. was intrusted to our care at the age of six years and a half. Her ingenuous and intelligent expression of countenance attracted the notice of all who looked upon it. Even at so tender an age, she possessed a rare disposition to piety, united with an intelligence beyond her years; so much so, that the most serious persons took pleasure in conversing with her, and were quite surprised at the propriety of her answers, and the liveliness of her repartees. Hardly had she begun to learn her prayers, when she was observed from time to time to retire where she could be alone, and to repeat them in an attitude of profound recollection, with clasped hands and closed eyes, so that nothing could distract her attention. At the same time she displayed a most scrupulous care not to wound in the slightest degree the angelic virtue of purity; she took every sort of precaution whilst making her little toilet, and did not like any one to be present but the person who was appointed to preside at it. God must have been pleased to favor Jane with His choicest blessings, for she belonged to an English Protestant family, and had never been baptized. The Superioress of the Convent, delighted with all she heard of this child, and seconded by the influence of a person of high rank, towards whom Jane's family had many obligations, obtained Mrs. W's consent to have Jane baptized, and brought up in the Catholic faith.

Jane was an angel whom God would allow to be seen only awhile on earth. A short time after her baptism, a disorder in the knee, which very soon extended to the hip, obliged her to keep her bed for several months, and caused just fears to be entertained for her life. The mistress of the fourth class, who daily visited our little patient, and who taught her, by conversations adapted to her age, the holy use she might make of her sufferings, found her in such surprising dispositions, that she thought it advisable to prepare her for her first communion; as the doctors had decided that her complaint allowed no hopes of recovery. The Superioress having been consulted on the subject, feared that the parish priest of the church of the Foreign Missions might disapprove of it, as the child was only seven years and a few months old; "Nevertheless," said she to Mother R., "you may continue to give her instruction; M. Desgenettes shall then examine her, and decide the point."

The zeal of our catechist was fully crowned with success. Jane did not know French sufficiently well to learn all that it was necessary she should know; but the indefatigable Mother R. taught her every thing *viva voce*, and in a short time the child, who had a good memory, was able to answer every question perfectly. The pastor was consulted; he came to see her, and was delighted with her. Mother R. had taught Jane to make her examination of conscience, and she went to confession with so much simplicity and ingenuousness, and with signs of such true compunction, that M. Desgenettes could not find words to express his admiration.

"Certainly," said he, "I will take charge of this first communion; we should be too happy if we could always find hearts as well prepared in a more advanced age." The nuns therefore began to think still more seriously of preparing her for this great occasion, and Jane was overjoyed at the happy prospect. Three days before her first communion she made a little retreat, and performed all the exercises with the most wonderful recollection,—her spiritual reading, meditations, and prayers,—the choice and duration of which had been carefully adapted to the weakness of her age. As soon as she had received absolution, she, of her own accord, asked pardon of all those who surrounded her for any pain or trouble she might have given them.

The great day being at length arrived, Jane, dressed in white and crowned with roses, was carried into the chapel on a couch, which was also covered with white drapery and surrounded with garlands of flowers. Her parents and all the members of her family were present at this ceremony. At the moment of communion, M. Desgenettes, who celebrated the holy sacrifice, holding the Blessed Sacrament in his hands, approached her couch, and made her a short discourse, in which he reminded her of the feelings of holy love and gratitude which should fill her heart when our Lord should have taken possession of it; and he then administered to her the holy communion. The touching sight of the goodness of a God who was no longer satisfied with saying, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," but who came now to give Himself to a child of seven years and a half,—the air of deep devotion, the angelic countenance of the little girl, and the tears which fell from her eyes,—all this deeply touched the happy witnesses of a ceremony which was so well calculated to move the heart. Mrs. W. seemed most especially affected, and was still more so when, after Mass, she approached her child's couch, and asking her how she did, she replied, "Oh, mamma, my dear mamma, I am happier than words can express; and I desire nothing more, except to see you a Catholic. Alas, dear mamma! shall I not see you again in heaven?" She renewed her entreaties on this subject to her mother in the course of the day, and it was with tears that this admirable child implored her to grant her this favor; for the thought of her mother's conversion had been her only anxiety during the course of her illness. She had more than ten deep wounds from the knee to the hip, and the dressing of these wounds was to her a daily martyrdom; and though she dreaded the moment of the dressing, the thought of obtaining the conversion of her mother by her own sufferings elevated her above her feeble nature, and caused her to repress every complaint; and when the violence of the pain caused her to cry out, she reproached herself for it afterwards, and would say to the infirmarian, "See, dear Mother, how little courage I have; I cannot even suffer this for mamma."

During the ceremony of the first communion, they had hung our little patient's room with white drapery; and an altar, on which was an image of the Blessed Virgin, surrounded with vases of flowers, had been erected opposite her bed and tastefully



decorated. After they had placed her in this new sanctuary, the child, being fatigued, fell asleep with her little hands crossed on her breast. Her countenance, during this sleep, bore an expression of innocence and happiness which it is impossible to describe, and which appealed so deeply to the heart, that those who surrounded her could not tear themselves away from her bed. The nuns wished all their pupils to witness such an edifying sight; all of them came to see her in her sweet sleep, which so little resembled an ordinary sleep, that they felt tempted to apply to her the words of Scripture; "I sleep, but my heart watches."

In the afternoon her companions were present in her room at the renewal of the baptismal vows, which she made in the hands of the parish priest, and at her consecration to the Blessed Virgin. Hymns appropriate to the occasion were sung before and after these two ceremonies. In the evening she was placed in a more especial manner under the protection of the Mother of God by receiving the holy Scapular, the duties and obligations of which had been previously explained to her.

Several priests had been to see our little Jane; and one of them, well known for his zeal and apostolic labors, conversed with her for a long time, and departed filled with admiration at her answers, and at the sentiments of piety with which God had filled this young heart. "Really," said he to us, "you have a little preacher there, who is far more eloquent than we are with all our sermons."

It happened, nevertheless, that Jane committed a slight fault some days after her first communion; her mamma had brought her a box of sugar-plums, and Mother A., who had charge of our little patient, fearing that she might make herself ill, had recommended her not to eat any of them without leave. A person who was not aware of this command, and who saw the box of sugar-plums lying on the child's bed, said to her: "Why, Jane, where did this come from?" "Mamma gave it to me," said she, smiling. "And you do not even touch it?" "No, dear Mother." "A sugar-plum will do you no harm," said Mother N., and at the same time she put one in her mouth. Shortly afterwards, Mother A. asked her whether the box had not been opened. "No, dear Mother," replied she. But this "no" was no sooner uttered than she felt her fault, and deplored it so deeply, that when M. Desgenettes came to see her with another priest whom she did not know, and when he asked her whether she had been good ever since her first communion, "Alas! no, Father," cried she, bursting into tears; "I have told a lie." M. Desgenettes represented to her in vain that it was not usual to go to confession aloud; but she refused to receive any consolation, until she had been assured that God had forgotten and forgiven everything she had done, on account of the sincerity of her repentance.

No consolation of religion was refused to this favored child. The Archbishop, who came shortly after Jane's first communion, wished to see her, and being delighted with her answers, he at once granted the request they made him to administer to her the sacrament of confirmation; saying that a

pure and innocent heart was the best preparation for receiving the Holy Ghost. The complaint which had attacked the little girl made very rapid progress, and mortification was expected to reach the region of the heart. In this dreadful state she desired but one thing, which was, to receive holy communion once more before she died. In the midst of violent pains, two days before her death, she was heard to cry out, "Let me renew my first communion!" Though it was hardly three weeks since she had made her first communion, God was pleased to grant her this much-desired favor. The day before her death she went to confession, received the holy viaticum and the sacrament of extreme unction, with most touching devotion and recollection of mind. A few moments before she expired, being in possession of all her faculties, she turned herself suddenly towards an image of the Blessed Virgin that stood near her bed, and cried out, "My dear Mother, my sweet Mother, grant me grace not to offend God before I die; grant me mamma's conversion!" They were her last words; and shortly afterwards this little angel went to enjoy the vision of that God who had bestowed on her so many favors.

Her companions wished to see her once more. Her features still preserved their expression of innocence and simplicity; and this last sleep reminding them of the day of her first communion, most of them, in spite of the involuntary horror death naturally inspires, kissed her with respect; being more inclined, said they, to sing the *Laudate*, than to say the "Prayers for the recommendation of a soul departed," for the innocent and happy Jane.—*The Children of Mary.*

#### Flowers for my Mother.

"Mary, Mary! why, you have been robbing my garden!" exclaimed Mr. B., one morning, as his little daughter came running into his room, carrying a large nosegay of flowers.

"Yes indeed, papa; and I am going to rob it every morning, as long as the flowers last."

Mary was a charming little child of six years. Her head was covered with a wealth of chesnut brown curls; but there was a certain subdued quietness in her large dark eyes, that corresponded with her deep mourning dress—both told the sad tale that Mary's mother had been dead six months.

"And for whom has my daughter gathered all those flowers?"

"For my Mother," replied the child.

"How, your mother?" exclaimed Mr. B., in an agitated voice.

"Yes; yes indeed, my poor papa. I know we have lost my good, beautiful mother; we will go to heaven, I hope, one day and find her—so nurse tells me; but while I am waiting for that day to come, our dear Lord has given me another Mother—come and see her statue on the beautiful altar I have made her.

And with childish eagerness and affection, Mary drew her father into her little chamber and showed him the statue of the Blessed Virgin, which she had surrounded with all her choicest treasures.

# LETTERS

From devout Clients of the Holy Mother of God.

THREE RIVERS, July 11, 1865.

Rev. Father: I have the honor to enclose my subscription to the AVE MARIA for two years. Your excellent journal cannot be too widely spread. It is a charming *vade mecum*, as interesting as edifying. A thousand thanks for this happy thought, and its happy execution.

Very respectfully, etc.,

CHAS. O. CARON, V. G.

SWANTON, VT., July 5, 1865.

Rev. Father: The AVE MARIA comes like the Angel of the Annunciation, shedding blessings and the odor of all sweet perfumes over the green hills and quiet valleys of our beautiful Vermont. The name is a sufficient token of success; for our Blessed Lady will not surely permit this to be the first instance that was ever heard of, in all the ages, when an undertaking committed to her powerful protection was allowed to fail. The objects for which it is established must commend it to the cordial interests and fervent sympathies of all Catholic hearts. May it be abundantly successful in the accomplishment of its holy mission!

July 14, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I enclose, at the suggestion of the Sisters of the V— Convent, a little fragment from the late Father Gêramb, which you will not perhaps think unworthy of the AVE MARIA. It is not, I hope, the last proof I will give you of my warm sympathy with your undertaking for the honor of our good and powerful Mother. The five dollars you will please find enclosed are for two years' subscription to the AVE MARIA in the name of my novices. We already receive a copy subscribed for by Rev. Father S— who is a member of our community. If I were not obliged to count our resources in every added expense I would not limit myself to two subscriptions. \* \* \* In the cause of Mary you cannot but succeed! In the love of that good Mother and her Divine Son, I am your humble servant in Christ.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Some of our subscribers complain of not receiving their numbers regularly, and some time none at all for several weeks. In justice to our printing and mailing offices here, we must say the fault lies somewhere else. The AVE MARIA is sent regularly, but why it fails to reach its destination we have not been able as yet to ascertain. In some large cities, piles have been found in the post office, where they had been kept from subscribers because they had called for a *newspaper*, and Postmasters looked upon the AVE MARIA as a *Magazine*. In other places, we learn that parties not subscribers have taken it from the post office, thus depriving the rightful owners of it. As to postage, the following extract will serve as a guide to our subscribers:

Post Office Law of March 3rd, 1863.

SECTION 18. *And be it further enacted*, That upon the following mailable matter the postage shall be paid before delivery for not less than one quarter nor more than one year, and such payment, for a term, may be paid either at the mailing office or at the office of delivery. If the term commences at any other time than at the beginning of a quarter, such payment must be made to cover such fractional quarter, and also for the next following quarter; otherwise the postage shall be collected thereon as on transient matter (at double rates) upon *weekly*, [the AVE MARIA is a *weekly* journal,] tri-weekly, semi-weekly, and daily publications, and all other regular publications issued from a known office of publication at stated periods and sent to regular subscribers.

Postage on the AVE MARIA, 5 cents per quarter, or 20 cents per year. But you cannot pay for less than one quarter, nor more than one year. Should your subscription commence at any time between the first or last of the quarter, you must pay to the end of the next; otherwise you may be charged 4 cents on each number.

N. B. Many of our subscribers complain of the exorbitant postage they have to pay on the AVE MARIA. To prevent any such imposition, we offer to prepay all numbers on receipt of 20 cents per year on each subscription.

Such has been of late the rapid increase in the list of subscribers to the AVE MARIA, all calling for the back numbers, that there are none left in the office. As soon as our new steam-press is in operation, we intend reprinting a large edition of the first months, and thus fill all deficiencies and meet new demands.

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# The Ave Maria

IS A NEW CATHOLIC JOURNAL, exclusively devoted to the Holy Mother of God, published weekly at Notre Dame University, Indiana, under the highest authority of the Church, for the benefit of the Missionaries' Home; that is, for the Home of aged and invalid Priests, who are unable to discharge any longer the laborious duties of the Sacred Ministry. Thus the patrons of the journal are enabled to aid *two* good works by *one* good action.

This paper, the first ever established in the New World for the interests of the Blessed Virgin, is addressed, not to nominal Christians, but solely to such as love the mother of Jesus, and earnestly wish to see her known and honored throughout the land; commending itself not only to the various pious Associations in honor of our Blessed Lady—such as Living Rosary, Scapulars, Children of Mary, Sodalties, etc.—but to the whole Community. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated every Saturday at Notre Dame for life subscribers, and a certain number of communions offered for them; a requiem Mass, and also be ordered for those who have it shall please our heavenly Father to call them from our midst.

It is hardly necessary to say that the "AVE MARIA" is not a political paper; it will ignore absolutely, political strifes. Yet it will contain regularly a summary of recent events, especially such as relate to religious interests; edifying and accredited Legends, Essays, and Criticisms upon late works, will find an appropriate place in our columns. Everything conducive to the interests of the Church will be carefully sought after; for the child of the Church should be ignorant of the trials and triumphs of his mother.

In order to secure the permanency of our paper, and to establish it on a successful material foundation, we propose creating a fund that will place it, from inception, beyond the contingencies to which similar enterprises are too often liable. The method is as follows: a payment of \$30 constitutes a life-subscription, and such subscribers will receive the journal regularly without being liable to any further payment.

For life-subscription, ..... \$30 00  
Five years' ..... 10 00

For two years' subscription, ..... 5 00  
One year's ..... 3 00

## TESTIMONIALS:

VERY REV. E. SORIN:

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I feel truly gratified to send you the reply of his Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, in reference to the "AVE MARIA," on which you desired me to consult him. I congratulate you upon the kind words of encouragement I now convey to you. After such a high sanction, it would be too cold to say that I have no objection to your pious undertaking. But you knew before, with what delight I heard the first words you spoke to me about it. With all my heart I heartily bid you go on with it. You have opened a rich vein, at which a number of pious souls will come to refresh and invigorate themselves. Bear not, then, you will be supported by all who love the Holy Mother of God; and who can call himself a Christian and refuse her that proof of his veneration?

I am happy to see the foundation of such a monument laid in my Diocese. It will cheer all my Priests, it will gladden all the country.

† JOHN HENRY,  
Bishop of Fort Wayne.

"I very highly approve of the design relative to the paper which Father Sorin proposes to publish, nor do I doubt that a work of this kind, proceeding under your auspices, will be productive of great good.

"ALEX. CARD. BARNABO,  
"PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA."

BALTIMORE, June 16, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: The establishment of a paper in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of our dear Lord, and our own sweet Mother in Heaven, was something so new in this country, and so far in advance of what many might believe to be the religious sentiment of our Catholic people, who have been made to breathe from childhood an atmosphere infected by unbelief, that I, at first, hesitated to lend my sanction to the undertaking, and I wished to examine carefully the first numbers of the AVE MARIA, before giving it my approval. This I have done, and I am now happy to be able to say, that I have been much pleased with the first five numbers, with the slight exceptions I have taken the liberty to communicate to you. Go on as you have begun; avoid all exaggeration, for our Immaculate Mother needs no such eulogy, which were rather injurious than beneficial to her honor; and, I have no doubt you will succeed, and obtain the blessing of our Lord, who cannot be greeted with a more acceptable homage than that which comes to Him through the one nearest and dearest to His Heart—His own Mother.

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

Our Catholic people are further advanced in piety than many gave them credit for; they are prepared not only to gather the fruits but to receive the seed to sow to call the flowers of devotion. They will no doubt welcome the AVE MARIA with an abundant and increasing patronage; thus signaling their love towards the great Patroness of these United States.

I remain, very faithfully, yours,

M. J. SPALDING,  
Archbishop of Baltimore.

VERY REV. E. SORIN:

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I can but approve fully of your undertaking in publishing the "AVE MARIA." A weekly from such a source, and under such supervision as Notre Dame, has already its sanction; and needs indeed no other approbation but the one of the diocese, in accordance with the only proper rule in our Church. Please to have two copies forwarded to my address. Believe me, dear father, with sincerest respects, your truly devoted,

† JOHN M. HENNI,  
Bishop of Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, April 1, 1865.

REV. DEAR FRIEND: Please receive my subscription, and at the same time my hearty approbation of your holy and noble undertaking. Mary is the great advocate of the Church in America. Let us unite our efforts to promote her glory, and obtain more and more her powerful assistance for the triumph of our Holy Church.

† AMEDEUS, Bishop of Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, April 11, 1865.

VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR:—I rejoice at your pious thought of the AVE MARIA. It must succeed. When the great rebellion against the Church of the living God, which is the body of Christ and the fulness of His Incarnating love, in multiplied divisions, the sweet and bright Ave Maria, the Archangel is the harbinger of many conversions. "Gaudia, Maria Virgo, cunctas hereses sol interminis in universum mundo." It is also the harbinger of that restored unity for which the Saviour God so touchingly prayed in the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel. Hence I rejoice at your enterprise. Accept for the good work the enclosed sum which I wish my means would permit me to increase a hundred fold.

With great respect and esteem,

Your most obedient servant,

BUFFALO, April 5, 1865.

† JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.

PHILA., PA., April 24, 1865.

VERY REV. FATHER PROVINCIAL:

So much procrastination, and absence and busyness, have nearly prevented my reply, till the month of May had passed. As you have chosen it to inaugurate a new enterprise, in her honor, I must send you my feeble personal approval, for I should miss the merit of it if I longer delayed it. We shall of course further it among our clergy and people, with all care and zeal, praying meantime for its success. I take the liberty to enclose my certified check to pay for my life-subscription, and secondly, for specimen numbers of the first issue, to be sent to me so as to help my introduction.

Pray for yours in Christ,

† J. M., Bishop of Maine.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir:—Enclosed find my subscription for the AVE MARIA. I have had the pleasure of reading the first two numbers, they pleased me very much, they are full of a spirit of true and genuine piety. It has my best wishes for its entire success.

May 19, 1865.

† F. P. McFARLAND,  
Bishop of Hartford.

PITTSBURGH, June 21, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: Our Holy Father, in his encyclical letter, asserts that the enemies of our holy religion spread impious doctrines, by the means of pestilent books, pamphlets and journals. A most efficacious antidote against this poison is the circulation of truly religious journals. I add, then, with joy the AVE MARIA. From such a source, and under the auspices of the Immaculate Mary, who is the protectress of America, and who has destroyed all heresies throughout the world, much good is to be expected.

M. J. SPALDING,  
Bishop of Baltimore.

We have received a beautiful letter from the Very Rev. CHARLES C. PIER, D. D., of the following tenor:—"With hearty congratulations I hail your enterprise in publishing the 'AVE MARIA,' and trust that your most genuine expectations may be realized."

Volume II.

Number 9.

LEVEL  
ONE

# AVE MARIA



NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.  
1866.





## THE MISSIONARY'S HOME, Notre Dame, Indiana.

[The Missionary's Home forms of itself a separate corporation, under the control of three Right Rev. Bishops, this arrangement of ours having been lately approved at Rome.]

The Missionary's Home is an institution to provide for the necessities of our overtasked Pastors, when infirmity or age or accident shall have rendered a retreat from the world desirable; when, having exercised for long years the sacred duties of their high calling, they feel incapacitated for further exertion and desire an honorable repose, a retirement in which no anxiety respecting the providing for necessities shall intermingle with the attention to the care of their own salvation, which will then form the sole object of their solicitude.

The proposal for the foundation of such a Home has received not only the formal sanction and the solemn benediction of His Holiness Pope Pius IX, but with the zeal that so pre-eminently distinguishes him, he (the Pope) amid the difficulties that surround him, and the necessities created by the disorders of the times, was prompted by his own heart to aid a work which has so entirely the glory of God for its object, and he generously disbursed a pecuniary offering in addition to the invaluable blessings of his sanction and approbation.

Were superior motives wanting, yet might self-interest alone prompt the faithful to give the greatest assistance they could command to the measure; for contemplate for a mo-

ment what would be the consequence if, instead of the disinterestedness that now characterizes the Catholic Priest, it were to become a necessity, real or supposed, that he too should set apart from his income a sum sufficient to maintain him in his declining years. The sums now freely given for the promotion of the greater glory of God, would then be hoarded up in a commercial spirit, and the consequences would affect not only the external acts, but the interior relations of the soul in a manner too painful to dilate upon at present.

The Missionary's Home appeals then, of itself, to the highest sentiments we can entertain. It presents itself feelingly to our hearts, as if it were a direct appeal from God himself to animate our zeal. If a cup of cold water shall in nowise lose its reward; and if to clothe the naked and to give drink to the thirsty among the least of His little ones, shall be esteemed by our Divine Lord as if done to Himself; shall we not invoke a powerful blessing by the exercise of extensive charity towards those who came in His name to announce the glad tidings of salvation to mankind?

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## Weekly Calendar.

### MARCH.

Saturday 3.—Saint Cunegundes, V.  
 Sunday 4.—Third Sunday in Lent. Saint Lucius, P. M.  
 Monday 5.—Saint Casimir, K. C.  
 Tuesday 6.—SS. Victor and Com., MM.

Wednesday 7.—Saint Thomas Aquinas, C. D.  
 Thursday 8.—Saint John of God, C.  
 Friday 9.—Five wounds of our Lord.  
 Saturday 10.—The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal. Devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. II.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 3, 1866.

No. 9.

## FORT WAYNE CATHEDRAL---ST. MARY'S OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

We returned a few days ago from a pleasant visit to Fort Wayne. What a change there since we first passed through it, in 1841. From 3,000 souls the population of the city has now swelled to over 20,000; and to all appearance, it is gaining of late more rapidly than ever before. We trust it increases alike in Christian habits and virtues as well as in numbers.

The object of these lines, however, is not to speak of the flattering prospects of this flourishing city, nor even to show how Catholicity keeps pace with its daily growth, but rather to apprise our readers of a fact to which none of them can be indifferent—viz; that even there in the woods of northern Indiana, the Holy Mother of God, possesses a beautiful Cathedral dedicated to her Immaculate Conception.

It was our good fortune to celebrate Mass twice in this new temple of faith and piety; if, wherever we offer the Holy Sacrifice, we love to make a memento of the readers of the AVE MARIA, how much more when we celebrate under the immediate auspices of our glorious Mother!

Although not one of the largest Cathedrals on this Continent, it is neat and of chaste design, and withal for the present, at least, sufficient for a vast congregation. We were told, it fills up two or three times every Sunday, for Mass and Vespers; there every Catholic goes to church twice at least on Sundays and festival days.

Since last summer, the Very Rev. J. Benoit, V. G., Pastor and builder of St. Mary's, has been absent, on a tour to Europe. But his energetic assistant, Rev. E. P. Walters, spares no pains to prevent persons or things from suffering by the protracted absence of the venerated Senior Pastor, whose name is literally identified with every thing religious in Fort Wayne for more than a quarter of a century. To him the city is indebted, not only for the new Cathedral, its chief monument,

but also for the two excellent schools attached to it—one for the boys, conducted by four Brothers of Holy Cross, and the other for girls, under the direction of eight Sisters of Providence.

The German Church, one block from the Cathedral, and nearly as large, is also dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, under the beautiful title of the "Mother of God." It is an ornament to the city and the legitimate pride of its exemplary congregation, and of its beloved Pastor, the Rev. Joseph Weütz. The Sisters of Notre Dame have opened there lately a day school, in which they count already over 200 pupils. With such teachers, Catholic children are safe in Fort Wayne.

We were shown by the good Bishop the beautiful spot on which he intends erecting, this year, an extensive Orphan Asylum, which will be a monument of his zeal and a new evidence of the good will, not alone of his own people, but of the entire population of the place. God speed the noble work! To aid it, the whole Diocese will turn out like a man and will strain every nerve to complete it; of course, it will be placed also under the protection of the mother of God.

Thus far, the Holy name of Mary has been one of virtue and blessing in this new Diocese; no less than seven churches, some of which nearly equal the Cathedral in size and architecture, being already erected and dedicated to the Holy Virgin. They were generally planted, not in proportion to pecuniary resources, but rather at the pro rata of a confidence which never fails, when accompanied with honesty of purpose, and therefore they are mostly free from debt. In these seven churches we do not include Notre Dame, which is wholly her own, absolutely and forever, where our greatest happiness would be to see realized what we once heard in Rome of one of her favorite churches, "*that there she does as she pleases.*"

The object of our visit to Fort Wayne was the final arrangement for a new Academy, under the direction of the Sisters, a few miles from the city, in New France. We may as well add that it is likewise to be dedicated to the Blessed Virgin



under the name of *Notre Dame du Sacre Cœur*. The undertaking is in the hands of the Rev. August Adam, one of the most active Priests in the Diocese: he seems confident that, with the assistance of his devoted congregation and his numerous friends, he will be able to put up a fine and costly building for a boarding school, and have it ready for occupancy next fall.

We feel right glad to find that the head of our new Diocese takes such a stand and gives such an example of devotedness to the Queen of Heaven. It would be difficult to point out the time when this devotion in Fort Wayne commenced. It was certainly there before we visited the place, in 1841.

Fort Wayne is the first town in Indiana where we halted on our reaching the end of our journey from France. To this day, we remember with delight, the few hours we spent there by the deathbed of a young Priest, the Rev. Mr. Hammion, whom we were not to meet again in this world. He was then in the last stage of consumption. His angelic countenance, his admirable resignation, and, above all, his edifying conversation, plainly revealed no ordinary love of the Blessed Virgin. From all accounts, as we soon learned afterward, he was a saintly missionary, whose brief career had been, in words and actions, a most efficient preaching to the little nucleus of Catholics already settled there. Shortly after, he died, as the true Servants of Mary die, the death of a predestined, of a Saint. His image is still fresh in our mind, as one of those first impressions to which virtue attaches an imperishable charm.

In connection with the same place, we may perhaps mention another incident from which our readers might derive pleasure and edification. In 1845, an excellent lady from Fort Wayne, whose name is yet in veneration there, came in pilgrimage to a little chapel we had built here in honor of the Blessed Mother, and in which we had established the Archconfraternity of Notre Dame des Victoires, already so famous for miraculous favors of all description. Mrs. C. had been afflicted for a long time, with a most painful disease, a cancer in the palate of the mouth. As she was wealthy, no human means had been neglected, but all had failed. She had accidentally heard of our new Chapel, and she felt a desire to make in it a novena to the Blessed Virgin. Such a faith, such a fervor as we then witnessed strongly indicated, from the beginning, what result might be expected; but as nothing is more humble than true piety, she wished the little community to join in her devotions for the nine

days. She went home cured, and in acknowledgment of the favor, she left a gold cross to be suspended from the neck of the Statue before which she had prayed. No noise was made about it, but we all knew here what had happened, and it went a great way to strengthen our confidence in our powerful patroness. Thus we are indebted to the good people of Fort Wayne for teaching our little family how to pray.

Hundreds of similar facts have doubtless taken place in this new world, for a brief statement of which we would always feel greatly obliged. Let no one forget that this is the age of Mary.

With a little patience, some of our young readers may live long enough to see the wonders which Divine Providence has in store for our fair land, repeatedly consecrated to the august Mother of Jesus. It will not take as long here as it did in Europe to enthrone our Blessed Lady upon every hill and in every valley. Whoever can compare twenty-five years together, will admit that a sensible change may already be noticed. It is a mistaken idea that Americans hate the Blessed Virgin; they simply ignore her glorious privileges and transcendent perfections. But if they have refused thus far to give the subject an impartial examination, they will some day reconsider the matter.

The present state of reflecting minds is perfectly delineated, we think, in the poem we publish in another column, by one of the brightest intellects in our country, and to which we beg to call the attention of all our readers. When non-Catholic pens write such admirable lines, we would wish to show them to all, as a new proof of how little we have to fear from genius and honesty, when they walk hand in hand. We might call it "the aspiration of a philosophic heart," that has fed upon the "poisoned fruit," "the fairest the finite grows."

We need not run among optimists to say seriously that we see no reason to lose courage. The old world, we fear, is bending under the weight of its iniquities; if religion is gaining in any direction, her movement is decidedly westward.

Even in our far west, if we can so yet speak our future seems to brighten up year after year. The fact of a new Cathedral consecrated to the Immaculate Conception, is of itself a most gratifying event—a Cathedral is the church of a whole Diocese; from it as from a center, the devotion to our holy Mother will radiate over all the ground it comprises. This is a felicitous omen to men of faith. We may yield to older and more favored

lands in temporal advantages, etc.; but in veneration and love of the Mother of God, we should yield to none.

"The world passeth away," very soon, "time shall be no longer," for us. What have we done to mark our passage through life?

Fort Wayne was the last resting place of the Indians, in this State. (The Miami Tribe). Father Benoit himself accompanied beyond the Mississippi in 1846, the last emigration composed of 600 souls. They say that those children of the forests are so skilled in the study of nature, that they can read in the print of a foot upon the sand or snow in their trackless hunting grounds who passed there before, whether a friend or a foe.

What prints are we going to leave behind us for our successors to read? Will any one ever be able even upon a scrupulous examination to find out by any evident mark, that we belonged to the family of the ever Bles ed Mary? We do not speak here of the sentiments of our hearts, nor of some prayers which our lips daily repeat; but of which we can scarcely ever think without remembering the Divine declaration: not whoever says: Lord, Lord, shall be justified. We speak of traces left behind us when we shall have passed, when people will judge us by our fruits. Where are the deeds in which we hope to live, when nothing will be left save a wooden cross upon our cold remains? We mean not to disturb, but to console; for there are many in our midst whose memory will evoke a bright record, whose monuments will be the pure, and even the sinful hearts, in which they shall have implanted the innocent, the purifying love of Mary. Can we not say, to some extent, to every one of our readers: See your vast Diocese, in which only a few years ago, the spring of piety was so feeble that, in the language of a celebrated traveler, two sparrows could have scarcely quenched their thirst in its waters, or, which the first rays of the sun would have dried up in its bed; and now by the exertions of its first pastor and his zealous colaborers, it has become an oasis, blooming everywhere with luxuriant plants and most beautiful and fragrant flowers; fresh monuments are rising here and there, yearly, in all directions. There again is a closed garden in which you inhale an air literally laden with exquisite scents and perfumes. See the statue in the centre: to Mary every thing grows here; a skillful hand has shaped all in one rich form. But we have been already too long. In our next number, we shall present a proof of what the love of Mary can do, when it really exists.

"PORPHYROGENITA"--BORN IN THE PURPLE.

Once I dwelt in a palace of purple so rare  
That the angels all trooped to my side; [air  
Not the sun and the raindrops e'er wrought in the  
A vision so peerless in pride;  
And even the Queen of the Angels came there  
At the morning and evening-tide, [hair,  
With her love in my heart, and her light on my  
For the beauty of Faith was my bride.

And the gems of my palace were Paradise-pearls  
Created from crystals of dew,  
Such as fall from the cloudlet that farthest unfurls  
Its white wings in heavenly blue,  
Such gems as are grown in the star-flowered worlds  
(In the garden the angels glide through)  
As they shake the sweet rain from their shimmer-  
For the Queen of the Angels to view. [ing curls

All my windows were latticed with pencils of light  
Prismatic, yet pure as the ray  
That the planet of Love lends alone to the night,  
Too chaste for the kisses of day;  
And each lattice of light revealed to my sight  
The luminous mountains away, [white,  
Capped with temples so bright, where children in  
At the portals, were kneeling to pray— [white,  
Where her sweet little darlings, the children in  
By *Mudonna* were kneeling to pray.

[tomb  
And the meadows and mountains, that now seem a  
Draped in mourning, and moaning with knells,  
Were then pranked in the green and gold of a  
That no summer hath seen in its dells; [bloom  
E'en the fields of that fairy-land scarcely found  
For the flowers to peal out their bells— [room  
The bells of a High Mass so rich with perfume,  
And a music like ocean shells;  
For the Queen of the Angels was by in her bloom  
To translate what the young heart tells.

But alas for the change of the chilling years,  
I am peer of the palace no more;  
I but pine in a prison of doubts and fears,  
Enchained to an adamant floor,  
While under the grating of iron there peers  
The dragon accursed of yore; [tears—  
And the rainbows of youth have all melted to  
Tears that blind me, and burn to the core  
Of my being, beneath which the ice appears  
Through the ashes, so heavy and hoar,  
Of the hopes that I prized in the precious years  
When the wings of my spirit did soar



To the heavens so high, yet so humble, their spheres,  
Priestlike, stooped down to adore.

And the light on the mountains of Faith is so dim  
That the truth seems a tissue of lies;  
And my reason reels, and my senses swim  
While I watch with these weary eyes,  
For the vanished Queen of the Seraphim  
In the wilds of the wayless skies,  
Where the stars only skim the horizon's rim,  
And set, but never arise;  
And the snow-white robes of the children are dim  
In the temples of Paradise,  
And I hear nevermore their vesper hymn  
When the darkling daylight dies—  
I hear but the wail of the night-birds grim,  
As they waken and shriek to my sighs.

I have plucked from a tree its poisoned fruit,  
Yet the fairest the Finite grows—  
The fruit of a tree whose branches shoot  
Far higher than Alpine snows,  
While every leaf hath the lip of a lute  
For music; and never a rose  
Received from the love of the summer's suit  
More gay than its flower-bud shows;  
Yet alas that the veins of its black bitter root  
Should be fed from the river that flows  
So deep in the darkness its waters are mute,  
Or but whisper of world-wrecking woes.

'Tis the wild tree of passionate, proud "Dissent,"  
And its apples of ice are so cold [discontent  
That the tongue which hath tasted them prates  
At all that the ear hath been told.  
Hear! this proselyte says that the planets are bent  
With age, therefore fit to be sold  
But as relics: he scoffs at God's firmament  
Because it is growing so old;  
He would see the cosmical crystals rent  
To be garnished with newer gold;  
He would break up the musical instrument  
In his search for the chimes it controlled;  
He would dig up the seeds with the sunny soil blent  
To question if they feel cold.

I am sick of the clashing of creeds that beat  
One another like waves of the sea;  
I am sick of the sects that forever repeat  
What the serpent taught under the tree;  
I am darkened and dying, and all from the cheat  
Of the serpent that preaches to me—  
Of the serpent that says God can suffer defeat,  
Or the slave of the passions be free.  
O Queen of the Angels in glory complete,

O silver-orbed Star of the Sea!  
Be the light of my wavering, wandering feet  
O'er the breakers that beat by the sea; [seat  
Bring me back to the Ancient of Days and His  
On the mountains that soar up to thee—  
On the mountains of Paradise sunny and sweet,  
And as old as creation can be;  
Where the cherubim-children in holy retreat, [feet,  
And the saints and the seraphs, bow down at thy  
And the purple-peaked mountains in thunder re-  
"It was Mary that made us free!" [peat—

### SAINT JOSEPH.

The aim of the AVE MARIA being to publish the glories and prerogatives of our Holy Queen of Heaven, it could not be indifferent to the devotion to the glorious Saint Joseph, to whom a pious custom in the church has consecrated in a special manner the Month of March.

Of the early life of this great Saint we know nothing. Like the fountains of the Nile, his first years lie hidden in an obscurity which his subsequent greatness renders beautiful. The poet theologian of Bethlehem tells us that "there are flowers which give out their perfume in the shade and grow more sweet as the sun mounts higher in the sky. They lie hidden under the cool beds of rank green herbage, beneath the shadow of mighty trees; and yet when the warm air of the noon has heated the unsunny forest, these blossoms fill the foliaged aisles with their prevailing incense. Their odor gives a poetry and character to the woodland scene, and by that odor the spot lives in our memory afterward. Such is the sweet fragrance of St. Joseph in the Church, stealing upon us unawares, perpetually increasing, and especially filling with itself all the shades of Nazareth, Bethlehem and Egypt. We seem to heed it but little there, because the Mother and the Child are so beautiful; nevertheless, we should miss it and stay our steps and wonder if it were to cease."

Saint Joseph is the most hidden of all God's Saints, shrouded as he was in the very clouds and shadows which surround the Unbegotten Fountain of the Godhead. We can give no name to the character of his wondrous holiness. He cannot be compared to any of the other saints of God. As his office was unshared so are his immense graces.

To Mary he was among men, what Gabriel was

among the angels—only he came nearer to her than Gabriel, because he was of her own nature, but wonderful as he was to Mary, his office of *foster father* to Jesus far surpassed all his other titles. Meek and gentle, blameless, lowly and loring as he was it is impossible for us to think of him in this capacity without the most profound awe. Blessed Mary of Agreda tells us that his love for Jesus far surpassed in grandeur and tenderness the united loves of all the fathers that have ever been. "His highest love of Him was from his highest right to love Him, and that resided in his being, as it were, the shadow of the Eternal Father." And who can speak worthily of his pure and holy love for Mary? As his own spouse, as the Mother of Jesus—for her love of Jesus, for her love of himself for her own transcending virtues, he loved her as only so holy a heart could love.

"Saints, like beautiful scenes, require to be learned." We must dwell by them and watch the varied changes of light and shade, as the days of the seasons pass on their way. This is particularly the case with Saint Joseph. We must go to his country, dwell near his door at Nazareth, and while we intently watch him we shall find him growing upon us like a divine thing. Nowhere has the beautiful life of this greatest of all saints, been so admirably displayed as in the *Mistica Ciudad* or Mystical City of Mary of Agreda. In that work which has been called by great theologians *the most extraordinary and the most astonishing that ever came from the hand of a human being*, we find the following instructions which the august Queen of Heaven gave to her beloved daughter of Agreda when she had terminated all that related to the glorious Patriarch Saint Joseph. Would that these words might resound throughout the world, and that our readers may never forget them.

"My daughter, although you have written that my spouse was one of the greatest saints, and most noble princes of the celestial Jerusalem; yet it would be impossible to declare his eminent sanctity. Mortals can never know it until they enjoy the vision of God, in which they will with admiration discover this mystery and praise the Lord for it. In the last day when all men shall be judged, the miserable damned will weep bitterly for not having known, on account of their sins, this powerful and certain means for their salvation, and for not having availed themselves of it, as they could have done, to recover the grace of the first Judge. The world has been greatly

ignorant of the magnitude of the prerogatives which the Supreme Lord has accorded to my holy spouse, and how powerful is his intercession with His Divine Majesty; be assured that he is one of the greatest favorites of God, and the most capable of appeasing His justice against sinners. Return continual thanks to God, for the illumination you have received touching this mystery. Endeavor to increase your devotion for my holy spouse, and bless the Lord for having so liberally favored him, and also for the consolation that I enjoyed in dwelling with him and knowing his perfections.

"Avail yourself of his intercession, and strive to multiply the number of his votaries, for the Most High grants on earth, that which my spouse requests in Heaven, and He will unite to these requests extraordinary favors for men, provided they do not render themselves unworthy to receive them."

In confirmation of the mighty power of Saint Joseph, Saint Teresa affirms in her writings, that "after having chosen the glorious Saint Joseph for patron, I do not remember even to the present moment, ever having prayed him to grant me any favor which I have not obtained, neither can I think without astonishment of the graces which God has bestowed on me by his intercession, nor of the perils from which he has delivered me, both in soul and body. Those souls who do not believe what I say, I beseech to put it to the test, and they will learn by experience how advantageous it is to recommend themselves to this great Patriarch."

In the words of Saint Teresa, we then invite all our readers to fervent devotion, particularly during this month, to Saint Joseph. Before the approach of his festival, we shall give in our columns, extracts from his exquisite life as we find it written by Mary of Agreda, in *Ciudad Mistica*. In the mean time let the beautiful aspiration "Most pure and faithful heart of Saint Joseph, pray for us," be familiar words on the lips of all the readers of the AVE MARIA.

When we consider the Word's desire to assume a created nature, when we ponder his choice of a human nature, when we reflect on his further choice of his soul and body, and add to all these considerations the remembrance of his immense love, we can see how his goodness would exult in the choice of his Mother, whom to love exceedingly was to become one of his chiefest graces, one of the greatest of all his human perfections.



## THE HOLY SACRAMENT OF MATRIMONY.

We give an extract from the judicious Pastoral Letter of the Right Rev. Dr. Elder, Bishop of Natchez, at the approach of Lent:

Among the numerous points on which the great body of the people have wonderfully lost sight of the Law of God, we select for your particular instruction at present the HOLY SACRAMENT OF MATRIMONY; a matter in regard to which Catholics are exposed to be very much injured by the errors prevailing around them. It is a subject too that reaches the very root of many of the evils which have afflicted us in the last four years. For whence arose the passions which caused all this bloodshed and desolation, but from the neglect of early training to justice, charitableness and self control? Now it was the fathers and mothers who ought to have given that early training; and they would have done so, if they had understood and observed the obligations of their matrimonial contract, and used the graces given for the performance of their matrimonial duties.

Your little catechism tells you that "Matrimony is a sacrament which gives grace to the married couple to love each other, and to bring up their children in the fear of God; and if all parents in the country had received this Sacrament worthily and profited by its graces; all the men in the country would have been brought up to fear God and to love each other.

Again, the basis of all society is the family, and the bond which makes a family is Holy Matrimony. If this bond be loosed, the family falls apart, society is disorganized, and Government must soon dissolve in anarchy, unless the iron bands of despotism be riveted upon it.

One of the most alarming indications of the tendency of the people, even of what are called Christians Churches, to a sensual paganism, is their common disregard of much that God has taught and established concerning Matrimony.

He laid it for the foundation of the human race. In a wonderful manner He provided for the first matrimonial union. The very formation of the first woman was a striking expression of the close bond between husband and wife. And the first prophecy ever uttered by the lips of man, was directed to enforcing more strongly that this tie was the closest of all that exist between man and man. Nature tells us how strictly children are bound to their parents. And before there were any children born on earth—Adam was inspired to foresee that

children should be born, and that even their obligations to those who give them life should yield to the stronger obligations of the married couple to adhere to one another. "A man shall leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife." (Genesis, ii, 24.)

Our Lord's great Apostle, St. Paul likens the union of man and wife to nothing less than the union of the Son of God with His Church; and draws from His divine example their mutual obligation to love one another with unceasing love, to cherish and please each other at every cost, even at the sacrifice of life and of all that is agreeable to human nature; as Christ endured every pain of body and soul for the welfare of His Spouse the Church, the glorious Mother of all His children, that is, for the faithful on earth and of the blessed in heaven. (Ephesians, v 22. 33.)

Such is the idea that Almighty God has given us of Holy Matrimony. What a frightful departure from this is the public opinion of the present day, and the practice even of those who profess to teach God's Gospel. They imagine that every State Legislature can break this holy bond, and can even delegate to a county court, this dread power which the Lord of heaven and earth has solemnly declared cannot be exercised by any authority among men. "What God had joined together, let not man put asunder."

Why, even the Pagans, when they had sunk as low as to worship stones, yet for a long time had that regard for decency, that they would not suffer a man to leave his wife and marry another woman. In the early and glorious days of Roman heroism, during the first five hundred and twenty years of the Kingdom and Republic, divorces were unknown among them. And without examining how it happened, yet we may note it and remember it, that the name given by some authors, as being that of the first man among the Romans who was guilty of such a divorce, is one of the most opprobrious epithets in the language. They call him Spurius.

Since God had so constituted man that the family is the source of society, we need not wonder at any amount of social evil flowing out upon a people among whom the source has been poisoned by false doctrines concerning marriage.

The various religious denominations made by men in the last three hundred and fifty years, are by their very principle of private interpretation compelled to suit themselves to the relaxing morality of the world.

Each individual is said to have a right to judge

for himself what is right and what is wrong; and consequently those so called Churches have no right to condemn him for any error which he chooses to adopt.

But the Catholic Church has her authority from Our Lord: "to teach all things whatsoever He hath commanded." (St. Matthew, xxviii, 20.) And the more common an error is among the people, the stronger is her obligation, as the faithful Spouse of Christ, to declare the truth and maintain it by wholesome discipline.

One very important practical regulation of the Church is the law which requires the Bans of Matrimony to be published at High Mass on three distinct Sundays or Holidays of Obligation, previous to the marriage.

We for the present recommend to the Reverend Pastors of congregations in our Diocese of Natchez, that from this Easter next ensuing, they observe the practice of making *three publications of the Bans*, according to the common law of the Church.

If this appears to be an unreasonable amount of trouble, the very objection proves how low is the esteem of the bond of Matrimony. A prudent man will not buy a horse without having a sufficient guarantee that the person selling has a right to sell. If necessary he will require papers and oaths and seals of court. And the trouble which is taken to secure a good title for a beast of burden, is thought too much for a young woman to take, before she gives away herself, and ventures all her hopes of peace in this world, and perhaps of salvation in the next.

Thoughtless children often regard as hardships the regulations which a prudent and affectionate mother has been obliged to make, to guard them from dangers which they do not understand. And so, Catholics sometimes look upon the laws of the Church concerning Matrimony, not as protections thrown around themselves, but as needless and odious restrictions on their liberty. In this view they sometimes undertake to escape those laws, by having recourse to a civil magistrate or to the minister of some uncatholic religious denomination, to marry them. Not unfrequently they encourage themselves in doing this, by the expectation that when the marriage is once contracted, the priest in his charity for their souls, will be glad to reconcile them to the Church, and ratify their marriage.

Now, very often it happens that the marriage cannot possibly be ratified by Priest nor Bishop, nor by the Sovereign Pontiff himself. If for example one of the parties has a lawful wife or hus-

band living, even though divorced by the State, yet no power on earth can make the second marriage good. The parties must separate, or else they will live and die without pardon, scandals to the Church and reprobates of God.

When a Catholic attempts to be married by a minister of any of the religious denominations, it is an act of apparent apostasy from the Church, an acknowledgment of religious authority in those sects which have been set up against the one true Church of God. And in this age of religious indifference an act like this is exceedingly injurious to the soul, because it encourages that indifference in the world, and weakens the faith of Catholics.

Finally we earnestly exhort our venerated and beloved brethren of the Clergy to see that their flocks are well informed with regard to the Holy Sacrament of Matrimony. To this end we advise that each Priest give every year two or three instructions or even more upon this subject. We beg them to impress upon the people, the sacredness of Matrimony; the holiness and importance of the obligations of husband and wife toward each other and toward their children; to caution them against those violations of duty which are most common and most pernicious; to admonish all of the importance of using consideration and prudence before entering upon marriage; and of making due preparation to receive the full benefits of the Sacrament; of the blessing which the church gives to those who are married at Mass. Let them explain the principal laws of the Church concerning Matrimony, particularly those regarding impediments; and among them, they will not forget the case which sometimes arises from having been Sponsor at Baptism; one too often overlooked. They will point out the evils of mixed marriages; the difficulties belonging to the married life, and the means which religion furnishes for overcoming them; particularly the use of the Sacraments.

POVERTY is an evangelical perfection. How many have gallantly tried to bear the burden, and have had to lay it down again in sadness and a not unsanctified despair! How many who have borne it to the end have been made saints by the simple burden! How many religious orders attest by their ingenuous chronicles how hard it is to keep alive the spirit of truthful poverty, and how weak even vows are found to be in stemming the current of nature which runs so strongly the other way!



ON THE DEATH OF RIGHT REV. BISHOP  
FITZPATRICK.

Lowly he lies in the beautiful rest,  
That remains for the "faithful and true;"  
In the sleep of the Christian his eyelids are prest,  
Never more earth's wild sorrows to view.  
The lips ever-tuneful with melody sweet,  
The music of praise and of prayer,  
Are pallid and dumb in the sacred retreat,—  
All broken the silver cords there.

The stately hath fallen on life's battle field,  
His form but a broken reed now,  
But with armor unshattered, unsullied his shield,  
The "*invincible*" death could not bow.  
The shepherd is resting from labor intense,  
Beside the full river of life,  
No more will his hand the bright waters dispense,  
To the lips that are fevered with strife.

His staff at the altar is laid where so late  
He shone like a cynosure star,  
'Mid the "ring of his brethren" standing elate,  
With the "glad tidings" sent from afar;  
To the loved whom he saw in the shadow of death,  
Speaking words of monition and peace,  
Ever more upon earth immortality's breath,  
For warning and blessing must cease.

The hands with rare gifts that so often outspread,  
Now fettered and pulseless remain,  
Never more will he give us the mystical "Bread  
Of the Angels" to soothe and sustain.  
We lift up our eyes, Blessed Mother to thee,  
For thou art the glorious Queen,  
To whom ever true and devoted was he,  
And clothed with thy beauty was seen.

Bright with thy majesty courage and grace,  
He wore the insignia divine,  
Oh! may he now in the holiest place,  
The unclouded firmament shine.  
Watching with thee o'er the valley of sin,  
The paths where our weary feet stray,  
Until our Lord, ere night, gathers in,  
Each soul for the perilous way.  
CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS, FEB. 15th, 1866.

Of all the kingdoms of God's creation, there  
are none, the paradise of the Sacred Humanity  
excepted, to compare with the interior of Mary's  
soul, the inward beauty, the marvelous wisdom,  
the consummate graces of that chosen queenly  
creature.

COAINA,  
THE ROSE OF THE ALGONQUINS.

## CHAPTER II.

## COAINA.

The Festival of the Assumption closed with the singing of the Litany of Loretto by the congregation: the sacred melody being led by the powerful and flute-like voice of Coaina. Swelled to a volume of rich sound, the holy chant floated out upon the calm evening air, its solemn echoes lost in low reverberations in the shadowy forest. Purple shadows, cast by the mountains, lay upon the lake and shore, while the pines and firs along the ridges were fringed with the gold of sunset. Ere long the inhabitants of the village assembled in a grove surrounding the Great Lodge, where the chief men were accustomed to hold council, and debate on any question which arose respecting the interests of their people. The Chiefs and the old men, with Father Etienne in their midst, sat around the door of the Lodge, placidly smoking, telling traditions of the old fierce wars with the Hurons and Mohawks; going over again the thrilling adventures of their great hunting expeditions to the Northwest; or listening to Father Etienne's thrilling narratives of the early French Missions in Canada. Old Ma-kee, over whose head the snows of nearly eighty winters had fallen, formed one of the group. Seated upon the grass, near Father Etienne, wrapped in his blanket, with his chin upon his breast, he listened. He seldom spoke, for, as he declared, "his breast was heavy at the degeneracy of his people, who had become women;" and when he did, it was to scoff at the new creed they had adopted, which he emphatically called "the smoke of foolishness." But the claws and fangs of the old lion were gone; he was harmless; and out of Christian charity he was allowed a place of honor among his people, with a comfortable support, in the hope that ere he died his Pagan darkness would pass away, and he at last receive the purifying Sacrament of Baptism. Ma-kee had great faith in, and respect for, Father Etienne, whom he knew to be a brave as well as a good man; but he did not hesitate to tell him on occasions that there was no reason or sense in what he taught, because no man could understand it. And in this the old Pagan was no worse than the materialists of this our day, who reject the mysteries of faith because their human reason cannot reduce them to its own

level. Father Etienne was relating the marvelous escape of the French Missionaries, nearly two centuries ago, and many of their catechumens, from the house of Saint Mary's of Ganentaa, just when the Onondagoes had conspired with the Mohawks to massacre every soul of them. He described with great spirit the ingenuity and courage of the Missionaries in effecting their escape, and the speechless amazement of their foes when they found the house so mysteriously abandoned. All listened with profoundest interest, the twinkling of keen black eyes, and an occasional grunt of approval, expressing their delight. When Father Etienne ceased speaking old Ma-kee lifted up his head and spoke: "My grandmother," he said slowly, "remembered John Brebeuf. She was a Huron. When he was dying under the torture; when his fingers and thumbs were cut off; when he was pierced with lighted splinters; torn with scourges; and hacked with hatchets, many of the prisoners around him, who had likewise been tortured all night, begged him for Baptism. He had no water. None would give him a drop. The day dawned. At sunrise they were all to be put to death. The prisoners begged for Baptism. There was not a drop of water. Brebeuf lifted his hands and eyes to the Great Spirit and prayed. Just then, my grandmother, very young at that time, came from the fields with her arms full of maize stalks. The long leaves and tassels were dripping with dew. It hung upon them like rain-drops. He saw it and asked her for one of the stalks. He spake our language. She had helped to torture him, but she was a woman. She gave him two or three. He grasped them with joy; he bade the prisoners look up; he sprinkled them; he signed the cross in the air over their heads with the maize, and so they were baptized with the dews of Heaven and his own blood. I think that was enough. But Brebeuf was a brave man. He died like a warrior. He should have been an Indian, ugh!" Having spoken, the dusky old Pagan wrapped his blanket about him, and again dropped his head upon his breast, leaving his hearers variously affected by his simple and true narrative.

At some little distance from the Great Lodge, and nearer the lake, were the women, the young people and children of the village, standing or sitting in picturesque groups under the trees and along the shore. Some exercised themselves by running, dancing and leaping; others sought amusement in more quiet ways; while many played simple games with shells and plum stones,

peculiar to their customs. Blithely arose their cheerful voices in pleasant converse and innocent laughter, while each face wore a look of contentment and enjoyment. We said that every face wore a glad expression; that was a mistake, for Altontinon, who sat apart from the rest, gorgeously attired as usual, looked dissatisfied and angry; but no queen ever wore her royal robes more proudly than she wore her coronal of blue and scarlet feathers; her necklace and earrings of silver beads; and her embroidered scarlet moccasins and mantle. She was the widow of the deceased sachem of her people, and in default of a son to inherit the dignity and title, had the mortification of seeing it pass to the son of her husband's brother, the present Chief, Tar-ra-hee, whose baptismal name was Cyril. Bitterly disappointed, and obliged to bear not only her own mortification, but that of her kinsmen, it became a grave consideration how to retrieve the loss. The idea suddenly presented itself to her scheming mind, one day, to marry her daughter, when of a proper age, to Tar-ra-hee. Once admitted, this idea became the ruling motive of her life; she was prepared to sacrifice every thing to its accomplishment, and so pledged herself to her kinsmen, who gave it their hearty approval. Altontinon kept up a kind of state around herself, which no one cared to interfere with, for although she was a Christian, she was not a saint; in fact, so far from being a saint, she was—I don't know whether there is a name in any Indian dialect for it—but, in plain English, she was a termagant. This woman had taken Coaina, who was left an orphan at a very early age, and nursed her at her breast with her own child, who was, to a day, of the same age. Strange to say, she had loved Coaina, and although she stormed at her now and then, and set her to drudgery that she spared Winonah, she was, upon the whole, kind to her. In the perilous journeys of the tribe to the distant hunting grounds, so full of hardships and privation, she cared as tenderly and constantly for the young Coaina as for Winonah, and ever took the same pains in teaching her those arts and accomplishments, so necessary to the complete training of an Indian girl. Coaina was skillful and expert in them all. She excelled all of her young companions in domestic handicraft; she was more expert in dressing skins and dyeing quills and feathers; more skillful in fishing and hunting; more agile in running and climbing; more ingenious in embroidering and fashioning the garments, which she made with such celerity; and more quick in



acquiring knowledge from the books she was permitted to read, than any young person in the village. Her school tasks were never neglected; her religious duties never omitted, and as she grew toward womanhood, there was developed in her character so much purity, virtue and excellence, that she was not only the favorite of the village, but was constantly held up by parents to their children as a model for their imitation. She, all unconscious of her superiority, was so modest, affectionate, so generous and cheerful, that, with the exception of one, no heart felt malice, envy or ill will toward her, and that heart was Altontinon's, who had noticed all this with ever increasing discontent, and whose chagrin was now completed by the fact that Coaina had become far more beautiful than Winonah; that she was more intelligent and *more beloved*. Here was a cloud, and from it dropped the very gall and wormwood of bitterness into Altontinon's soul. Then arose the fear or presentiment that the superior attractions of her niece would frustrate all of her plans for her child's union with Tar-ra-hee. Henceforth her jealous misgivings gave her no peace, and on several occasions, when she fancied indications on the part of the young chief, of admiration for Coaina, she became almost frenzied with rage. Coaina felt keenly the change in her aunt's conduct toward her, and although her unkindness cost the poor child many a bitter tear, she remained dutiful and patient, bearing all her humors, with sweetness and in silence, and sought refuge and consolation only at the feet of MARY, toward whom she had ever cherished the most reverent and tender devotion; by whose life, she had modeled her own; and whose gracious assistance she constantly implored. About this time, Coaina was placed by Father Etienne at the head of the female confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, a position which Winonah expected and hoped to receive. This added fuel to the flame in the heart of the mother and daughter, who by many a sneer, taunt and slight, aroused every indignant emotion in Coaina's nature, and rendered her life almost unendurable.

But as the storms and rains of March vivify and strengthened the roots of the forest trees, so did these tempests of ill will and malice which beat so perpetually and harshly against her, strengthen her soul, vivify her faith, and sweeten with eternal fragrance, the sweet blossoms of humility, that had such deep root in her soul. Then arose another cause of bitter envy and jealousy. On a certain occasion the two girls were per-

mitted to go with a party of their kinsmen to Montreal to sell their bead work and feathers. Father Etienne gave them a letter of introduction to the Superior of the Convent of Notre Dame, who not only received them kindly, but introduced them, at the hour of recreation, to the *religious* of the house, and also to the lady-pensioners of the academy. The beauty of the two Indian maidens, the artless grace and modesty of Coaina, the proud mien, and wildly bright eyes of Winonah, their excellent French, their low, sweet modulated voices, and unsophisticated expressions, won upon every heart. The lady-pensioners were half wild with admiration of these beautiful Algonquin princesses, and purchased every thing in their baskets, besides making them presents of pictures, and little ornaments in gold and precious stones, which they took from their own ears and fingers. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### "STELLA MARIS."

The winter that ushered in the eighteenth century, was unusually turbulent, stormy, and disastrous; a foreshudder of Nature; prophetic as it were of the political tempests and convulsions which were soon to shake the world. All sorts of calamities afflicted the earth; and the broad seas, maddened by hurricanes, covered the shores with wrecks.

But commerce went steadily on in spite of every natural obstacle, commerce *cui robur et aes triplex circa pectus est*; which confronts the plague for the sake of gold; which would, to use the Hollander's famous expression, redder its sails in the flames of Tophet, if it could hope to sell its pepper and its cinnamon there. So then, in February, 1700, a merchant ship of the Havre, was seen braving a furious tempest on her return voyage from Lisbon. The crew was staunch, the officers skilled and fearless, but the hull had been shaken by more than one storm; and at the time of our story, the weather was fouler and of omen more dire than ever.

A Norman sailor had been watching a dark and momentarily expanding spot in the northeast, and shook his grey head as he watched. A passenger asked him what he saw?

"If our Lady, *Stella Maris*, do not help us," he said, "we will never reach port again."

"And pray, who may our Lady *Stella Maris* be?" inquired the traveler.

"Humph," growled the sailor, "One must needs be a Portuguese, or some other stay-at-home, not to

have heard of our Lady *Stella Maris*, or, as she is called about here, our Lady of Deliverance. You must know, sir, that for five or six centuries, a miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin was honored in a small church between Caen and Bayeux. But the old Normans—who were Pagans then—when they seized that country, overthrew the church, and left the whole place a ruin. So after a while, when the peasants had used all the stones to build their cabins with, every trace of the church was lost, and no one knew what had become of the sacred image. But when the Pagans were converted, in the time of Henry I, when our stout Duke William had gone to conquer England, Mary had compassion on the poor sailors who still made pilgrimages to the neighborhood.

A shepherd, belonging to the household of a worthy gentleman of those parts, perceived that one of his lambs had a habit of wandering from the flock, unhindered by the dogs, to a spot in the meadow, where the herbage was greenest and the wild flowers fairest. It was not to feed either, that the lamb went thither but to paw at the earth until tired, and then to lie down among the daisies and buttercups until the sound of the evening *Angelus*. Well, sir, at last they resolved to dig down below that bright spot in the meadow; and there they found the lost-image. It was carried with joyful pomp to the great church of Bayeux, and solemnly set upon an altar there; but, in the night it disappeared, and was found the next morning in the place where it had been buried. So they built a shrine there, and ever since it has been a place of pilgrimage for the shipwrecked mariner. But see how the cloud has spread; and feel the sharp sleet of the squall; our Lady help us now! the storm is upon us."

As the sailor crossed himself, the voice of the captain rose suddenly and loud. Reiterated orders to take in sail followed thick and fast.

Then the squall struck; and it howled through the taut cordage; the canvas was torn from the bolt-ropes and twirled off to leeward, the foretopmast snapped like a willow bough, and, as the wreck came rushing down on deck, and the hull reeled drunkenly, torrents of blinding rain and sleet, and bitterly cold hail, poured from the ashen-grey clouds most furiously.

Then the cry of "A leak!" was heard, and all hands, passengers and crew, sprang to the pumps.

Then the mizzen-mast and then the main went by the board, and the ship rolled helpless on the water without a spar erect except two-thirds of the foremast, with its torn shrouds dangling from

it. And the storm showed no symptoms of abating, and to make all more terrible, the gloom of the night began to settle down and to deepen the mirk of the tempest.

The crew, nearly all Normans, had already sung, to the simple music taught them in their parishes, the *Ave Maris Stella*, and were now watching the shadows without hope of saving the ship.

Suddenly a strong wave smote the vessel: she quivered, and seemed to be settling. Then the old sailor before spoken of cried out:

"We are lost, if our Lady of Deliverance help us not. Let us pray to her."

In a moment, every sailor's head was bared, and kneeling down there upon the drenched deck, they sent up their prayers, up through the overhanging clouds and pouring rain, to her in whom they trusted, vowing a pilgrimage to her shrine if she should help them in their strait. When the devotion was over, the Portuguese passenger, who had taken part in it, looked with surprise and vexation at the captain and his two brothers, who stood, pale and cold, but with covered heads, upon the quarter-deck. The youth and manhood of these three men had been blown upon by the arid winds of Calvinism till their hearts were as dry as cornhusks in the autumn.

But Mary, who had heard the prayers of the sailors, touched even these dried hearts with her grace. The eldest, who was also captain, fell upon his knees:

"O Holy Virgin," he said, "if indeed thou can'st hear us, then do I also invoke thee."

His second brother followed his example, and then the wind lulled and the turbulent billows sunk and the sailless vessel moved steadily shoreward as if borne upon a river tide.

"O, our sweet Lady of Deliverance;" cried out the second brother, "Mother of God and Queen of the world; I am thine for evermore."

The youngest of the three had not knelt down, nor prayed, and now, when reproached by his elder, answered coldly:

"I can see in this the goodness of God, but I do not so lightly abjure my religion."

The Portuguese answered warmly:

"A Protestant who re-enters the bosom of the Church, abjures nothing but his mournful errors.

"The icy sect to which you belong, in taking from you all those sacred and lovely aids which we have, has given you nothing in their place."

"Look yonder, wretched boy," said his brother.

He looked, lifting his cap and knelt reverently. Above the splintered summit of the broken fore-



mast, stood, in a cloud, of glory, smiling serenely and with grace-bestowing hands, Our Lady of Deliverance, our dear Mother Mary, Star of the Sea.

Approbation of Right Rev. Frederick Baraga, D.D.  
Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich., Feb. 1, 1866.

*Very Rev. and Dear Father:* I received only last night your esteemed letter of the 9th ult., in which you request me to give, if I find it proper, my approbation of your periodical, the AVE MARIA. This I herewith do very willingly, and should have done it before now, for I am very much satisfied with it, and am always glad when it comes to my hands. It is very interesting and useful indeed, and I wish that every Catholic in the country should have and read it. I thank God who inspired you with the thought to publish the AVE MARIA, and to publish it in handsome little pamphlets, which are much easier preserved than the broad pages of a newspaper. I pray God to conserve you yet a great many years, that you may long continue to publish that agreeable, useful and pious periodical.

Very respectfully, Dear Father,  
FREDERICK BARAGA,  
*Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie.*

Very Rev. EDWARD SORIN, S. S. C.

Approbation from Galveston, Texas.

GALVESTON, Texas, Feb. 8, 1866.

*Very Rev. Father:* Our dear Bishop requests me to express to you in a few words the delight which he experienced when he received the first numbers of the AVE MARIA. "*The Missionary's Home*," of course, we consider only as a secondary object of your publication, wonted as we are, down here, to die young on the battle-field, and to have no other home than that of the Son of Mary. It is the honor of the Blessed Mother of God, it is the spreading in this country of our Holy Religion, which alone can make the American people great. It is the salvation of souls through the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin Mother, that our Bishop and his clergy are convinced you have principally in view, and for this reason they hail your publication with delight, and are fully convinced of your ultimate and lasting success.

T. ANSTAETT,  
*Vice Chancellor, Galveston.*

Very Rev. E. SORIN, S. S. C.

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

*Revolution in Spain—Death of the Right Rev. Bishop of Boston—Ordinations—Religious Professions.*

SPAIN.—For some weeks the secular press, taking their views from English journals, predicted a speedy and effective revolution in Spain. But in reality the facts from which to warrant such a conclusion, were meager and paltry in the extreme. It was known that the members of the Progressist party, meditated a rising whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself. They held secret meetings, and endeavored to strengthen their party by the wide circulation of treasonable documents, while through the anti-Catholic press of the continent, they sought to make the world believe that as soon as they had given the signal for insurrection, the Peninsula would be enveloped in a blaze! But now that the terrible signal has been given, nothing could be more feeble than the response of Spain. The whole plot has ended in the revolt of two or three regiments, that made an unsuccessful attempt to capture the city of Zamora. Prim, the wonderful would-be hero and leader of this expected revolution, was compelled to make a hasty retreat to the Portuguese frontier. After being forced to give up his arms and horses to the Spanish authorities of Encinasola, he sought his own personal safety in Portugal. Thus closes this long expected revolution, more comic than heroic, particularly as regards the leader of the revolt, the doughty General Prim.

RIGHT REV. JOHN BERNARD FITZPATRICK, Bishop of Boston, breathed his last the 13th ult. This worthy Prelate was born in Boston, in 1811. He was greatly beloved by all who knew him in America and Europe, and his loss will be deplored by the citizens of Boston of every denomination. *Requiescat in pace.*

ORDINATIONS.—At St. Joseph's, Perry Co., Ohio, our Most Rev. Bishop ordained Rev. Messrs. R. J. Meagher, Peter O'Rourke, and S. J. Collins.

On the 1st of Feb., the Rev. Mark Devlin was ordained Priest, by the Right Rev. Bishop Domet, in St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, Pa.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSIONS.—At Saint Mary's Convent of the Dominican Order, Somerset, Ohio, three novices made their perpetual vows February 2d: Miss Rose Gerber of Chillicothe, O; Miss Mary Fritch of the same place; and Miss Kate Lilly of Memphis, Tenn.,—in religion, Sisters Cecilia, Alberta and Francis.

## THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

REVIEW OF THE INTERESTS OF THE  
HEART OF JESUS.

The Sovereign Pontiff, in response to the good wishes offered him on the occasion of the recent festivals, expressed in a touching manner the twofold sentiment of confidence and sorrow, with which the prospects of the Church at the beginning of the present year, lately inspired us. In his allocution to the Cardinals, confidence predominates: "The Church," he said to them, "has in all ages undergone severe trials—these trials constitute her strength. Scarcely was she born, when she had to strive against the cruelty of Pagan Emperors, against the pride of philosophers, against the perversity of heretics; then against the savage fury of barbarians, against the fanatical rage of musselmans. As soon as they were supposed to be ended, these strifes again recommenced; and at this very moment she is surrounded by heretics and philosophers, who, on every side at once, throw themselves upon the Church to destroy her from foundation to summit. The strife is universal, fearful; it is the reproduction of the storm that assailed the bark on the lake of Genesareth, whilst Jesus slept.

"Jesus still seems sleeping now. Our prayers, our sufferings have not been able to awaken Him. Our faults, perhaps, and no doubt the designs of Providence, prolong His sleep."

After having traced a rapid sketch of the evils the Church suffers, Pius the Ninth expressed his firm confidence in that God, who alone is Master of the future, and who often makes use of the wickedness of men, for the accomplishment of His merciful designs. He added that in awaiting the hour appointed by God, we must observe the recommendation of our Saviour to watch and pray:

"The sleep of Christ is only for a while. The day will come, when rising He will command the winds and the sea, and cause a great calm—*tranquillitas magna*.

"I know not what is reserved for me," said the august Pontiff at the close, "but I trust that many of those who now surround me, will be witnesses of the day of triumph, which never fails to the cause of God."

The allocution addressed to the officers of the French army was, if possible, still more touching, and shows how little of illusion is mixed with that confidence which Pius the Ninth rests solely

upon the help of God. After having said that the benediction which he gave to our brave army, in the person of its leaders, should be this year more ample and affectionate, the Holy Father added: "I can apply to the present circumstances the words of Saint Paul: *Scio quia intrabunt post discessionem lupi rapaces*—'I know that wild beasts will enter after your departure.' Then I shall be like Jesus Christ, when, before going up to Golgotha, He prayed in the garden of Gethsemani, and was comforted in His agony by an angel from Heaven. I am too wretched to compare myself to Jesus Christ. I would however imitate His example and pray with Him." These few words sum up excellently the duties of Catholics in the midst of the troubles which assail the Church. To be ready for all things, to fear nothing, to hope always, and above all to pray continually. This is what Pius the Ninth does, and what we all do along with him.

Let us not imitate those then, whom the too real scandals, of which we are witnesses, hinder from seeing the equally real victories obtained by the church. If she seems conquered everywhere in the social world, does she not triumph in numberless souls, and are not souls after all her principal battle-fields? This is what Mgr. Nardi lately showed so admirably in a sermon preached before the Academy of the Immaculate Conception. "Evil has become more manifest—stronger, I allow," said that eloquent Prelate: "and you only look at that; but I beg of you also look at the immense good accomplished everywhere. See if millions of the faithful of every nation, were ever more united to the Church and to their Pastors;—if they were ever more devoted to that Apostolic See, of which their hearts are now the only support upon earth. Ascend in your memory to ages past, and say if at the finest epochs of her history, the church was ever surrounded with more love, devotion and enthusiasm. You behold a deluge of impious periodicals, but I see also Christian journals every day more numerous, more courageous, in every land, and even in our little cities of Italy. You see assemblies in the midst of which resound words of hatred and of menace against what we love. \* \* \* But I see in our temples the faithful thronging around the pulpit and at the holy table. \* \* \* You observe some unfaithful priest, but I see hundreds of confessors of the faith. You behold treasures squandered upon vain and evil works; but I see that inexhaustible charity which pours every day other treasures at the feet of the Vicar of Jesus



Christ. \* \* \* I behold the halls of the Vatican every day crowded with the faithful, who ask but a look, a word, a blessing from our Pontiff and Lord. If this well-beloved pontiff has received more ingratitude than his predecessors, he has also received for a long time marks of a more lively gratitude and of a more devoted love."

How, in fact, can a more significant testimony be imagined of that love than the address to the Pope, to which were appended eighteen thousand signatures, and which was accompanied by an offering of three hundred thousand francs, that an Italian journal, the "*Unita Cattolica*," had succeeded in collecting in the country in five months? Even the violence which the enemies of religion are reduced to use to stop her triumph—is not this also a proof of their weakness? When the holy Bishop of Mondovì, Mgr. Ghilardi, assembles in the Cathedral of Milan, immense auditories of recollected and sympathetic people, what is proved by those bombshells, by means of which impiety furnishes the government with a pretext for sending the Prelate away, except that if the true popular feeling was left to itself, it would be filially submissive to our holy church? But what legitimate interest can remain in security where crime can, with impunity, make use of such means to weaken the interests of religion?

The Jubilee granted by the Holy Father, to obtain the assistance of Heaven against the encroachments of error, has doubtless not completely stopped this frightful flood; but important results have nevertheless been obtained. In many great cities, the concourse of the faithful to obtain this grace, has surpassed all that could have been expected. Quite recently the newspapers published the most consoling details of the fruits of the mission given at Mans, by the reverend Capuchin Fathers. The Jubilee at Toulouse appears to have produced a still more wonderful movement, considering the much greater extent of country affected. There, another son of St. Francis, celebrated throughout all the South for his zeal, Father Mary Anthony, attracted to an humble suburban church throngs of workmen whom he electrified by his altogether popular eloquence. During this time, Father Felix drew to the Cathedral so great a number of men, that to get a place it was necessary to come a long time before the sermon; and, on Christmas night, this vast fabric could scarcely contain all those who were anxious to participate in the eucharistic banquet. The labors of the Apostles who

evangelised the other churches, were not less successful; so that the first Pastor of the Diocese could not help addressing fervent felicitations to his flock at the close of this mission.

The Puseyite controversy is pursued in England with warmth, and it is still difficult to say what will come of it. Dr. Pusey's book has not received an equally sympathetic welcome from all the defenders of the Catholic cause; and we ourselves would probably not have spoken so favorably of it, if before writing our last article, it had been possible for us to have procured the book. However, after having read it attentively, we persist in believing that it will prove very serviceable to the cause of truth. It is true that the author mixes, with valuable acknowledgments, most unjust attacks. He calls our sentiments unnatural, and is violent in endeavoring to prove that the worship we offer the Blessed Virgin is stained with idolatry, and that the love we give Her is to the detriment of that which we owe to Her divine son. He does not show a better feeling in regard to the authority of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the admitting of which is the capital point for all those separated from Catholic unity. In spite of these distressing signs, we persist in hoping much for Dr. Pusey, and still more even for those whose master and guide he is. There is among them a desire to return to unity, too lively and sincere not to conquer ultimately the obstacles which separate them. These obstacles come to them from without, whilst their aspirations to unity are from the depth of their hearts.

Their injustice is the result of their prejudices, and their prejudices are the result of their education; whilst the efforts which they have made toward union with us can only be the fruit of a courageous love of truth. If they could only look it once in the face, they would follow its light. Now, the present controversy must necessarily have this effect for many among them, and it is therefore that we expect so much fruit. For many years past there seems to have been a resolution in the Puseyite party not to occupy themselves with doctrine; and by this means they have succeeded in paralysing the impulse which the conversion of Newman would naturally have given to the movement for reunion. But behold how truth, although fled from continually, presents itself and insists, whether agreeable or not, upon examination; once again the God who loveth souls causes himself to be found by those who seek Him not, or who obstinately persist in seeking for Him where He is not. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM; OR, THE  
MIRACULOUS CRUST.

You have doubtless read or heard, dear children, for whom I write this little tale, of the first great miracle performed by our dear Saviour when upon earth, performed too at the request of His holy Mother, who well knew that though His time to be openly manifested had not yet arrived, that still He could not refuse to gratify the least wish of that so revered and beloved Mother. Our Saviour did not think as some young people in America do now-a-days, that because he had grown up to manhood, He was now excused from obeying that Divine command, which says: "Children! obey your parents." Though He was God as well as man, yet all His life long He was the same dutiful Son, and even when hanging in agony upon the Cross, He took thought for the future welfare of His heart-broken Mother standing beneath it, and among His last words were those in which He commended her to the loving care of His chosen disciple, John.

The miracle I referred to above, was that of turning water into wine, performed by our Lord at the wedding feast of Cana in Galilee. You have also heard of the wondrous multiplication of the five loaves and the two small fishes into food enough to satisfy five thousand hungry people, and of the baskets full of fragments that were taken up after they were all filled. Yes! I am sure you know all about these wonderful works of our Blessed Lord. But perhaps you have been told by some of your Protestant friends or read it in their books, that the age of miracles is long past, and that our ascended Redeemer has not left that power with His Church. When they tell you so again, you may (if you happen to be a child big and old enough to understand what I am saying) tell them that in leaving the Holy Ghost with His Church forever, Christ left the *miracle working* power with her, and all that is needed is equal faith on our side to have miracles as plentiful now as in the first ages of the Church. The power is still in the Church, but the faith! where is that? I am going now to tell you, dear children, a series of stories to prove to you that in some souls true faith still exists, and that where it does exist "all things are possible to him who believes." This is the first one of the series,

and although when you have read it through you may say: "Why, there was no miracle at all in that?" I think after reflecting awhile upon it you will alter your minds and conclude after all that there was a miracle and a great one.

Enemies of our dear mother Church, laugh and sneer at the beautiful and touching legends about the Blessed Virgin, and tell you most likely, if you are silly enough to listen to them, that they are all nonsense, allegories or even fictions, quite unsuited to this present practical, wide-awake age. They have told me so often, but I refused to listen to them, and preferred my own simple faith far before all their self-styled "philosophy." I grant, most sadly that this is in many respects an age of little faith, but as I said before, that it exists, and is as powerful as ever to "move the arm that moves the world," let this little tale, founded on fact, testify.

Teddy Miles was an honest, cheerful, hard-working little man, a tailor, or rather a mender of clothes, for no one had ever yet trusted him with that great object of his ambition, a new suit to make, but he patched and "botched" as his rivals asserted for the whole neighborhood around. He lived in a certain large manufacturing town in England, whose name I need not mention, as it has nothing at all to do with our story. He had married early in life to one of the girls employed in the cotton mills, and had a family of seven little white-haired, blue-eyed, bare-footed children, lively, merry, smiling little rogues, whom the poor tailor far from complaining of, considered his greatest and in fact only riches, and daily thanked God for every one of them. Bessy, his wife, was, I am sorry to say, a whining, dawdling, lazy, shiftless creature; who instead of seconding her brave little husband's efforts, and trying to keep her house neat, and her ragged children at least clean, spent her whole time in sauntering from one neighbor's house to the other, always fretting and complaining, and lamenting that she had ever married a poor tailor like Teddy Miles, though she knew perfectly well as did all her listeners, that nobody else would have had her, and that Teddy himself, kind-hearted little fellow, married her a poor motherless, friendless girl, as much out of pity as any thing else. Now what do you think kept poor Teddy, ill-used, hard-worked as he was, and finding neither comfort nor sympathy at home, what think you kept him from the ale-house, where so many other men went nightly to waste their earnings and have what they called, "a bit of a spree?"



What strengthened and supported that feeble creature to toil from early daylight, and lie down thankfully on his hard pallet at night? Why, simply this. Teddy was a Christian—a Catholic, and though he could not read nor had he ever been taught any thing since the few months during which he went to the catechism class before his first Communion, though since then he had been compelled to associate almost entirely with Protestants, yet God had kept alive in his soul the spark of faith, he believed firmly in his Church, and above all he cherished a tender reverence and love for the Blessed Virgin. His miserable, slip-shod, ignorant wife took great pride in calling herself a church-woman, which in England means a member of the National or Episcopalian Church, and though from one years end to the other, she never darkened the door of any sacred edifice, yet she plumed herself greatly on belonging to the church which “the gentry” attended, and looked down with contempt on poor pious Teddy as he fervently said his beads, or pressed his lips to the small broken crucifix which had been his mother’s, and was now his greatest and best treasure. Yet quiet and far from quarrelsome as Teddy was, he had yet managed matters so as to gain Bessy’s reluctant consent and overcome her resistance to having every one of his children baptized in the Catholic Church, by a priest who was then a traveling missionary, but had since succeeded in building a small chapel at the other end of the town, and was stationed among the laboring population there. And we may be sure that whenever Teddy could manage to get any thing like a suit of clothes sufficiently decent for the house of God, and shoes to his feet, he was always present at Mass and Benediction, and it was a bitter grief to him that the wretched rags in which Bessy always kept her children, prevented him from taking them with him on Sundays and holidays.\*

Teddy Miles had always been poor in spite of his steady industry and rigid temperance, but so far he had never failed to supply a sufficiency of coarse bread for his hungry little troop, and to pay regularly the rent of his poor dwelling. But at last there came a time when he could no longer do this, and when looking back it seemed to him as if his former poverty had been wealth. For the war in America, and the blockade of the Southern ports, stopped the shipment of cotton to England, therefore nearly all of the great manufactories were closed more than half the time, and the poor operatives, out of work them-

selves, could not of course give work to any one else. They no longer brought their clothes to Teddy to mend, indeed, before long they had no clothes but rags, having been forced to sell or pawn all their best things, to buy food for themselves and their children. The day came at last, when Teddy having had no work for more than a week, was obliged to follow their example. He began by pawning the most valuable article in the house, an old clock that had been his father’s, old fashioned, but an excellent time-keeper, and long an object of innocent pride to the humble tailor. Other things followed, the chairs, the cradle, and at last even the blankets of the poor family, for the demands of nature were imperative, and the children cried for food. With a sort of dumb despair, poor Teddy watched each familiar object disappear, and looked forward with a shudder to the day when there would be no more to take. And the day came only too soon. There was now absolutely nothing left, but their straw beds laid on the floor up stairs with one ragged quilt to each, and down stairs only a couple of three-legged stools and a miserable table, so broken and decrepid, that the pawn-broker would not have advanced them a single farthing upon them. To crown their miseries their miserly landlord who owned the wretched tenement that sheltered them from the winter sky, had been there that day and demanded his rent, now due for two whole quarters, so long was it since he had been paid. He had waited thus long with the intention of bringing them so much in his debt that he could seize their furniture, especially the clock which he greatly coveted. When on entering the house he found that they had, as he called it, cheated him by selling it all piece by piece to buy bread, and that he had now no security at all for his rent, his rage knew no bounds, he called Teddy thief, rascal, and every villainous term he could think of, and though poor Bessy wasted to skin and bone lay sick with a sort of fever upon the floor, he declared that unless the money was forth-coming by night the next day, he would turn them all into the street without mercy. So saying he left them, frightened and trembling, the poor children crying and creeping for protection up to their miserable father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Look at the Eternal Word, first in the bosom of the Father, and then in the bosom of Mary, and say whether a lower depth of poverty can be conceived.

## Consecration of Notre Dame.

We are happy to inform our friends that his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, has kindly accepted our invitation to preside and preach on the occasion of the blessing of a statue to be erected on the dome of our new college, which will take place, D. V., on the 31st day of May next, as previously announced.

We scarcely feel at liberty to put in print to-day the beautiful lines in which our venerated Metropolitan expresses his consent; but having obtained it we consider it our duty to spare nothing to render the solemnity not quite unworthy of our Blessed Queen.

Within a month we will publish, for the gratification of the readers of the AVE MARIA, the names of the principal guests expected on the occasion. We have already stated that on the same day the awarding of the prizes for best poems and essays in honor of the Blessed Virgin, shall also take place. The acceptance of the venerable Archbishop places the final word on this matter in right hands.

"January 26, 1866. This beautiful periodical has been most heartily welcomed by me, as soon as I had seen some of its first numbers. Yet when I intended to subscribe for it, I understood that the preceding numbers could be had no more, and wishing to have something complete, I resolved to wait for the beginning of the second volume. I am, however, sorry for not having had a chance of obtaining the entire series of the numbers published so far. Wishing that the success of the AVE MARIA may exceed your most sanguine expectations, I am your humble servant, etc. A. M."

"February 13, 1866: All the members of my family are delighted with the new Catholic journal above named; and each successive number is received with renewed pleasure and interest. You may be sure, dear Father, that your devotion to the holy Mother of God will be abundantly rewarded. I have the honor to subscribe myself, as always, very respectfully and affectionately, your humble servant and friend. T. L."

"February 14, 1866: Will you please send me ten copies of the AVE MARIA, with back numbers of second volume, for my Young Men's Library of the Immaculate Heart of Mary? I deem that name suitable and worthy of our Blessed Mother; for from the AVE MARIA we learn fresh proofs of the wonderful love and infinite mercies of the most holy Heart of Jesus flowing on saints and sinners through the Immaculate and pleading Heart of Mary. AVE MARIA! sweet words; small volume though it be, yet, like the grain of mustard seed, it seems to fill the whole soul,—not with one, but with every form of devotion,—from the loving Jesus, to His pleading Mother, to angels, to saints, to the dignity and holiness of the priesthood, etc.; for which I so anxiously wish its circulation among my people. Do, then, Rev. Father, hasten on the numbers. Yours, most respectfully, M. K."

### A Golden Wreath for the Month of Mary.

As far as we can ascertain, the devotion of the Month of Mary is becoming gradually more widely spread from year to year. We trust, indeed, that

at no distant day it will be universal, and that the joyous sound of every church bell, from Maine to Florida, and from the Carolinas to the golden gates of California, will usher in the first vespers of the bright, balmy feast of the Mother of God, and that every succeeding day will find all her children clustered round her altars until the happy month ends with the triumphant *Te Deum*, crowning her OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

For some years all that is Catholic in Europe has united in hailing Mary Queen of May. Yet we do not think we betray any undue national vanity in saying that we of the New World can, and we but will it, successfully compete with our brethren across the billows in proclaiming our love and devotion to the Queen of Heaven and earth, our own Blessed Mother. We trust, then, that some day, from the chimes of every church, and from thousands of reeling belfries, one prolonged *Magnificat* and perpetual Rosary of sweetest praise will echo and re-echo over our beautiful land of the Immaculate Conception, from the beginning until the end of May.

Without any foolish pretension to being even a partial cause of the increasing love of Mary through the land, we claim the right to rejoice at what we see and distinctly hear.

Indeed, we cannot feel indifferent to a movement of this kind. To aid it in the feeble measure of our efforts, we purpose to publish the "AVE MARIA's Golden Wreath for the Month of Mary," in eighty pages in 32mo, containing choice reading, prayers and hymns set to music for every day of the month. Price, twenty cents by quantity of ten at least, or thirty cents per single copy.

The object we have in view in preparing such a cheap and yet interesting and sufficiently complete New Month of Mary, is to place it within the reach of every Catholic, at home or at school; to help our Rev. Clergy in introducing and propagating the pious exercises of the Month of Mary in every Christian family; to establish uniformity in congregations, whether assembled or dispersed; and we indulge the hope of assisting many in spending the beautiful month more agreeably and beneficially than before, without almost any expense; for who cannot afford to lay out twenty cents?

But before printing any we must know whether we judge rightly or not of the sentiments of our readers. We ask no money before the work is done, but we respectfully beg to be informed at once what orders we may have to fill. For those whose devotion and generosity would wish to make the "GOLDEN WREATH OF THE MONTH OF MARY" a handsome ornament for their parlor, or a present to a friend, we shall issue an edition enriched with choice engravings.

## MICH. S. & N. INDIANA RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS will leave South Bend station as follows, daily, except Sundays. Going East:

Leave South Bend 1:55 a.m.	Arrive at Toledo 8:15 a.m.
" do 9:25 a.m.	" do 3:45 p.m.
" do 9:10 p.m.	" do 4:00 a.m.

All three trains make close connection at Toledo with trains for the East. The last two trains connect directly through to Detroit (via Adrian and Monroe), arriving 6:30 p.m. and 6:10 a.m. respectively. Going West:

Leave South Bend 2:15 a.m.	Arrive at Chicago 5:59 a.m.
" do 9:25 a.m.	" do 12:50 p.m.
" do 7:30 p.m.	" do 11:00 p.m.

Making connections with all trains West and Northwest.



## APPROBATIONS

**VERY REV. E. SORIN:**

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I feel truly gratified to send you the reply of his Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, in reference to the "AVE MARIA," on which you desired me to consult him. I congratulate you upon the kind words of encouragement I now convey to you. After such a high sanction, it would be too cold to say that I have no objection to your pious undertaking. But you knew before, with what delight I heard the first words you spoke to me about it. With all my heart I hereby bid you go on with it. You have opened a rich vein, at which a number of pious souls will come to refresh and invigorate themselves. Fear not! You will be supported by all who love the Holy Mother of God; and who can call himself a Christian and refuse her that proof of his veneration?

I am happy to see the foundation of such a monument laid in my Diocese. It will cheer all my Priests, it will gladden all the country. **+ JOHN HENRY, Bishop of Fort Wayne.**

"I very highly approve of the design relative to the paper which Father Sorin proposes to publish, nor do I doubt that a work of this kind, proceeding under your auspices, will be productive of great good." **ALEX. CARD. BARNABO,**  
"PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA."  
BALTIMORE, June 16, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: The establishment of a paper in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of our dear Lord, and our own sweet Mother in Heaven, was something so new in this country, and so far in advance of what many might believe to be the religious sentiment of our Catholic people, who have been made to breathe from childhood an atmosphere infected, by unbelief, that I, at first, hesitated to lend my sanction to the undertaking, and I wished to examine carefully the first numbers of the AVE MARIA, before giving it my approval. This I have done, and I am now happy to be able to say, that I have been much pleased with the first five numbers, with the slight exceptions I have taken the liberty to communicate to you. Go on as you have begun; avoid all exaggeration, for our Immaculate Mother needs no such eulogy, which were rather injurious than beneficial to her honor; and, I have no doubt you will succeed, and obtain the blessing of our Lord, who cannot be greeted with a more acceptable homage than that which comes to Him through the one nearest and dearest to His Heart—His own Mother.

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast."  
Our Catholic people are further advanced in piety than many gave them credit for; they are prepared not only to gather the fruits, but reverently and lovingly to cull the flowers of devotion. They will no doubt welcome the AVE MARIA with an abundant and increasing patronage; thus signaling their love towards the great Patroness of these United States.

I remain, very faithfully, yours,  
**M. J. SPALDING,**  
Archbishop of Baltimore.

**MR. ST. MARY'S, CUN., Feast of St. Bonaventura.**

Very Rev. Dear Sir: When my approbation was solicited for the publication of the first numbers of the "AVE MARIA," I withheld it on the ground that it had already secured the approval of your excellent Bishop, and, through him, of his Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, which I deemed sufficient. I must confess that I had also some slight misgivings as to the expediency of the publication in the form in which you inclined to present it to the public. But as you kindly renew your application for a word of encouragement from me, and as satisfactory evidence has been afforded me that the "AVE MARIA" has thus far contributed, and bids fair to contribute still more largely in future, to the advancement of piety and the honor and glory of Jesus and His and our Blessed Mother, I hereby authorize and request you to have my name added to the list of those who embrace every opportunity of showing fealty, devotion and love to the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

Yours, very truly, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,  
**JOHN B. PURCELL, Archbishop of Cincinnati.**

The AVE MARIA, published at Notre Dame, Indiana, by Very Rev. E. Sorin, appears, from what the undersigned has seen of it, to be deserving of the encouragement of the Catholic community. **PETER RICHARD, Archbishop of St. Louis.**  
NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1865.

I have read with great interest and real edification the AVE MARIA. It is well calculated to inspire and increase devotion toward the Immaculate Mother of our Blessed Redeemer. May it succeed in my earnest prayer.

**J. M., Archbishop of New Orleans.**

REV. DEAR FRIEND: Please receive my subscription, and at the same time my hearty approbation of your holy and noble undertaking. Mary is the great advocate of the Church in America. Let us unite our efforts to promote her glory, and obtain more and more her powerful assistance for the triumph of our Holy Church.

**+ AMEDEUS,**  
Bishop of Cleveland.  
CLEVELAND, April 11, 1865.

**COVINGTON, Ky., September 5, 1865.**

Very Rev. Father: Inclosed find my subscription to the "AVE MARIA," the very interesting and useful little periodical which comes forth from your noble University to promote the devotion and proclaim the praises of our Blessed Mother. I consider it a valuable acquisition for every Catholic family. I will certainly encourage its circulation. Respectfully, yours, in our Lord,  
**GEO. A. CARRELL, Bishop of Covington.**

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I can but approve fully of your undertaking in publishing the "AVE MARIA." A weekly from such a source, and under such supervision as Notre Dame, has already its sanction; and needs indeed no other approbation but the one of the diocese, in accordance with the only proper rule in our Church. Please to have two copies forwarded to my address. Believe me, dear father, with sincerest respects, your truly devoted,  
**+ JOHN M. HENNI,**  
MILWAUKEE, April 1, 1865. Bishop of Milwaukee.

VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR:—I rejoice at your pious thought of the AVE MARIA. It must succeed. When the great rebellion against the Church of the living God, which is the body of Christ and the fulness of Him, is crumbling away in multiplied divisions, the sweet and bright AVE MARIA of the Archangel is the harbinger of many conversions. "Gaudete, Maria Virgo, cunctas hereses sola interemisti in universo mundo." It is also the harbinger of that restored unity for which the Saviour God so touchingly prayed in the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel. Hence I rejoice at your enterprise. Accept for the good work the enclosed sum which I wish my means would permit me to increase a hundred fold.

With great respect and esteem, Your most obedient servant,  
**+ JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.**  
BUFFALO, April 5, 1865.

**ERIE, Pa., April 28, 1865.**

So much procrastination, and absence and business, have nearly prevented my reply, till the month of May is at hand. As you have chosen it to inaugurate your enterprise to her honor, I must send you my feeble note of approval, for fear I should miss the merit of it if I longer delayed. We shall of course further it among our clergy and people with all care and zeal, praying meantime for its success. I take the liberty to enclose my certified check, to pay first my life-subscription, and secondly, for specimen numbers of the first issue, to be sent to me so as to help its introduction.

Pray for yours in Christ,  
**J. M., Bishop of Erie.**

Very Rev. and Dear Sir:—Enclosed find my subscription for the AVE MARIA. I have had the pleasure of reading the first two numbers, they pleased me very much, they breathe a spirit of true and genuine piety. It has my best wishes for its entire success. **+ F. P. McFARLAND, Bp. of Hartford.**

Very Rev. Dear Sir: Our Holy Father, in his late Encyclical Letter, asserts that the enemies of our holy religion spread impious doctrines, by the means of pestilent books, pamphlets and journals. A most efficacious antidote against this poison is the circulation of truly religious journals. I hail, then, with joy the AVE MARIA. From such a Catholic paper, under the auspices of the Immaculate Mary, who is the Protectress of America, and who has destroyed all heresies throughout the world, much good is to be hoped for.

**M. DOMENEC, Bishop of Pittsburgh.**  
NEWARK, September 22, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I have received, and read with much pleasure, several numbers of the AVE MARIA, and would be glad to have it circulated in my Diocese, as tending to foster devotion towards our Blessed Lady as Regina Cleri. With sincere regard, yours,  
**JAMES, Bishop of Newark.**

**NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI, October 4, 1865.**

Very Rev. and Dear Sir: Yours of August 29, concerning the "AVE MARIA." I found here on my return from preaching the Jubilee through a part of my Diocese. I felt really ashamed that I should have to be asked for my opinion about that beautiful work in honor of our ever Blessed Mother. But the truth is that since the war is over I have been almost continually absent from Natchez. The few days that I was home, at intervals, my business would scarcely allow me to do more than glimpse at some of the numbers received of the "AVE MARIA;" but these glimpses gave me such admiration for it that, in my last tour especially, I have everywhere spoken of it and urged all Catholic families to subscribe to it. Yours, in Jesus and Mary,  
**WM. HENRY, Bishop of Natchez.**

**BURLINGTON, Vt., Dec. 22, 1865.**

I consider that the AVE MARIA is called to do a great deal of good by spreading knowledge of our Immaculate Mother in this country which is placed under her patronage. May Almighty God give it success, and bless all those who will read it, or contribute to its publication. Respectfully yours,  
**LOUIS, Bishop of Burlington.**

**RICHMOND, Va., January 5, 1866.**

You have been kind enough to send to me several numbers of your interesting and valuable little paper, the AVE MARIA, which I have perused with great pleasure and profit. Your design in this publication, inspired by your love of our holy Mother, commends itself at once to the heart of every sincere Catholic, and so far, the execution deserves approval, and offers no fair ground for criticism or objection. For my part, I am delighted with this little advocate of the dignity, merits, and prerogatives of the Virgin Mother of God, this loving chronicler of her numerous acts of intervention in behalf of sinners, in answer to the devout prayers and appeals of her children. \* \* \* In conclusion, I ask you to place my name among your life subscribers, and enable me to partake of the Holy Masses and Communion offered for the permanent patrons of your pious enterprise, and I inclose the amount specified in your terms. Very respectfully, your servant in Christ,  
**JOHN MCGILL, Bishop of Richmond.**



Volume II.

Number 10.

LEVEL  
ONE



NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.  
1866.





## THE MISSIONARY'S HOME, Notre Dame, Indiana.

[The MISSIONARY'S HOME forms of itself a separate corporation, under the control of three Right Rev. Bishops, this arrangement of ours having been lately approved at Rome.]

The Missionary's Home is an institution to provide for the necessities of our overtasked Pastors, when infirmity or age or accident shall have rendered a retreat from the world desirable; when, having exercised for long years the sacred duties of their high calling, they feel incapacitated for further exertion and desire an honorable repose, a retirement in which no anxiety respecting the providing for necessities shall intermingle with the attention to the care of their own salvation, which will then form the sole object of their solicitude.

The proposal for the foundation of such a Home has received not only the formal sanction and the solemn benediction of His Holiness Pope Pius IX, but with the zeal that so pre-eminently distinguishes him, he (the Pope) amid the difficulties that surround him, and the necessities created by the disorders of the times, was prompted by his own heart to aid a work which has so entirely the glory of God for its object, and he generously disbursed a pecuniary offering in addition to the invaluable blessings of his sanction and approbation.

Were superior motives wanting, yet might self-interest alone prompt the faithful to give the greatest assistance they could command to the measure; for contemplate for a mo-

ment what would be the consequence if, instead of the disinterestedness that now characterizes the Catholic Priest, it were to become a necessity, real or supposed, that he too should set apart from his income a sum sufficient to maintain him in his declining years. The sums now freely given for the promotion of the greater glory of God, would then be hoarded up in a commercial spirit, and the consequences would affect not only the external acts, but the interior relations of the soul in a manner too painful to dilate upon at present.

The Missionary's Home appeals then, of itself, to the highest sentiments we can entertain. It presents itself feelingly to our hearts, as if it were a direct appeal from God himself to animate our zeal. If a cup of cold water shall in nowise lose its reward; and if to clothe the naked and to give drink to the thirsty among the least of His little ones, shall be esteemed by our Divine Lord as if done to Himself; shall we not invoke a powerful blessing by the exercise of extensive charity towards those who came in His name to announce the glad tidings of salvation to mankind?

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## Weekly Calendar.

### MARCH.

Saturday 10.—The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.  
 Sunday 11.—Fourth Sunday in Lent. St. Enogius, P. M.  
 Monday 12.—Saint Gregory the Great, P. C. D.  
 Tuesday 13.—Saint Frances of Rome, W.

Wednesday 14.—Saint Matilda, W.  
 Thursday 15.—Saint Zachary I. P. C.  
 Friday 16.—Com. of the Most Precious Blood.  
 Saturday 17.—Saint Patrick, B. C., Apostle of Ireland.

# AVE MARIA.

*A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.*

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## THE HOUSE OF NAZARETH.

In visiting the places consecrated by those mysterious events which have changed the face of the earth, we feel sentiments similar to those which affect the traveler who laboriously ascends the course of the mighty waters of the Nile or the Ganges, in order to contemplate their hidden unknown sources. It seemed to me also, climbing the last hills which separated me from Nazareth, that I was going to contemplate at its mysterious source the vast and fruitful religion which has spread over the universe from the heights of the mountains of Galilee, and which, during two thousand years, has refreshed so many generations with its pure and vivifying waters. There is its source in the hollow of a rock, over which my feet passed; this hill, whose summit I gained, had nestled on its declivity the salvation, life, light and hope of the world: there, at a few paces from me, the model Man had been born among men, in order to draw them, by His word and example, from the error and corruption into which the human race had been submerged.

If I considered this circumstance as a philosopher, it was the dawning of the greatest event which has ever stirred the moral or political world! The greatest, the most just, the wisest and the most virtuous of all mankind sprang from obscurity, misery and ignorance; there was His cradle, there the scene of His actions and touching sermons; thence He went forth, while still young, with some obscure and ignorant men, to whom he had imparted confidence in His genius and courage in His mission, to go and boldly oppose an order of ideas and things not strong enough to resist Him, yet strong enough to cause His death. \* \* \* Thence, I repeat, He went forth with confidence, to conquer death and the universal empire of posterity! Thence flowed Christianity, an obscure source, a drop of water unnoticed in the hollow rock of Nazareth, where two sparrows could scarcely quench their thirst,

and which one ray of the sun might dry up; to-day, as a mighty ocean, it has overflowed all the depths of human wisdom, and bathed in its ever-flowing waves the past, the present and the future. Incredulous of Divinity in this event, still my soul would have been strongly agitated in approaching its first theater, and I should have uncovered my head and bowed my brow under the occult will which had caused so many things to spring from so feeble a commencement.

But considering the mystery of Christianity as a Christian, it was here, under this little speck of the blue heavens, at the bottom of this narrow and somber valley, in the shadow of that little hill whose old rocks seemed to have been rent asunder by the thrill of joy, they felt in giving birth to the Babe Word, or the throes of grief they felt, in giving sepulcher to the dead Word! Here was the sacred and fatal point of the globe, that God had selected from all eternity for the descent of His truth, justice and love, incarnate in the Infant God. There the divine breath had descended into a lowly dwelling, the humble abode of toil and simplicity of spirit; there He implanted in the bosom of a pure and innocent Virgin something sweet, tender and merciful as herself, of suffering patience and courage as man powerful, supernatural, strong, and wise as God. It was there that the Man-God assumed our weakness, labors, and miseries, during the obscure years of His hidden life.

With bowed head and my mind filled with a thousand even more touching thoughts, I perceived lying beneath my feet, in the depths of a valley, hollowed out in the form of a basin or lake of earth, the white houses gracefully grouped together, forming the little village of Nazareth. The Greek Church, the tall minaret of the Turkish mosque, the high convent walls of the Latin Fathers, first attracted the eye; streets formed by houses less spacious, but of elegant and oriental forms, surrounded these vast buildings, giving an air of life and animation to the scene. Around this valley or basin of Nazareth clumps of thorny



shrubs, fig trees despoiled of their autumn foliage, date trees with their light and tender leaves, were scattered at intervals over the landscape, imparting to it an air of grace and freshness, like the flowers of the field around a village altar.

God knows what then passed through my heart, but by a spontaneous, I might say involuntary movement, I found myself at my horse's feet, kneeling in the dust. I remained some moments in mute contemplation, while all my skeptical and my Christian thoughts pressed upon my head in such a manner that I could not distinguish them. *Et Verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis*, were the only words that escaped my lips. \* \* \* We reached the convent of the Latin Fathers at Nazareth as the last rays of the sun gilded the high yellow walls of the church and monastery. A large iron gate opened before us. It closed behind us, and we alighted from our horses, before the very door of the church which was formerly the humble dwelling of that Mother whose bosom was the abode of an immortal guest; the Mother who gave her milk to a God.

The Superior and Father Guardian were both absent. Some Neopolitan and Spanish Brothers who were winnowing the wheat of the convent near the door, received us, and conducted us into a vast corridor, where we waited the return of the Curé of Nazareth, from whom we received a polite reception and were conducted to a chamber. Fatigued with the journey and the sentiments of the day, we threw ourselves upon our beds and postponed seeing the consecrated places until the next day—not wishing to destroy our impressions by a first hasty glance at that holy sanctuary, in whose vestibule we rested.

During the night I frequently elevated my soul and voice to God who had chosen in this place her who was to bring forth His Word to the universe.

The next day an Italian Father conducted us to the church and subterranean sanctuary which was, in the olden days, the house of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph. The church is a large and lofty nave of three stories. The upper one is the choir of the Fathers of the Holy Land, which communicates by a back door to their convent. The lower one is occupied by the faithful. It communicates with the choir and the high altar by a beautiful double stair-way, ornamented with gilded railings. From this part of the church, and under the high altar, a few steps conduct us to a little chapel and a marble altar, illuminated by silver lamps ever burning upon the very spot where the Annunciation was declared. This altar is erected under the vault, half natural, half artificial, of a rock, against which was erected, without doubt, the holy house. We fell on our knees upon these stones, under this vault, witnesses of the incomprehensible mystery of divine charity for man, and we prayed. The enthusiasm of prayer is also a mystery between God and man. Like chastity it throws a veil over thought and conceals from the eyes of man what is intended only for Heaven.

## SAINT-WORSHIP.

### INTERCESSION OF THE SAINTS.

I have shown that the principle on which the intercession of the Saints may avail us, is that God in developing and perfecting or consummating His works uses the agency of second or created causes, as in man's redemption and salvation; that is, enables and allows His creatures in their several orders and according to their nature to co-operate with Him. This co-operation in purely physical natures is involuntary and blind, from internal necessity; in rational and moral natures it is a free co-operation, voluntary,—from reason and free will. Hence God in the natural world uses physical agencies and effects His designs by what is called natural laws; and in moral natures by the ministry of angels and of men. He sends His angel to announce to Mary that she shall conceive by the Holy Ghost, bear a Son, and call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins; He sends, too, His angel to deliver Peter from prison, and communicates revelations to Saint John in the Isle of Patmos by a like ministry. He uses men as priests to offer the Holy Sacrifice and to intercede with Him for His people.

This is not because He cannot effect every thing by His own direct and immediate action; but because He is good, and delights to communicate Himself as far as communicable to His creatures, to make them as near like Himself as creatures can be like their Creator, and to honor them by making them co-workers with Him, and giving them thus a real title to share in His glory. They who faithfully co-operate with Him in winning souls to Christ, and extending His kingdom on the earth, enter when this work is done, into the joy of their Lord, and share His glory. No higher honor can be conferred on a creature than to be permitted to co-operate with God, than to be employed by the King of kings and Lord of lords in His service,—to be sent on His errands, and to hear from Him the words, Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord.

As God delights to honor His creatures by employing them in His service, so He must delight to hear and respond to their intercession for their brethren, for their intercession, though free and willing on their part, and proceeding from their great love of Him and of their fellow creatures in Him, is a part of the service in which He employs

them. Their intercession is the highest honor they can render Him. It honors Him as the source of all good, as the giver of every grace, and of every good and perfect gift; honors His love, His tenderness, His mercy, His compassion for His creatures, to which all intercession is a direct appeal.

These remarks, it seems to me, remove every difficulty that can be supposed to exist in view of God to prayer in general, and the intercession of the Saints in particular. Nothing prevents Him, if He chooses, from hearing and answering prayers, whether they are our own prayers for ourselves, or the prayers of the Saints in Heaven for us. Both are in strict accordance with the order of His providence and the principles on which His works are consummated, souls redeemed, sustained and perfected. In either case, while prayer and intercession are acceptable to God as a loyal recognition of His sovereignty, His freedom, His love, His mercy, and His tenderness and compassion, they are the greatest privilege, and the highest honor to him who prays or intercedes. Man is privileged. He has at all times access to the presence of his Sovereign, and the ear of his God, and by prayer is elevated, in some sort, to companionship with his Maker. Nothing brings God so near to us, and raises us so near to Him as prayer. And what greater honor could even He confer on His Saints than to allow them to take part in His providence, by interceding for us, and to listen to their prayers and intercessions for those who invoke them? It is a great good to them, and no good thing will be withheld from them that love Him. It associates them with Himself in His works of grace.

But, the Saints have entered into the joy of their Lord, are completely blest, their happiness is full, and why should they concern themselves with the happiness of others? They are in the presence of God, see Him as He is in Himself, are filled with Him, and how can they have any thought for any one else, or any regard for those they have left behind, or who are still undergoing their probation? The objection implies too much, and also entirely mistakes the nature of the love of God. God is self-sufficing, and eternally blest or happy in Himself. His blessedness can be neither augmented nor diminished. He can be no more nor happier with, than without, creation. Why then does He create? Because He is love or charity,—*Deus est caritas*—and love delights to communicate itself,—because He would have others love, others share, so to speak, His own blessedness.

The Saints are not love as God is love, but they are like Him, as much like Him as creatures can be like their Creator, for they are made partakers of His divine nature—*divine consortes naturæ*, and are Saints only because they love and participate in His charity. They must therefore delight to diffuse their love, and desire others to share their blessedness. The beatitude of the Saints is not an egoistical or selfish beatitude, which were no beatitude at all, but a beatitude that has its origin and ground in pure disinterested love, or perfect charity.

The Saints are, indeed, in the presence of their Lord, and are filled, satisfied with His love, but the love of God includes the love of creatures, and in Heaven no more than on earth can one love God without loving his brother also. The Saint loves all in God, in whom all live, and move, and have their being. The more one loves God the more does he love his brother, and the beloved Apostle says: "We know we have passed from death unto life, *because we love the brethren.*" Moreover, our Lord Himself tells us: "There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." The Saints in Heaven are not then indifferent to us their brethren on earth.

Moreover, it is a mistake to suppose that any real happiness tends to make us selfish, or indifferent to the happiness of others. The reverse is the fact. The miserable are always selfish, and selfish in proportion to the intensity of their misery. The damned, whether angels or men, cannot love, and therefore is their damnation complete, and everlasting. Could they love, could charity enter their hearts, they could repent, reform, rise from hell to Heaven, and suffer no more. No man absorbed in the agony of his own soul can concern himself with the welfare of others, can think of their sufferings, or seek to relieve them. If it was from a regard for them that the rich man in hell prayed that Lazarus might be sent to warn his five brothers, his misery could not have been complete, and had some mitigation.

No doubt, we find noble examples of the broadest and purest charity in persons suffering intense physical pain, and even among the poor and destitute, who are in want of the bare necessities of life; but it were a great mistake to reckon these with the miserable. They are happy in their charity, and have an internal joy and peace which more than overbalance their physical sufferings. It is a mistake to suppose the rich and prosperous who consult no one's good but their own, are happy. I do not find that our Lord ever pro-



nounced them blessed. Saint Laurence broiling on his gridiron suffers nothing in comparison with what the most successful votaries of fashion and pleasure suffer each hour of their lives. Real happiness is in the soul, and is the greater the more the soul loves, and the soul loves the more in proportion as its happiness is greater.

Hence I conclude that the Saints in glory take a deeper interest in our welfare than we do, even the best of us, in the welfare of one another, because they love more, are happier, and are freed from all care or anxiety for themselves. Their beatitude is consummated, and secure. Nothing can destroy or diminish it, and nothing can divert their thoughts to any selfish end. Nothing can divert them from interceding for their brethren, not to augment their own blessedness indeed, or for their own sake, but for the honor of their Creator, and the glory of their Redeemer.

But it is alleged, even by persons who call themselves Christians, that, however well disposed the Saints might be to intercede for us, they cannot hear our invocations, and therefore our prayers to them are vain, and even superstitious. If they cannot hear us, our prayers to them are unquestionably superstitious, and not to be tolerated. But wherefore can they not hear us? Are they not living men and women, even more living than when tabernacling with us?

The non-Catholic world is tending everywhere, as might be expected, to heathen rather than Christian views of death. They do not, as a general thing, reject the future life, but they find it difficult to bring it home to them as a reality, as a truer and more real life than the present. They are rapidly losing all real faith in the life and immortality brought to light through the Gospel, and darkness and despair gather for them once more over the tomb. Nothing is so well fitted to keep living and fresh the Christian faith in the future life as the practice of constantly praying to the Saints. There is throughout a close union between Catholic practice and Catholic faith, and while the faith imposes the practice, the practice keeps alive and real the faith. We may remark too, that they who neglect or reject the practice of praying to the Saints, soon come to look upon the Saints as being as dim and as unsubstantial as the shades asserted by heathen darkness and superstition, and even to doubt all real future personal or individual existence. To Catholic faith the Saints really live, with a real personal existence, with all the faculties they had in this life, even clarified and strengthened. Wherefore should

they be less able to hear us than we are to hear one another? Is it said they are too far from us, or so far removed from us that our voices cannot reach them? But what mean we by distance, when we speak of Saints who have entered into their rest? Are spirits made perfect subject to the accidents of time and space? Time and space pertain only to creatures who are yet on the way, who have not yet returned to God, or actualized their potentiality. When that potentiality is actualized, and their existence is fulfilled or consummated, the angel of the Lord proclaims that for them time is no more, they have entered eternity. Time and space are only relations, and the Saints in glory are not subject to them. They are united to God, and in their union with Him are near unto every one of us, nearer, if we love, than they were before they were called home. They are present wherever there is a thought of them.

We must remember that "the communion of saints" is an article of the Christian's creed, and even the Calvinist Dr. Watts sings,

"The saints above and saints below

Do but one communion make."

There can be no communion where there is no medium of communication. We who live have a medium of communion with those who have gone to their reward, and therefore form one communion with them. This medium is Christ Himself, who is the head of every man, and whose life is the life of all who are begotten anew by the Holy Ghost. The Saints know our thoughts and desires, because seeing God as He is in Himself, they see them reflected in Him as images reflected in a glass. They are visible in His light, clearly seen and known in it. This is nothing anomalous. Even in this life we see and know things only as mirrored to us by the divine light. We see all things *in Deo et per Deum*, because all have their being in Him and are rendered intelligible by the light of His being, which is the light of our reason. There is no more mystery in the way the Saints hear our invocations than there is in the way in which we hear one another. Mystery there is, but it is the same mystery in both cases, and it would be absurd to maintain that we do not hear one another because we cannot explain how we do it. There being a medium of communion between us and the Saints, and they and we forming only one communion, one body of our Lord, being members of Him and members of one another, nothing can be more reasonable, more natural even, than that we should invoke their prayers, and that they should intercede for us. It is in accordance alike with the order of nature and the order of grace.

## THE BLACK HAND.

*Very Rev. Dear Sir:* Inclosed you will find a composition that, I hope, explains itself. It is written in the old ballad style, or, at least, is an imitation of it. No more attractive style exists for the delineation of legends relating to the supernatural, and youth always give it the preference. This style has been, to a great extent, used to display and excite mere human passion. Old authors, especially, are much given to it. Now, should we not turn every thing into that deep and ever-widening channel, which is pouring every day and hour its wealth of gratitude and love into Mary's Immaculate Heart?

This production is rather long, but I hope you will find it not uninteresting. If it excite one emotion of love in any human heart toward Mary, I shall be amply repaid for my trouble.

[Unusually long, but unusually fine. We print even the above accompanying lines. They were not intended for publication; but they express exactly our views, and contain a promise which will gratify our readers.—ED.]

The fleet hounds bay with deep-mouthed roar,  
The huntsmen scour the wood,  
The silent air, by buglers tore,  
Puts on a laughing mood,  
And little squirrels, with timid crest,  
Peep out to see what breaks their rest.

Now here, now there, in echoes wild,  
Rings out the bugle's sound;  
Now here, now there, the baying dogs  
Through shiny reeds quick bound,  
Now spread uncertain on each side  
Near where the trembling foxes hide.

The heir of Lorne, a bold knight he,  
Chief in that mimic war,  
Dashed through the wood right merrily,  
Though many a thorny scar  
Received he from the sylvan sprite,  
Who envied him his merry flight.

The bugles fainter grow, and now  
In whispering echoes die,  
Till thought sits on the young knight's brow,  
And heaves he many a sigh,  
And breathes he many a word of wrath,  
For he hath lost the beaten path.

The day fades 'mid the forest gloom;  
Above the trees afar,  
High o'er his silent, sylvan tomb  
He spies night's twinkling star,

Then, like the shriek of dreadful ghoul,  
He hears the distant, hideous owl.

And many a slimy thing sees he  
Crawl o'er the fallen leaves;  
The quick-paced deer before him flee;  
Their loss no longer grieves.  
A valiant knight was he, and yet  
He stared at every tree he met.

Now dark despair began to twine  
His heavy heart about;  
To farther go he did decline,  
Then, in much fear and doubt,  
Unhorsed, and on a bed of moss,  
Knelt down and prayed before his cross.

"Alas! alas!" the knight he cried;  
"Alas, that it should be;  
That I, a Christian man, abide  
In such drear misery,  
While anxious hearts at home to-night  
Are waiting for their luckless wight."

Full oft he kissed the holy rood,  
Then laid him down to rest  
Within that weird and friendless wood,  
Upon the dark earth's breast;  
And while he slept his faithful steed  
Or watched, or cropped the forest weed.

A holy hermit, in that wood  
Where sunlight never smiled,  
Lived, buried in the solitude  
That frowned by brake and wild;  
And not a thought had he of earth,  
Or of the world's blind, thoughtless mirth.

And he was used, when night drew o'er  
The sky her spangled pall,  
To meditate, by wood and shore,  
And babbling water-fall,  
The mysteries of Now, and Then,  
And God's deep love for sinful men.

Some angels led the holy man  
Across the sleeper's way,  
Ere dreams their mimic life began,  
Or night waned into day;  
And first he thought it was a corse,  
Whose only mourner was its horse.

The hermit's foot, with snapping sound,  
A twig broke near the knight.  
Then up he sprang from the cold ground,  
Flashed forth his falchion bright,  
And stared, with valiant mien and grace,  
At him who sought his resting place.



"Fear not, sir knight," the hermit said—  
His voice was passing sweet—

"'Twas chance my footsteps here has led ;  
Nor cunning, nor deceit  
Hath any place within my breast ;"  
And then the wondering knight he blest.

"Now, holy hermit, pardon me,  
For grieved indeed am I  
That I did not my falchion stay  
Till thou didst come more nigh,  
That I might read, in robe and beard,  
A sign that child hath never feared.

"'Twas yesternorn I left my home,  
Ere lark had oped its eyes,  
The forest wild with friends to roam,  
And chase the wood's wild prize.  
But woe is me ! my thoughtless chase  
Hath made this wild my resting place."

Then said the monk : "Fear not, my son,  
The morn shall bring thee home ;  
But ere the night its task hath done,  
To my lone cell thou'lt come,  
To sleep secure, or, if thou list,  
To hear a wondrous tale I wist."

Through marshy fen and tangled brake  
The hermit took his way,  
And never a word the hermit spake,  
But fervently did pray ;  
And naught was heard but plashing weeds,  
Or rattling of the oft-told beads.

The woods grew thicker and more dense,  
Till, like a heart in sin,  
They ghastly frowned—dread recompense !  
The horrors hid within.  
It seemed that night and dark despair  
Had made the place their chosen lair.

And soon they came across a cave,  
Deep hollowed in the rock,—  
Free as a king's or pauper's grave  
Of pampered guard or lock,  
For naught was hid within that goal  
But what the world contemns—a soul.

A dismal light was burning low  
The rocky floor upon,—  
Its rays fell on the hermit's brow,  
And made it pale and wan.  
He looked like spirit that had fled,  
With human form, the ancient dead.

He gave the knight a rough-hewn seat,  
Then prostrate on the floor

The hermit fell, and did repeat  
The word, "Forevermore ;"  
And many a tear the hermit shed  
Upon that cold and rocky bed.

"Now, holy hermit," cried the knight,  
With heartfelt sympathy,  
"Tell me the reason of this sight  
And utter misery ;  
For man, though made to weep below,  
Hath ever Hope to soften woe."

The mourner rose and sat him down,  
Then wiped his tears away.  
"'Twas thought and its dark brood, my son,  
A moment in full play,  
That bent me to the friendless ground  
In search of peace, alas ! ne'er found."

The hermit sighed, then ceased awhile.  
The eager knight drew near.  
The hermit smiled, a bitter smile,  
Like withered leaves so sere,  
Or, like an infant's pale, dead face,  
A frozen sweetness full of grace.

"Full many a year hath passed, my son,  
And many a head grown grey ;  
Full many a man the earth upon  
Hath come and gone away,  
And many a tomb-stone's silent tongue  
Hath loving hearts with anguish wrung,  
Since I, as thou, was gay and young.

"My mother was a gentle saint,  
My sire a soldier bold,  
And though of manners rough and quaint,  
With heart as true as gold ;  
And much rejoiced were they the morn  
An heir to their old house was born.

"My sire he was a German knight,  
With vassals many a score,  
Who left his mark on many a fight  
By Egypt's distant shore ;  
But Damietta's dreadful strife  
Did end his glory and his life.

"My mother heard the doleful tale,  
Then pined away and died,  
And ere the messenger set sail  
My father found his bride ;  
And their orphan child, with bitter moan,  
Wandered the castle halls alone.

"I grew to manhood all uncared ;  
The years did pass away,  
And left me wicked and sin-seared,  
Yet gayest of the gay ;

For, like the gaudy butterfly,  
I cared not, but to sport and die.

"One dreadful day—Oh! shadow cursed!  
It falls still o'er my path!

A passion dark, through long years nursed,  
Enkindled God's deep wrath:

This sacrilegious hand hath riven  
A picture of the Queen of Heaven!"

The hermit showed a withered hand,—  
'Twas black as raven's wing.

The knight he crossed himself with fear  
At sight of such a thing,

And Mary sought, with fervent prayer,  
To list the hermit's sighs and spare.

"I entered, from a revel late,  
The castle of my sires.

My heart was throbbing in its hate,  
And full of hellish fires;

For, 'mid the revelry and mirth,  
A hand had stricken me to earth.

"It was a friend that struck the blow,  
But wine makes wisdom fly.

I spoke no word, but rose up slow;  
Then, with a maddened cry,

I clave th' offender's head in twain:  
He fell and breathed no breath again.

"I fled the scene; the sky seemed blood;  
The stars avenging eyes;

And Fancy filled the distant wood  
With hollow, mocking cries,

As demon's mock when God's sweet grace  
Is driven from its resting place.

"The drunken deed of blood was done;  
I sought my castle walls;

Blest penance came not with the sun;  
I laughed at virtue's calls;

When, lo! *her* picture, near my bed,  
Curdled my blood with awful dread.

"The morning light fell on her face;  
A life was in her eyes;

It was no more the penciled grace  
'Neath artists' brush that lies;

It was a living face I saw,  
Majestic, calm, inspiring awe.

"I sprang from my uneasy bed;  
I crouched upon the floor;

But ever my gaze was on that head,  
Until I saw no more,

And as I fell upon the ground  
It flashed an angry glance and frowned.

"My senses came again. I cast  
A look upon the head.

It smiled as usual in the past,  
And all my terror fled.

I rushed upon it, full of ire,  
Tore it, and cast it in the fire.

"Look on this hand again," he said,  
To the fear-stricken knight.

"Full many a year since then has sped,  
But not its woful blight;

'Tis black as Judas' awful crime,  
Or chaos ere the birth of Time.

"I left my home. I wandered far;  
A curse was on my soul.

I sought for death in Eastern war,  
As courser seeks the goal;  
And though its breath oft chilled my heart,  
It seemed to shudder and depart.

"I sailed upon the mighty deep,—  
Its waters sobbed with hate,—

A thousand horrors lived in sleep  
And mocked my fallen state;  
The lightning came and struck the bark—  
All, all were lost but the true mark.

"Six days, upon a broken spar,  
I battled with the sea;

The seventh I spied a sail afar  
That came and rescued me.  
But the prosperous winds died off that hour  
And changed to the mad storm's howling roar.

"We fled before the storm-king's breath  
Unto the grey North Sea,

Whose ice-ribbed coasts of living death  
Grinned hideously at me.  
The sailors came, with an angry roar,  
And cast me on the lonely shore.

"All alone, 'neath the cold North Star,  
With ice to right and left,

I watched the ship's white sails afar,  
Then, of all sense bereft,  
I cast me down on the crunching snow,  
And howled to the silent waste my woe.

"I 'woke within a savage hut.  
I saw a woman's eyes

Look on me with a sympathy  
That never, never dies  
Within a woman's feeling breast  
For the poor, wandering, stricken guest.

"She soothed me back to life again;  
I reached my home once more;



I shunned, with hate, my fellow-men,  
And much-loved friends of yore ;  
I wrapped me in my dreadful curse,  
And each day came and found me worse.

"One night I cast me on my bed,  
Aweary with my pain ;  
I thought how happy were the dead  
Who rested without stain :  
It was a ray of God's blest love  
A mother's prayer had gained above.

"A storm was raging round my hall,  
Its fires flashed through my room ;  
The rain, with moaning rush, did fall,  
Out from the upper gloom,  
And the rolling, crashing thunder fell  
On my throbbing heart with a fearful spell.

"A moment's silence came ; I heard  
The monastery bell,  
And its voice came forth with a sound as weird  
As death's cold, ghastly knell ;  
It said, as plain as I now say :  
'Pray, pray, pray, pray the curse away.'

"The morning came. I bowed me down  
At the holy abbot's knee ;  
And when I rose the curse was gone,  
The trembling captive free ;  
But the abbot said : 'The mark shall stay  
Till life and sin shall pass away.'

"And now, my son, the tale is told,  
So rest thee till the morn ;  
And ere thou sleepest breathe a prayer,  
That Mary may adorn  
Thy slumbers with her own fair grace,  
And mark thee with her own blest peace."

The weary knight he laid his head  
Upon the ivy leaves.  
It was a rude but peaceful bed,  
Those tender ivy leaves,  
And pleasant dreams did fancy bless  
With some of their short happiness.

The morning came, and he did see  
The hermit on his knees.  
He looked like some majestic tree,  
Whose frosted locks still please.  
Much marveled, then, the youthful knight,  
When, lo ! he saw the hand all white ;  
And by the rays that graced his head,  
He saw the holy man was dead !

— — — — —  
LET all things be loved for Jesus' sake, but  
Jesus for His own sake.

## COAINA, THE ROSE OF THE ALGONQUINS.

[CONTINUED.]

Not very long after this visit, Father Etienne received a letter from the Lady Superioress of this Convent, in which she spoke of the visit of Coaina and her cousin, and after expressing the most friendly sentiments toward both, offered to receive Coaina at the academy as a pensioner for six months ; at the expiration of which term, she would also receive Winonah for the same period. After due consultation with her friends and kinsman, it was agreed that Coaina should accept the advantages offered by this kind invitation, and Father Etienne accompanied her, himself, to Montreal. Altontinon would have prevented it had she dared, but she had made up her mind, that in all that she intended doing to carry out her plans, no agency of hers should be apparent ; she was too proud, and prized the position she held too highly, to be willing to lose caste, so she gave a cold assent to Coaina's going, while she fumed in secret, and poisoned still more Winonah's mind against her innocent cousin. She told her—under a sacred promise of secrecy, all that she designed to do for her advantage—and found in the ambitious girl a willing ally.

Coaina was very happy in Montreal. Every one in the Convent loved her, and took great pains in assisting her through her tasks. Quick and appreciative in every thing they taught her ; above all, she showed such a passion for music, and so astonishingly was her talent developed by a little instruction, that she was regarded almost as a prodigy. Her voice was of such surpassing sweetness and compass, so full of a certain *wild life*, that ere long she was permitted to sing in the chapel choir, where—her heart overflowing with the love of Jesus and Mary—she sang the *Salve Regina*, with such sweetness and fervor, that the notes soared and floated with thrilling effect, above the grand thunder tones of the organ.

When the six months had expired, the good Sisters of Notre Dame would fain have detained her ; they were unwilling to lose their beautiful favorite, but she desired to go, that she might take the place of Winonah in her aunt's lodge, and be to her indeed a daughter, in the place of her absent child. So she returned to the "Lake of the Two Mountains," and to her home, the same humble-minded, light-hearted, simple child as she

left; and forgetful of the past, she remembered only the debt of gratitude she owed her benefactress, and determined to be more scrupulous than ever in the discharge of the duties she owed her. There was great joy in the village when she came back. Old and young had a pleasant greeting for her; Father Etienne gave her his blessing with his welcome; the children brought flowers and birds for her acceptance, and the old pagan Ma-kee lifted up his head and said: "The sunshine has come back to us, and the song of birds. It is good."

Winonah was kindly received at Notre Dame, but having no talent for music, and but little aptitude for study, the little she gained served but to increase her self-conceit and vanity; and at the expiration of her term, she was full of anger and ingratitude against the good *Religieuses*, because she had failed to learn what they found it impossible to teach her. This, so far from imputing to her own want of capacity, she charged to their indifference. This added fresh zest to the hatred of Altontinon, for the innocent Coaina; but she dared not—as we said before—brave public opinion by open acts of violence to her; therefore, like the wily malicious woman she was, she bided her time, and watched for her opportunity to give crushing effect to her revenge.

Thus matters stood in the village of the "Lake of the Two Mountains," up to the day on which our little narrative opens, and we are happy to say that no more digressions will occur, having put our patient readers in possession of all the necessary facts, to enable them to comprehend as mournful a tragedy as was ever written; crowned by as saintly a martyrdom as the world ever knew.

Altontinon sat alone, still watching her daughter, who was sporting with other girls of her age, on the margin of the lake, and wondering what had become of the young chief, Tar-ra-hee, whom she had not seen since Vespers. Her keen, restless eyes, had been seeking him for the last half hour, but as yet he had not appeared, either among the chief men at the grand lodge, or with the young people on the shore. She became impatient, and was about to rise up from her seat, to walk round in search of him, when some one suddenly approached her, and asked in a quick impatient tone: "Altontinon, where is Coaina?"

She started round, and Tar-ra-hee, the young chief, stood before her.

"Is she not with her companions down there by the lake?" she asked.

"I will go and seek her!" he replied.

Now old Ma-kee, walking slowly, approached her and asked: "Where is Coaina?"

"Ask me where your grandmother's ghost is?" she said sharply. "I do not know where she is."

"Altontinon, your rattles grow finely," replied the old pagan, moving on.

"Where is Coaina, my child?" inquired Father Etienne. "I have not seen her since Vespers."

"I have not seen her for more than an hour, my Father. Perhaps she is in the chapel," she replied more respectfully. He went away. Group after group, of young people approached, one after the other, all making the same inquiry. "We are waiting for her to begin blind man's buff," said one.

"We are waiting for her, to dance. Tar-ra-hee is asking for her," said another.

"We want her to sing for us?" said the children.

"We can't get along without Coaina!" cried one.

"Every body wants her! Where is she?" screamed another.

Almost beside herself with fury, Altontinon restrained herself with difficulty, and professed to be entirely ignorant of the whereabouts of Coaina; and she was finally left alone, but not for long; for presently little Tony straggled up and asked the so oft repeated question: "Where is Coaina?" and received for answer a rousing slap, full on the side of his tawny cheek, which sent him roaring away. Soon after, Tar-ra-hee came back, his gay feathers nodding over his head, his silver ornaments, and a gold medal sent him by the English Queen, glittering in the last glimmer of sunset, so full of life and courage, so graceful and noble in his bearing, that for an instant Altontinon was lost in admiration; but his words recalled her to her old train of thought, and again plunged her into the abyss of her own malicious intentions, for he asked: "If she had yet seen Coaina?"

"I have not seen her. Can't the stars shine without Coaina? Can't the wind blow!" she answered in suppressed rage.

"No, the stars do not shine for me when Coaina is away," replied the young chief with a proud nod. "It grows always dark."

"Coaina no longer heeds me. She is beginning to have lovers. Ah-deek, the Iroquois, has been around my lodge lately. Perhaps if you can find him, Coaina will not be far off," said Altontinon.

The young chief started, and turned upon his heel, stung sharply, but too proud to question his tormenter. Altontinon thought: "He will now seek Winonah," and watched eagerly to see if he went toward her, but he strode off in quite another direction, and she lost sight of him.



Tar-ra-hee wandered listlessly and moodily on, heedless of whither he was going, when he suddenly halted, and bent his head in a listening attitude, then a gleam of joy lit up his swarthy features! He was within a short distance of Alfontinon's lodge, and had heard Coaina's voice singing in low, sweet tones, one of the hymns of the Mission. He sprang forward, and swiftly made his way thither. It was indeed Coaina, seated at the door of the lodge, with the soft moonlight falling upon her upraised face. She heard advancing footsteps; the next moment Tar-ra-hee stood beside her. A deep blush crimsoned her cheeks; she arose and saluted him with downcast eyes.

"I have come for you, Coaina. Your companions await you on the shores of the lake. Come," he said.

"Did my aunt send for me?" she asked.

"No."

"I cannot come. Do not wait."

"I will wait. You shall come!" he said quickly.

"Cyril!" exclaimed Coaina, who always called him by his Christian name.

"Forgive me, Coaina. Come!" he pleaded.

"No. I cannot go. You must return to them."

"I shall stay here," he said in a determined tone.

"Don't—don't. You must go away," she said earnestly.

"I *must* go away!" he said, angrily. "Do you send others away? Why must I go?"

"Ah, Cyril, go, and do not be angry, my friend," she said, while big tears rolled over her cheeks; "I have something to do,—a duty which I must not neglect—and should you stay away and be found here with me—ah, Cyril—don't you see how ill it would look?"

"Listen, Coaina," said the young chief gravely, "I will obey you now, but give ear to my words, and open your heart to take them in. My lodge is empty, and before another moon I will rise up in the Council, and ask for you to be my wife."

A soft blush suffused Coaina's lovely face, and a dreamy smile chased the tears from her eyes, but she only said: "Go now, Cyril, my brother, leave me."

"I go, Coaina, but when the moon rises to the height of yonder red star," he said, pointing to one overhead, "you will hear my flute not far off from the lodge; will you listen to what it tells, Coaina?"

"I will listen, my brother," she promised. Then he turned, and moving swiftly away, was lost among the shadows of the night.

## LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

[From the Life of Saint John the Almoner.]

### No. 12—THE ORIGINAL STAIN.

[CONTINUED.]

"Ulysses, son of Draco, to his dear Anthemis, greeting:

"Bring forward all the heroism of your character before you read this letter, if it reaches you; for it brings you fatal news.

"My father was right; his predictions of misfortunes have been realized, with lamentable accuracy. Neither my prudence nor my efforts have been able to avert them.

"In the beginning I was successful in establishing a house of exchange, upon a hospitable shore; every thing promised a successful and brilliant future. With my vessels heavily and richly laden, we turned our sails homeward, when we were surprised by a terrific tempest which threw us in spite of all our efforts, upon the sand banks of a neighboring coast, where my three beautiful vessels were stranded. For eight days and nights we labored incessantly to relieve them; but the anger of Heaven and the violence of the winds paralyzed all our efforts. On the eighth day success seemed on the point of crowning all our suffering. We had nearly succeeded in floating our vessels. Hope animated all hearts. Once more we were under full sail, when the wind, veering, blew a frightful hurricane and recast us with violence upon the Lybian coast. Mountains and low reefs of sand surrounded us. I gave myself up to despair. The waves of the sea receded and the wind formed huge sand waves, that threatened to submerge our vessels. Our situation attracted the attention of the inhabitants of the country, and we were soon surrounded by a swarm of barbarians, in canoes. I hoped that they would take pity on us, and assist us in our distress. Ah! how cruelly was I deceived! Their near approach was signaled by a shower of arrows, which they directed against the crews. My sailors jumped into their long-boats and sought safety in flight. These barbarians pursued them, and after a severe struggle, succeeded in sinking the boats, and the crews all perished to a man. Indifferent to the future, with the calmness of despair, I remained upon deck. I sought neither to shelter myself nor to escape. The savages took possession of my vessels and loaded their canoes with our rich cargoes. I know not why they spared my life in the midst of the general massacre. Of my entire crew,

all were destroyed save the bearer of this letter, who had succeeded so well in concealing himself that the savages several times passed near him without discovering him. For myself, during the pillage of the vessels, I remained uninjured. \* \* \* \* Doubtless your prayers saved me. When nothing remained, save the dismantled hulks of the stranded vessels, then with infernal skill, by the aid of pick-ax and crowbar, they disjointed my vessels, piece by piece. In this last work I was discovered; but either I appeared somewhat formidable, or their rich booty mollified their hearts, or they hoped to secure a ransom; for some reason they spared me; merely binding my hands and feet and transporting me to one of their canoes. The horror of my situation, and the magnitude of my losses almost deprived me of reason; I neither knew where I was, nor what I suffered. I awaited death with indifference; I even wished for it, and cursed the slowness of the barbarians, in giving me the last stroke. Yes, now do I regret not having perished at that moment. I was released from my chains to be made a beast of burthen, and was forced to carry, to the hut of the old savage, that portion of my rich merchandise which fell to his lot.

"Yes, I have become a slave, my good Anthemis. I who, in Egypt, counted my slaves by hundreds, have been reduced to the harshest servitude. I found the only one of my companions who was saved, and together we bewailed our common misery. His fortitude encouraged me, and he has even inspired me with a hope of our deliverance. He gained the good will of his master, and he has persuaded mine that I am rich and can pay a large ransom. Since then my position has been made more bearable; and he has at length obtained permission to go to Alexandria to obtain the price of my liberty and his own. Ah, how much it costs me to write you! Would it not be better to let you believe I had perished in the sea? Poor Anthemis! I have lost all your dower, and deeply compromised your future. . . . Leave me, then, to my fate, and at least save yourself from the fatality that accompanies me. Adieu."

More than once the tears of Anthemis prevented her from finishing this sad epistle. But with the last sentence, she arose, strong and energetic, and placing her hand upon her heart, to check its throbbing, she hastily bid her slaves see to the comfort of the messenger, while she hurriedly bent her steps toward her father's house.

As she entered, she exclaimed, "my husband is a slave! we must pay his ransom!"

She gave the letter to Ocimon, who read it to the end.

"Who gave you this papyrus?"

"His companion in chains; his friend, his savior!"

"He must be questioned; for who knows but it is all a scheme of some rascals to procure money. Perhaps this dreadful shipwreck and horrible captivity is all moonshine."

"But do you not recognize the writing of Ulysses? His misfortunes are but too certain."

"Hast thou seen his father?"

"I but this instant received the letter, and came directly to you!"

"If this tale of his captivity is true, his father should be consulted before me, as to the course to pursue."

"There is no deliberation necessary. He must be ransomed without delay."

"Yes, my child, but it is Draco who should attend to that. You are already unfortunate enough in having lost your fortune by him."

"I shall, if necessary, sell my jewels and all that I possess, to release my husband from slavery."

"Where is the messenger?"

"I left him at the house of Ulysses; he is too exhausted to see you to-night."

Notwithstanding this last speech, Ocimon hesitated not to send one of his slaves for him: The old man boldly presented himself, and fixed upon the merchant a look in which curiosity, surprise, envy and hatred, were strongly mingled. Ocimon returned a haughty look, but did not seem to have ever before seen him.

"Thou knowest, he exclaimed, in an abrupt tone, the punishments reserved for cheats and swindlers. Now if I perceive in thy answers the least appearance of equivocation, I shall immediately hand thee over to the hands of justice."

"Human justice is not the thing most to be dreaded. That of God alone is infallible! Now, since it has executed its vengeance on me, I am at peace. It is for those only to tremble who triumph up to the present time on account of its indulgence."

"Thou dost then still declare that my son-in-law is a slave, and that this letter is genuine?"

"The son of Draco is a prisoner among the barbarians, and that letter is genuine."

"Take care, my good fellow, I shall press thee with so many questions that I shall oblige thee to contradict thyself!"

"I know that you are more adroit than I am, but I am not embarrassed, for I shall not lie."



"In what region didst thou leave my son-in-law?"

"I know not. It faces Syrtæ, and is eight days journey from the city which the latins call Buraana."

"I shall write to the Prefect of Africa, and I shall, by that means, discover whether it is not thy design to extort money from me."

"In days gone by, I might have done so, for I loved money, and I should not have hesitated at any measure for obtaining it—not even the murder of my benefactor; but those times have long since past; write then to the Prefect of Lybia and await his reply. If you do not fear, your son-in-law will die before his ransom reaches him."

"If his captivity is real, it is not thee I would entrust with his ransom. My banker shall arrange the affair with one of his correspondents in the city nearest the place of his captivity."

"By so doing you will spare my old age a painful journey, and for the matter of that you might also spare yourself all expense by letting your son-in-law perish among the barbarians. There is no reason why he should be dearer to you than your friends. In Syrtæ, or off the coast, what matters where you leave them?"

Faithful to the system which he had heretofore followed with so much success, Ocimon remained deaf to the remembrances invoked by the old man, and feigned to have no recollection of his ancient crime.

"Go," he haughtily continued. "Thy story will soon be proved, and if it is a falsehood, woe be to thee!"

He positively refused to contribute any thing toward the ransom of Ulysses; consequently the burthen of the entire sum fell upon Draco, who was reduced by it to his last obole.

The news of the misfortunes of the young merchant spread through the city at the moment when his notes fell due, and his creditors eagerly seized upon all his possessions and divided them among them. As they did not liquidate all their demands, they sued Anthemis, and as her name had been connected with her husband's in business, they obtained judgment against her, and cast her into prison. In vain had Ocimon sought to escape the consequences of his son-in-law's misfortunes, for he was now obliged to pay for the release of his daughter. Moreover, the disasters of Ulysses deeply embarrassed many other houses, and to save himself, the banker, with whom Ocimon had deposited his funds, burned his

books and denied the deposits. Overwhelmed with all these losses, Ocimon fell into a state of fruitful despair. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

*Rome—Increase of our Holy Faith—Cathedral in China.*

The students of the Pontifical College of the Propaganda, on the Festival of the Epiphany, consecrate to the Magi kings a Polyglot Academy. This year it took place with the usual solemnity. Seven Cardinals were present, as also other personages of distinguished rank, both natives and foreigners. It is an interesting sight to see students gathered here from almost every nation, and to hear them reciting, in their various dialects, orations commemorating generally the introduction of religion in their respective countries. It brings to the mind most forcibly the universality of our religion, the scope of which is to bring all to the knowledge of the truth. And as each student presented himself to perform his part and recite in his native tongue, I could not help looking upon them as living proofs of the zeal of the Catholic missionaries, who had penetrated into almost every clime to make conquests to the faith, and to send to Rome some amongst the number to return again and complete the work which they themselves had happily commenced. The Polyglot Academy of the Propaganda, while it bears such valuable testimony to the progress of our holy faith, remains unparalleled by any other institution upon the earth.—*London Register.*

The *Catholic World* says that within the last fifty years no Church has been so prosperous as in the United States. About two thousand churches and chapels have been built; an increase of one thousand and eight hundred clergymen—mostly from abroad—one hundred and sixty schools established for the Catholic training of 18,000 boys and 34,000 girls. Moreover, there existed in 1857 66 asylums, with 4,963 orphans of both sexes; 26 hospitals, with three thousand beds; four insane asylums, besides many other charitable institutions, all established and supported by the private charity of Catholics.

In May last the corner stone of a new Roman Catholic Cathedral was laid in Pekin. It is to be of magnificent dimensions—three hundred feet long, and one hundred and fifty feet in breadth, to the extremes of the transept. Its spire will overtop the loftiest of the palaces of the imperial city.

## THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

REVIEW OF THE INTERESTS OF THE  
HEART OF JESUS.

[CONCLUDED.]

But, that this result may be fully obtained, prayer is necessary; for there is no work that requires assistance more supernatural than the return to unity of those who are separated from their birth. Among the Anglicans themselves, there are many who pray for the unity of Christianity; and to promote this holy work, they have formed an association of prayer, in which a certain number of Catholics have thought they might join. The Holy See has not approved of this mixture, by which Catholics might seem to give their approbation to the false ideas which the Anglicans have formed upon the union of Christian Churches. But we must not, on that account, show ourselves less zealous than they for the re-establishment of unity. On the contrary, the better we understand the conditions, the more fervently ought we to implore its realization from the Divine Goodness.

Whilst the Anglicans attack the Catholic Church, under pretext of uniting themselves to her, they make the most pressing advances to the Schismatical Church of Russia. A meeting took place lately between some eminent members of these two communions. But the Russians, fearful no doubt of compromising themselves in the sight of their coreligionists, appeared much less anxious than the Anglicans to adopt any decisive resolution. They probably are waiting until the Anglican Church shall have clearly and unanimously determined her creed before they will form the union, and in that case they may have to wait a long time.

But if Russian orthodoxy evinces little desire to unite with Anglicanism, it appears on the contrary very anxious to make an end of Catholicity in unfortunate Poland. There is no means which has not been set to work to obtain individual apostasy, and as the end is not soon to be gained in this way, more radical measures have been taken. After confiscations, on a grand scale, the Poles have been forbidden to acquire real estate, otherwise than by inheritance, a prohibition which cannot fail to cause territorial property to fall gradually into the hands of Russian schismatics, and consequently to deprive the Catholic religion of her last resource.

Prussia is working also, although by less violent means, to destroy little by little the preponderance of Catholicity in Silesia. It is primary education which is employed, with deplorable success, to produce this result. Whilst the number of Protestant teachers is multiplied beyond measure, Catholics are refused the means to bring up their children by instructors of their own religion, and they are constrained to send them to schools where their faith is exposed to almost certain shipwreck.

Before the prayers, which we offered for the mission of Cochinchina and Tonking, could have mounted to Heaven, one of the human supports of our hopes for these unfortunate countries has been overthrown. We speak of Phung, the Catholic pretender to the throne, who seems to have been completely defeated and obliged to seek safety in flight. At the date of the last letters received from Cochinchina, the fate of this unfortunate prince was still unknown. The destruction of the great hopes, which there was reason to place upon him, appears to be attributable to two causes: first, to the want of good understanding among his principal officers; secondly, and here lies the principal cause, to the efficacious assistance which the government of Tu Duc received from the Chinese pirates who have infested for a long time the coasts of the Annamite Empire. These pirates, who have among them some European or American gunners, set no bounds to their audacity. Last year they went so far as to fire upon our steamship, the *D'Entricasteaux*, which mere Chinese would never have dared to do. This year, they came to threaten Tu Duc almost within his very capital, and he, they say, thought himself happy to be delivered from their menaces by means of a contribution of four millions of francs. But in appeasing their rapacity thus, he asked, in return, that the freebooters would undertake to go and destroy the naval forces of Prince Phung. They have, it seems, but too well fulfilled their engagement, and Tu Duc, having then only to contend with his rival by land, has succeeded, thanks to the dissensions among the latter's lieutenants, in annihilating his army.

What is most to be dreaded, if this sad news is confirmed, is that the defeat of the Catholic Prince may draw down new rigors upon his coreligionists, and that that Church, so long desolated by persecution and by war, may behold another tempest breaking over her. Let us adore the ways of Providence, who seems sometimes to be pleased to destroy those resources upon which



His servants have placed their most reasonable hopes, and let us continue to give at least the help of our prayers to those who have no other trust than in Heaven.

Another country, now undergoing severe trials, equally claims the same help. It is the Isle of Guadeloupe, successively desolated by two frightful scourges, the earthquake and the cholera. A letter has been handed to us, which paints, in the most affecting colors, the state of this island :

"Everywhere deaths are multiplied in a frightful manner; the land is struck with consternation. Men are overwhelmed with desolation. They fly. They ask each other whether the hand of God, so justly laid in anger upon our guilty people, will not soon be raised to put an end at last to the calamities which affect us. \* \* \* At Basse Tevere, for some days past, terror has been driven to such a point, that no one can be found to bury the dead, dig their graves, and carry their bodies to the burying ground. It was believed that we should even come to be obliged to throw the corpses into the sea. To finish our misfortunes, famine is added to the rest, for no ship will land on our desolate shores. \* \* \* For two entire days, Pointe-à-Pitre was in want of bread. Although communications are nearly uninterrupted, Martinique, however, has been able to render it assistance.

"We beg of you, in mercy, to solicit everywhere prayers, good works and reparatory communions for our unfortunate country, which has paid very dear for its impiety, its disorders, and the innumerable sacrilegious communions made since the emancipation of the negroes. Have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for the same intention, in the sanctuaries most beloved of our hearts, not forgetting the tomb of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, in honor of whom a novena is about to commence at Pointe-à-Pitre. Let us hope that the Sacred Heart of Jesus will permit itself to be moved by the entreaties of her whom it favored in so special a manner upon earth. As for us, full of confidence in His goodness and mercy, we will not quit this place of refuge in which you have established us \* \* \*

All our associates will be zealous to unite in these prayers, and they will be the more favorably heard by the Heart of Jesus, as the sanctuary in which they will be especially offered to Him, has recently acquired new titles to His favors.

The Sovereign Pontiff has erected into an Archconfraternity, the Association in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, already established at Paray-

le-Morrial, and has given to it, consequently, the power of joining to itself the other confraternities of the Diocese, and of allowing them to participate in its indulgences. Mgr., the Bishop of Autun, in erecting this Archconfraternity recommended to the faithful the Associations of the *Reparatory Communion*, and of the *Holy Hour*, which are centered in the same monastery, and that of the *Guard of Honor*, whose center is in the Monastery of the Visitation at Bourg.

#### SOLENN BENEDICTION OF THE STATUE OF NOTRE DAME DE MEACO.

By a letter dated November 25th, the zealous curate of Digna, Father Robin, gives us an account of this touching ceremony :

"You were pleased to give your pious readers, in your number of last September, some details of the devotion of St. Francis Xavier to Mary, of his desire to erect at Mass a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under the name of *Notre Dame de Meaco*; and finally, of the project determined on last year of realizing his vow, by having a statue of bronze cast, destined to be placed on one of the mountains which overlook the ancient capital of the Japanese Empire.

"Of course it received a solemn reception at Consance, in that church of the eleventh century, where, in 1847, Providence was pleased to establish the center of the association of prayers for the conversion of Japan.

"This High Mass was solemnly chanted with deacon and subdeacon, and a sermon was preached by the Superior of the community of the Presentation. At Vespers, after the *Solve Regina*, all went in procession from the church to the principal hall of the priest's house, which had been arranged as a chapel, and there, after the recitation of the *Ave Maria*, the priests took the litter upon their shoulders, and received the statue upon it, which they carried to the church, chanting the *Ave Maris Stella*. All were zealous in taking part in this procession.

"Some touching extemporaneous remarks upon the subject of the feast,—upon the approaching triumph of the Blessed Virgin over the whole universe, were made, and the senior priest of Consance gave the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

"Whilst the hymn '*O blest for ever*,' was singing enthusiastically, from five to six hundred came to pay Mary this mark of their veneration, with the most touching piety."

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM; OR, THE  
MIRACULOUS CRUST.

[CONTINUED.]

Teddy sat on one of the stools, holding his sickly and feverish babe in his poor, useless arms, those arms so willing to work, but which could find no work to do. He had listened, in gloomy silence, to the tirade of the infuriated landlord, and wondered in his heart how it was that the sight of his empty house, his suffering wife, and the wan, thin faces of his half-starved children did not melt the man's cold, hard heart, and induce him instead of turning them out-doors, rather to bestow a few pence on them to buy bread. For the landlord, Mr. Simms, was as rich as he was miserly; he owned nearly all the neighboring houses, and had been laying by money for years. He had no family, and in the nice house he occupied a few streets off, the only inmate beside himself, was his old, deaf housekeeper. He had once had a poor, sickly, paralytic aunt thrown on his hands, but he soon sent her to the poor-house, where she had since died. Gold was his idol, and he had hardened his heart and closed his ears to the cry of the poor and needy.

Do you not think it must have been something very like a miracle, to suddenly change the heart of this wicked man, and make him charitable and compassionate? Remember: "The hearts of all men are in the hands of the Lord."

Teddy sat there, brooding over the plenty that he knew to be in this man's house, and contrasting it with the poverty of his own; and a dark temptation began to creep by little and little into his hitherto innocent heart. "He would never miss a few crusts of bread from his abundance," thought poor Teddy, "and they would keep the breath of life in my poor babes." Deeper and deeper grew the shades of night around, and darker and darker grew the cloud of temptation over his soul. He sat for hours by the side of the moaning, suffering wife, and listening to the pitiful pleadings of the hungry children: "Oh, daddy! daddy! can't you find a little bread in the cupboard? Look again, daddy! May be there's a little crumb. I'm so hungry!" The sorrowful wail smote on the father's heart like a dagger, and Bessy, hearing it, renewed her fretful complaints, crying that she wished she was dead, and

that if Teddy Miles was half a father, he would get bread for his children, if he had to steal it, rather than see them die before his eyes.

"Steal it!" Teddy had not dared utter the word to himself, but now that it was spoken, the temptation stood unveiled before him.

He shrank at first as if he had received a blow; he paused; fearful was the struggle between good and evil going on in that one heart. Just then the poor babe gave a faint gasp, and straightened its little body as if going into a fit. "She's dying," screamed the mother, "my poor baby! it's the hunger, the hunger!" 'Twas enough; the tried and tempted human soul could bear no more. A strange look passed over his face; he laid the babe in the mother's arms, and in a hoarse, unnatural voice, he exclaimed: "Whist! whist! children; whist Bessy! bread ye shall have ere the mornin' breaks. Try to sleep now, darlins; father'll go out and find some;" and so saying, the despairing, half-crazed man, ran wildly from the house. Famine, gnawing like a wolf at his vitals, and misery at his heart, he strode fiercely along, reckless of observers, if any such there were on a winter's midnight, nor paused till he reached the dwelling of his rich landlord. Then, noiselessly he entered the yard, stole up to the kitchen window and softly opened it. He thought not of money, only bread, bread for his famishing children. This he resolved to have. Eyeing his bony, emaciated hand, he firmly clenched it, and in a terrible tone he muttered: "I'd not wish to harm the man; but let him stop me at his peril. Bread! bread! for my babies! death itself shan't stay me!" [TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE BIRDS.

We beg leave of our excellent contributors in Canada, the United States and France, who conduct so nicely the Children's Department in the AVE MARIA, to occupy a little corner of their columns, were it only to show that we are not indifferent to that charming little class of our readers. Nearly our entire life has been spent among children, and even now, we feel nowhere as happy as in their very midst. We cannot be always serious, and we too like, once in a while, a little amusing story.

The celebrated Abbé Hoffman treats us to the following sweet parable:

Listen while I tell you of a pious hermit, who loved the Blessed Virgin above all created things;



he commenced all his acts and discourses by *Ave Maria*.

A beautiful little songster of the wild wood, of richest plumage, shared with him his lowly cell, where trilling his musical lays, from his master's voice he learned to sing from early dawn to dewy eve, *Ave Maria*.

From his narrow cage, he caught sight of the deep green forest, and pluming his flight he soared at full liberty among the waving foliage, singing loud and clear, *Ave Maria*.

With a sad heart and tearful eyes, the hermit followed him; but the bird flew from tree to tree, then rising high in the air he sang, *Ave Maria*.

With the swiftness of lightning, a fierce vulture darted upon the poor little bird and seized it in its sharp claws. Then the little songster, in its pains and terror sang,—oh so plaintively,—*Ave Maria!*

The sound of the sweet words frightened the vulture, and opening his talons away flew the little bird, singing louder, clearer, sweeter than ever, *Ave Maria!*

The hermit, feeling quite sad at the loss of his little favorite, was standing at the door of his cell, when suddenly the bird lit upon his hand; then they entered the hermitage, both joyfully singing together, *Ave Maria*. Mary, thou didst not permit the vulture to destroy the little bird, that in its distress sang *Ave Maria*; neither wilt thou abandon the sinner, who in his repentance will say, from a contrite heart, *Ave Maria*."

This reminds us of what *happened here* only a few months ago, to a beautiful little canary bird, just now filling our room with exquisite music. Two months ago this little singer was a boarder at the Sisters' house, where he sang the whole day long for these good people; sometimes poised upon the statue of the Blessed Virgin, which presides over the community room of the Religious; sometimes perched upon the framed picture of Saint Joseph, he sang his sweetest songs for the Sisters, who in return took the best care of him.

But behold, a certain Sunday afternoon, Pussy, a large four-footed feline animal, attracted, no doubt, by the charm of his songs, introduced herself without leave or noise into the same singing room, which she left a moment after, carrying off master singer in her mouth, and thus proudly trotted down stairs and out into the garden, with the probable intention to make a choice luncheon. One of the Sisters, who was quietly telling her beads in the garden, happily saw puss making off with her prize. What she said to pussy has not

been preserved, but the result was that pussy gave up her prey without any struggle, and that the Sister overjoyed, brought back the little songster unharmed, to the amazement and applause of the whole Community.

It may be difficult to account satisfactorily for such an event. Please mark, we relate a fact, not a story. The hero is now, and ever since, in our own room, where he can be seen and heard, and almost conversed with, for he is uncommonly intelligent, owing we presume to his early education. Since the said occurrence took place, we have more than once seen and examined the good-natured pussy, whose momentary weakness was so soon and so wittingly repaired. People will say that such is the rule in Communities, especially of nuns, all sorts of animals soon lose their natural wicked inclinations, and become gentle and surprisingly good. We do not deny it; but we may likewise be permitted to think that pussy, reading in the countenance of the good Sister, that her act was not exactly approved, may have reasoned thus: "If I eat this young songster, how will it fare with me afterward? To abstain might be more prudent," and so thinking, she probably consented to forego her ill-chosen luncheon. Thus a timely reflection saved all trouble. Peace was restored, and ever since pussy is held in great esteem in the Convent; and the little singer, the first of his kind, perhaps, that ever came out unhurt from a cat's mouth, has become doubly dear to us. This will surprise our dear little readers; but we think we had more reason to be surprised, when we ourselves, just three years since, visiting the vast military hospital at Mound City, were asking one of these same Sisters how many dying soldiers she had baptized for her share, she replied modestly and firmly: "Seventy-five, Father."

We wonder at a little bird saved by a gentle Sister, from a cat's mouth, and we forget seventy-five bright immortal souls saved from the jaws of utter destruction, and restored forever to the bosom of their heavenly Father by the same hand. Our charming little companion, puts us in mind sometimes of greater wonders than his mysterious escape; and inasmuch as those seventy-five fortunate soldiers baptized after a due preparation, on the brink of their eternity, owe their endless happiness to the Blessed Virgin, for such is the declaration of the Sisters themselves, we have no objection to admit that a little ejaculatory prayer of the same kind saved him from death.

Thus we are told that the good Saint Francis, saved the life of many a little animal, his dear brothers, as he was wont to call them.

"February 20, 1866: At some time please send me ten copies of the Almanac. I am exceedingly anxious to see it and give it an introduction here among the Catholics of the place. If they could only know the pleasure and edification we derive from the pages of the AVE MARIA, I think they would not remain longer without its actual possession. Most respectfully and cordially, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, M. F."

"February 2, 1866: Each number of the beautiful little magazine charms and delights me more and more, and I feel as if I would like to thrust it, *volens volens*, into every Catholic family. All who have the honor and happiness of calling themselves Catholic, and clients and children of our dear Blessed Mother, should subscribe to the little paper. Be assured that my feeble efforts shall be exerted to the utmost to increase the circulation of the AVE MARIA. A. E. S."

[LETTER FROM ROME.]

"Frequently within the last few months have I thought of the obligation that has devolved upon me, incapable though I be for the task, of saying a few words in praise of the AVE MARIA, that beautiful little periodical, which has already permeated, like a gentle zephyr, our great continent, bearing upon its wings the sweet perfumes of the spring-time, swelling with the praise and love and glory of the purest Lily of the Valley, the Rose of Jericho, our beloved Mother Mary ever Immaculate. This little journal, then, so welcome and so propitious to the people of America, the tutelary children of Mary, has penetrated even to this distant country. Within the old walls of the Eternal City I have read with the greatest pleasure several copies of the ever welcome AVE MARIA. And what wonder that the modest little sheet should find its way to Rome? Timidly, no doubt, it comes, couched in its modest tones and homely vernacular; for Rome is the seat of the great theologians who have for ages fought the battles of the Mother of God against her enemies, who have talked in high sounding Latin of the wondrous privileges of this most blessed of creatures, who have assisted the Holy Pontiffs to declare dogmatically those prerogatives with which she is adorned. Indeed, as the present Archbishop of Westminster beautifully remarked in his funeral panegyric on the late Cardinal Wiseman, 'Rome is especially the home of the Blessed Mother of God. Her name and her form are to be seen in all its streets, in the palaces of the rich, in the dwellings of the poor, shedding abroad the fragrance of the cinnamon and the odor of the balsam.' No wonder then that the AVE MARIA has found its way to Rome, as the dove flies to her nest, as the infant fondly seeks its mother's bosom, there to be comforted and encouraged. May I often then, even in the midst of all the spiritual treasures which surround us in this center of Christendom, have the pleasure of a refreshing draught from the sparkling and refreshing pages of the AVE MARIA. I. MCT."

**A Golden Wreath for the Month of Mary.**

As far as we can ascertain, the devotion of the Month of Mary is becoming gradually more widely spread from year to year. We trust, indeed, that

at no distant day it will be universal, and that the joyous sound of every church bell, from Maine to Florida, and from the Carolinas to the golden gates of California, will usher in the first vespers of the bright, balmy feast of the Mother of God, and that every succeeding day will find all her children clustered round her altars until the happy month ends with the triumphant *Te Deum*, crowning her OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

For some years all that is Catholic in Europe has united in hailing Mary Queen of May. Yet we do not think we betray any undue national vanity in saying that we of the New World can, and we but will it, successfully compete with our brethren across the billows in proclaiming our love and devotion to the Queen of Heaven and earth, our own Blessed Mother. We trust, then, that some day, from the chiming of every church, and from thousands of reeling belfries, one prolonged *Magnificat* and perpetual Rosary of sweetest praise will echo and re-echo over our beautiful land of the Immaculate Conception, from the beginning until the end of May.

Without any foolish pretension to being even a partial cause of the increasing love of Mary through the land, we claim the right to rejoice at what we see and distinctly hear.

Indeed, we cannot feel indifferent to a movement of this kind. To aid it in the feeble measure of our efforts, we purpose to publish the "AVE MARIA's Golden Wreath for the Month of Mary," in eighty pages in 32mo, containing choice reading, prayers and hymns set to music for every day of the month. Price, twenty cents by quantity of ten at least, or thirty cents per single copy.

The object we have in view in preparing such a cheap and yet interesting and sufficiently complete New Month of Mary, is to place it within the reach of every Catholic, at home or at school; to help our Rev. Clergy in introducing and propagating the pious exercises of the Month of Mary in every Christian family; to establish uniformity in congregations, whether assembled or dispersed; and we indulge the hope of assisting many in spending the beautiful month more agreeably and beneficially than before, without almost any expense; for who cannot afford to lay out twenty cents?

But before printing any we must know whether we judge rightly or not of the sentiments of our readers. We ask no money before the work is done, but we respectfully beg to be informed at once what orders we may have to fill. For those whose devotion and generosity would wish to make the "GOLDEN WREATH OF THE MONTH OF MARY" a handsome ornament for their parlor, or a present to a friend, we shall issue an edition enriched with choice engravings.

**MICH. S. & N. INDIANA RAILROAD.**

PASSENGER TRAINS will leave South Bend station as follows, daily, except Sundays. Going East:

Leave South Bend 1:55 a.m.	Arrive at Toledo 8:15 a.m.
" do 9:25 a.m.	" do 8:45 p.m.
" do 9:10 p.m.	" do 4:00 a.m.

All three trains make close connection at Toledo with trains for the East. The last two trains connect directly through to Detroit (via Adrian and Monroe), arriving 6:30 p.m. and 6:10 a.m. respectively. Going West:

Leave South Bend 2:15 a.m.	Arrive at Chicago 5:59 a.m.
" do 9:25 a.m.	" do 12:50 p.m.
" do 7:30 p.m.	" do 11:00 p.m.

Making connections with all trains West and Northwest.



# APPROBATIONS

VERY REV. E. SERIN:

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I feel truly gratified to send you the reply of his Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, in reference to the "AVE MARIA," on which you desired me to consult him. I congratulate you upon the kind words of encouragement I now convey to you. After such a high sanction, it would be too cold to say that I have no objection to your pious undertaking. But you knew before, with what delight I heard the first words you spoke to me about it. With all my heart I hereby bid you go on with it. You have opened a rich vein, at which a number of pious souls will come to refresh and invigorate themselves. Fear not! You will be supported by all who love the Holy Mother of God; and who can call himself a Christian and refuse her that proof of his veneration?

I am happy to see the foundation of such a monument laid in my Diocese. It will cheer all my Priests, it will gladden all the country. † JOHN HENRY, Bishop of Fort Wayne.

"I very highly approve of the design relative to the paper which Father Serin proposes to publish, nor do I doubt that a work of this kind, proceeding under your auspices, will be productive of great good."

"PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA,"  
BALTIMORE, June 16, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: The establishment of a paper in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of our dear Lord, and our own sweet Mother in Heaven, was something so new in this country, and so far in advance of what many might believe to be the religious sentiment of our Catholic people, who have been made to breathe from childhood an atmosphere infected by unbelief, that I, at first, hesitated to lend my sanction to the undertaking, and I wished to examine carefully the first numbers of the AVE MARIA, before giving it my approval. This I have done, and I am now happy to be able to say, that I have been much pleased with the first five numbers, with the slight exceptions I have taken the liberty to communicate to you. Go on as you have begun; avoid all exaggeration, for our Immaculate Mother needs no such eulogy, which were rather injurious than beneficial to her honor; and, I have no doubt you will succeed, and obtain the blessing of our Lord, who cannot be greeted with a more acceptable homage than that which comes to Him through the one nearest and dearest to His Heart—His own Mother.

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

Our Catholic people are further advanced in piety than many gave them credit for; they are prepared not only to gather the fruits, but reverently and lovingly to cull the flowers of devotion. They will no doubt welcome the AVE MARIA with an abundant and increasing patronage; thus signaling their love towards the great Patroness of these United States.

I remain, very faithfully, yours,  
M. J. SPALDING,  
Archbishop of Baltimore.

MT. ST. MARY'S, CTN., Feast of St. Bonaventura.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: When my approbation was solicited for the publication of the first numbers of the "AVE MARIA," I withheld it on the ground that it had already secured the approval of your excellent Bishop, and, through him, of his Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, which I deemed sufficient. I must confess that I had also some slight misgivings as to the expediency of the publication in the form in which you inclined to present it to the public. But as you kindly renew your application for a word of encouragement from me, and as satisfactory evidence has been afforded me that the "AVE MARIA" has thus far contributed, and bids fair to contribute still more largely in future, to the advancement of piety and the honor and glory of Jesus and His and our Blessed Mother, I hereby authorize and request you to have my name added to the list of those who embrace every opportunity of showing fealty, devotion and love to the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

Yours, very truly, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,  
JOHN B. PURCELL, Archbishop of Cincinnati.

The AVE MARIA, published at Notre Dame, Indiana, by Very Rev. E. Serin, appears, from what the undersigned has seen of it, to be deserving of the encouragement of the Catholic community.

PETER RICHARD, Archbishop of St. Louis.  
NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1865.

I have read with great interest and real edification the AVE MARIA. It is well calculated to inspire and increase devotion towards the Immaculate Mother of our Blessed Redeemer. May it succeed in my earnest prayer.

J. M., Archbishop of New Orleans.

REV. DEAR FRIEND: Please receive my subscription, and at the same time my hearty approbation of your holy and noble undertaking. Mary is the great advocate of the Church in America. Let us unite our efforts to promote her glory, and obtain more and more her powerful assistance for the triumph of our Holy Church.

† AMEDEUS,  
CLEVELAND, April 11, 1865.

Very Rev. Father: Inclosed find my subscription to the "AVE MARIA," the very interesting and useful little periodical which comes forth from your noble University to promote the devotion and proclaim the praises of our Blessed Mother. I consider it a valuable acquisition for every Catholic family. I will certainly encourage its circulation. Respectfully, yours, in our Lord,  
GEO. A. CARRELL, Bishop of Covington.

COVINGTON, KY., September 5, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I can but approve fully of your undertaking in publishing the "AVE MARIA." A weekly from such a source, and under such supervision as Notre Dame, has already its sanction; and needs indeed no other approbation but the one of the diocese, in accordance with the only proper rule in our Church. Please to have two copies forwarded to my address. Believe me, dear father, with sincerest respects, your truly devoted,  
† JOHN M. HENRI,  
MILWAUKEE, April 1, 1865.

Bishop of Milwaukee.  
Very Rev. and Dear Sir:—I rejoice at your pious thought of the AVE MARIA. It must succeed. When it is the body of Christ and the fulness of Him, is crumbling away in multiplied divisions, the sweet and bright AVE MARIA of the Archangel is the harbinger of many conversions. "Gaude, Maria Virgo, cunctas hereses sola intermixti in universo mundo." It is also the harbinger of that restored unity for which the Saviour God so touchingly prayed in the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel. Hence I rejoice at your enterprise. Accept for the good work the enclosed sum which I wish my means would permit me to increase a hundred fold.

With great respect and esteem, Your most obedient servant,  
BUFFALO, April 5, 1865.

† JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.

ERIE, Pa., April 28, 1865.

So much procrastination, and absence and business, have nearly prevented my reply, till the month of May is at hand. As you have chosen it to inaugurate your enterprise to her honor, I must send you my feeble note of approval, for fear I should miss the merit of it if I longer delayed. We shall of course further it among our clergy and people with all care and zeal, praying meantime for its success. I take the liberty to enclose my certified check, to pay first my life-subscription, and secondly, for specimen numbers of the first issue, to be sent to me so as to help its introduction.

Pray for yours in Christ,  
J. M., Bishop of Erie.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir:—Enclosed find my subscription for the AVE MARIA. I have had the pleasure of reading the first two numbers, they pleased me very much, they breathe a spirit of true and genuine piety. It has my best wishes for its entire success. † F. P. McFARLAND, Bp. of Hartford.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: Our Holy Father, in his late Encyclical Letter, asserts that the enemies of our holy religion spread impious doctrines, by the means of pestilent books, pamphlets and journals. A most efficacious antidote against this poison is the circulation of truly religious journals. I hail, then, with joy the AVE MARIA. From such a Catholic paper, under the auspices of the Immaculate Mary, who is the Protectress of America, and who has destroyed all heresies throughout the world, much good is to be hoped for.

M. DOMENEZ, Bishop of Pittsburg.  
NEWARK, September 22, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I have received, and read with much pleasure, several numbers of the AVE MARIA, and would be glad to have it circulated in my Diocese, as tending to foster devotion towards our Blessed Lady as Regina Cleri. With sincere regard, yours,  
JAMES, Bishop of New York.

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI, October 4, 1865.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir: Yours of August 28, concerning the "AVE MARIA," I found here on my return from preaching the Jubilee through a part of my Diocese. I felt really ashamed that I should have to be asked for my opinion about that beautiful work in honor of our ever Blessed Mother. But the truth is that since the war is over I have been almost continually absent from Natchez. The few days that I was home, at intervals, my business would scarcely allow me to do more than glimpse at some of the numbers received of the "AVE MARIA," but these glimpses gave me such admiration for it that, in my last tour especially, I have everywhere spoken of it and urged all Catholic families to subscribe to it. Yours, in Jesus and Mary,  
WM. HENRY, Bishop of Natchez.

BURLINGTON, VT., Dec. 22, 1865.

I consider that the AVE MARIA is called to do a great deal of good by spreading knowledge of our Immaculate Mother in this country which is placed under her patronage. May Almighty God give it success, and bless all those who will read it, or contribute to its publication. Respectfully yours,

LOUIS, Bishop of Burlington.  
RICHMOND, VA., January 5, 1866.

You have been kind enough to send me several numbers of your interesting and valuable little paper, the AVE MARIA, which I have perused with great pleasure and profit. Your design in this publication, inspired by your love of our holy Mother, commends itself at once to the heart of every sincere Catholic, and, so far, the execution deserves approval, and offers no fair ground for criticism or objection. For my part, I am delighted with this little advocate of the dignity, merits, and prerogatives of the Virgin Mother of God, this loving chronicler of her numerous acts of intervention in behalf of sinners, in answer to the devout prayers and appeals of her children. \* \* \* In conclusion, I ask you to place my name among your life subscribers, and enable me to partake of the Holy Masses and Communions offered for the permanent patrons of your pious enterprise, and I inclose the amount specified in your terms. Very respectfully, your servant in Christ,  
JOHN MCGILL, Bishop of Richmond.

Volume II.

Number 11.

LEVEL  
ONE

# AVE MARIA



LANE & CHICAGO

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.  
1886.





## THE MISSIONARY'S HOME, Notre Dame, Indiana.

[The MISSIONARY'S HOME forms of itself a separate corporation, under the control of three Right Rev. Bishops, this arrangement of ours having been lately approved at Rome.]

The Missionary's Home is an institution to provide for the necessities of our overtasked Pastors, when infirmity or age or accident shall have rendered a retreat from the world desirable: when, having exercised for long years the sacred duties of their high calling, they feel it compensated for further exertion and desire an honorable repose, a retirement in which no anxiety respecting the providing for necessities shall intermingle with the attention to the care of their own salvation, which will then form the sole object of their solicitude.

The proposal for the foundation of such a Home has received not only the formal sanction and the solemn benediction of His Holiness Pope Pius IX. but with the zeal that so pre-eminently distinguishes him, he (the Pope) amid the difficulties that surround him, and the necessities created by the disorders of the times, was prompted by his own heart to aid a work which has so entirely the glory of God for its object, and he generously disbursed a pecuniary offering in addition to the invaluable blessings of his sanction and approbation.

Were superior motives wanting, yet might self-interest alone prompt the faithful to give the greatest assistance they could command to the measure; for contemplate for a mo-

ment what would be the consequence if, instead of the disinterestedness that now characterizes the Catholic Priest, it were to become a necessity, real or imposed, that he too should set apart from his income a sum sufficient to maintain him in his declining years. The sums now freely given for the promotion of the greater glory of God, would then be hoarded up in a commercial spirit, and the consequences would affect not only the external acts, but the interior relations of the soul in a manner too painful to dilate upon at present.

The Missionary's Home appeals then, of itself, to the highest sentiments we can entertain. It presents itself feelingly to our hearts, as if it were a direct appeal from God himself to animate our zeal. If a cup of cold water shall in no wise lose its reward; and if to clothe the naked and to give drink to the thirsty among the least of His little ones, shall be esteemed by our Divine Lord as if done to Himself, shall we not invoke a powerful blessing by the exercise of extensive charity towards those who come in His name to announce the glad tidings of salvation to mankind?

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## Weekly Calendar.

### MARCH.

Saturday 17.—Saint Patrick, B. C., Apostle of Ireland.  
Sunday 18.—Passion Sunday.  
Monday 19.—Saint Joseph, Spouse of B. V. M.  
Tuesday 20.—Saint Gabriel, Archangel.

Wednesday 21.—Saint Benedict, Abbot.  
Thursday 22.—Seven Dolours of B. V.  
Friday 23.—Compassion of B. V. M.  
Saturday 24.—Saint Irenæus, B. M.

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

VOL. II. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 17, 1866. No. 11.

## SAINT PATRICK.

While we joyfully recognize our Blessed Lady of the Immaculate Conception as the Patroness of the United States, yet we love to honor, in a special manner, those heroic saints and martyrs to whom the nations of the Old World are indebted for the priceless blessings of faith, and ever, as their festivals roll round, we delight to venerate them, in our feeble manner, as best we may, and to testify our feelings of deep gratitude to the worthy descendants of those great Saints of the olden time, who, true to the faith given them, have come in their turn across the billows of the Atlantic, with the beads and the cross, to evangelize the New World.

If, then, at the recollection of the Spanish fleets whose Catholic crews peopled the Southern everglades, of the daring Englishman, and chivalrous Frenchman, spreading the love of Mary, with the true faith, along the shores of the Potomac and down the immense Mississippi valley; and of the phalanx of bold Germans, sounding the praises of the Mother of God over the vast green prairies of the West, we love to mingle our devotion and prayers as they invoke the patrons of their fatherland—Saint James, Saint Denis and Saint Remi, Saint Gregory, Saint Augustin and Saint Boniface—surely we could not forget Saint Patrick! the devotion and gratitude of whose warm-hearted, impulsive children have almost made him a national American Saint.

How different from secular biography, are the lives of God's canonized ones! Who, for instance, ever dreams of keeping the anniversary of any of the great men of other nations who passed away from their scene of action some hundreds of years ago? Their lives at best, are regarded as mere literary or antiquarian curiosities, but the lives of the Blessed Saints of God, never grow out of date; and here, as in Ireland, on this 17th of March, in this nineteenth century, as in the fifth, Saint Patrick's spiritual children may truly sing:

"He hath been to us light, when earth's lights were all set,

For the glories of faith, they can never decay;  
And the best of our glories is *bright with us yet*,  
In the faith and the feast of St. Patrick's day."

Of the early life of Saint Patrick, but little is known. He tells us himself in his "Confessions," that he was a Breton and a Roman of good family, born at *Boneven Tabernia*, but the exact locality of this place is disputed by different authors. Yet, whether it was in Scotland or Brittany, matters but little, since it was not the place of his birth, but the land of his adoption, that he enriched with the choicest blessings of Heaven.

At the age of sixteen, he was carried a captive by a horde of barbarians into Ireland, where he endured great privations and sufferings, from hunger, nakedness and the severity of the season, as he guarded his master's flocks, amid the frosts of winter; but God sustained him, and prepared him, by these rude trials, for the labors of his coming apostolate. Even at this tender age, when deprived of all Christian companionship, he sanctified himself, by almost uninterrupted prayer, meditations, fastings and so faithful an obedience, that in spite of the rude manners and customs of his captors, he earned from them the title of the *gentle and peaceful servant*. At the end of six years of most painful slavery he made his escape—an angel having appeared in a vision and told him to fly—and after many wanderings, he was again taken captive by the Picts, who sold him to the Gauls; but on this occasion his servitude lasted but two months. On his release, he placed himself under the direction of Saint Martin of Tours, who gave him the tonsure and religious habit, carefully training him in science and virtue during four years.

On his return to his own country, Patrick received an order, from Heaven itself, to evangelize Ireland: in a vision a messenger appeared to him coming from that land, bearing many letters, upon which were written these words: "The voice of the Irish;" at the same moment he seemed to



hear, from the same direction, plaintive and touching voices crying in unison: "We beseech you, O holy young man! to come and dwell again among us."

His heart was deeply moved, and he resolved to prepare himself for so high a mission by visiting holy places and conversing with pious and learned men. He became the disciple of Saint Paterne, first Bishop of Vannes. Then he went to Rome, the center of faith and piety; he visited in passing the tomb of his great master, Saint Martin.

In Rome he applied himself most diligently to studying the Christian mysteries and ecclesiastical discipline. Then, as Saint Jerome relates of Fabiola, he wished to visit all the islands and neighboring solitudes that were peopled with holy Religious. He spent eight years in these pilgrimages, after which he placed himself under the guidance of Saint Germain of Auxerre, with whom he remained eighteen years, strengthening himself in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and in the practice of virtue.

At the end of this time Saint Germain advised him to commence his apostolate as soon as possible, and sent him to Rome with letters of recommendation. Pope Celestine received him with joy, establishing him Archbishop of all Hibernia, and, enriching him with his prayers and blessings, sent him to what then seemed a far distant island.

We must not suppose that Patrick accomplished his holy resolution without meeting any obstacles! His family, friends, clergymen,—all united to expose the dangers of the enterprise. They offered every advantageous terms provided he would remain with them,—but in vain; Patrick generously abandoned his family, selling, as he himself expressed it, his nobility in order to civilize and save a strange nation, and extend the glory of God upon earth. With this chivalrous disposition he passed into Ireland at an age when most men of our day would consider their life of active service nearly ended. With the weight of sixty winters upon his head Patrick commenced his glorious mission as the Apostle of Ireland. It would be impossible to follow him in his apostolic career, or to relate his combats and triumphs. In the midst of a thousand dangers he visited every part of the island. The influence of his presence softened the ferocity of the rude Scots; and he confounded the bards and magicians by his continual miracles and profound science.

He familiarly, and as a kind father, taught even the letters of the alphabet to the lower classes, who

were sunk into the most shameful ignorance. He founded more than three hundred churches, consecrated a number of Bishops, ordained more than three thousand priests, the greater number of whom were honored as saints, built many monasteries for men and for women, so that, in the space of thirty years, this man created a new nation, if we may be allowed the expression.

Under God we owe Ireland to Saint Patrick, with its people so endeared to all who love courage and devotedness of soul.

During thirty or thirty-two years he performed such prodigious things that we could scarcely believe them, did we not remember that people so barbarous could not be changed or brought to the faith save by actions far above nature. By a word he caused the death of three magicians who had prevented the propagation of the Gospel; one was strangled in the air by demons, another consumed by fire, and the third swallowed up in the earth. He restored sight to the blind and life to the dead; cured a multitude of sick, chased away demons from the bodies of the possessed and from idols, transported rocks, that seemed immovable, from one place to another, caused fountains of sparkling waters to gush forth in sandy arid places; and the marvels of his saintly life, were crowned by the conversion of the whole island; from the kings to the lowest serf, all recognized the truth of the gospel.

At an advanced age this apostle wrote his "Confessions," or abridgement of his life in order to show the purity of the motives that induced him to undertake the conversion of Ireland. It displays the profound humility of the saint, his familiar knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and his ardent desire for martyrdom. The most touching pages it contains are those wherein he acknowledges his faults, one of which, committed at the age of fifteen, he deplored with bitter tears until the end of his life, yet the greater number of souls would consider it but a venial offense. With the same singleness of heart he relates his temptations. One of the most painful was the great desire he felt to return into Gaul and visit the dear saints of his acquaintance, but he overcame this by the fear of losing the fruit of all his labors. It was also distinctly revealed to him that God's will was for him to remain in Ireland.

Need we wonder that the saintly private life of such a man, who recorded as a temptation "the holy desire of conversing with the saints," should correspond with his wonderful public acts? Consequently we are prepared to learn that this

sainted sexagenarian recited daily the entire Psalter of David, and many other prayers with extraordinary devotion. The Roman Breviary tells us that he adored God on his knees three hundred times a day. At the recital of every canonical hour, he made the sign of the cross one hundred times. He divided the night into three parts; during the first he recited one hundred psalms; the second part, plunged in cold water, with his hands, eyes and heart raised to Heaven, he recited the remaining fifty psalms; the third part he consecrated to a slight repose with his head pillowed on a hard stone. When, crowned with years and good works, Saint Patrick reached the age of ninety-two,\* an angel from Heaven announced to him his approaching death. Since then, fourteen hundred years have passed away, and in the most distant lands, wherever the English language is spoken, the children of Saint Patrick have made his name a familiar sound. Other days they may give to the world, but it is a beautiful trait in Irish hearts to connect, constantly and faithfully, Saint Patrick's day with the land of their nativity.

May this devotedness never swerve from the foundation laid by Saint Patrick himself, not merely the firm belief, but the exact practice of Catholic faith. It is by this alone that his spiritual children spread a bright halo around his name.

On this glorious Saint Patrick's day, around the sanctuaries of all those fair churches and chapels with which, as with most precious pearls, the sons of Erin have adorned the land of their adoption, may they all kneel, as their fathers of yore, worthily to receive from the venerated hand of *soggarth aroont*—the priceless boon of the Blessed Sacrament. Then indeed will they display in their lives the bright light that Saint Patrick enkindled in the far-off Emerald Isle of the ocean.

"Yes! Father of Ireland! no child wilt thou own,

Whose life is not lighted by grace on its way:

For they are true Irish, oh yes, they alone,

Whose hearts are all true on Saint Patrick's day."

\* In our short account of the glorious Saint Patrick, we have followed the *Acta Sanctorum Martii*, volume 11, page 533 to 538, from which Giry takes this beautiful life. But we are aware that many writers in Ireland differ as to the age of Saint Patrick, which they reckon as follows:

Born, A. D. . . . .	387		
Taken captive . . . . .	403	Aged	16 years
Returned . . . . .	460		6 "
Studied at Tours until . . . . .	413		4 "
Studied at Lering until . . . . .	423		9 "
Entered in the ministry in his native Diocese un-	426		4 "
Supposed to be engaged in his visit to Rome, and dif-			
ferent parts of his native coun-			
try, until . . . . .	432		6 "
			45 years

According to the above, he was forty-five years old, A. D. 432. It is agreed upon, by all writers on the subject, that Saint Patrick was appointed Bishop for the Irish Mission by St. Celestine I. who filled St. Peter's chair from November 423 until April 432.

If St. Patrick then was born A. D. 387, he was only forty-five years old at the time of his consecration, and if his ministry in Ireland extended over a space of thirty-three years, he was seventy-eight years old at the time of his death.

† Priest dear.

# Ave Maria from Protestant Lips;

OR, MYSTICAL ROSES FROM FOREIGN GARDENS.

## MARY.

Some time last year we were charmed with an exquisite poetical gem which we read in the *Catholic Telegraph*. To our regret, we mislaid the paper; yet so vivid an impression had the article made upon our mind that we wrote, to a friend in Ohio for a file of the *Telegraph*, where, in the number for January 11th, 1865, we found the article that had pleased us so much, more than a year ago. It is an extract from a poem called "Mary," written by Rev. H. Rawes of Trinity College, Cambridge. With the editor of the *Telegraph*, we think that the grandeur of copious imagery, the rich, logical sequence of ideas, and the vivid picture of Heaven, must touch every heart that is sensible to the beauties of poetry. It is certainly one of the richest and sweetest Roses that we have yet culled from foreign gardens. Our search after this number of the *Telegraph* has given us the idea of inviting our exchanges to send us any of their back numbers that may contain choice articles on our Blessed Mother, as we shall be happy to preserve them in the pages of the AVE MARIA as the growth of our own *Catholic gardens*:

"Thus in beatific love she reigns

First of all creatures, purest and fair,

The sinless Mother-Maid. Above all Saints,

Above all choirs of Angels, in her state.

Amid the fires that hang around her brows,

For ever burning, ever unconsumed,

She sits upon her solitary throne,

None equal and none second, for her crown

Has in it all perfections of the rest,

All glory and all loveliness. She is

A pathless sea of love, wide, deep, and pure:

The glory of the Martyrs and the light

Of virgins undefiled, Confessors' joy,

And wisest of all doctors of the church.

Her lily girdled throne is lifted up

In strength and beauty; and her dear sweet Name

Makes joyful melody where night is not

And sin can never come. Above all hosts;

Dwelling amidst the gleaming of their Home

Above all splendors and all crowned desires;

For Light Divine and Uncreated Love,

A wonder, even in the Heavenly Courts,

A thrilling joy o'erflowing with delight,

A fragrance brightly crowned in Paradise,

She catches on her brow immaculate

The fresh full glory of the day, and is



Herself a Hierarchy, first and best  
 And next to God; crowned with the diadem  
 Of twelve most glorious stars whose light intense  
 Floods with its love the city of the King.  
 "Myriads of stars shine in the heavenly sky:  
 Unnumbered myraids of the Angels there,  
 Burning with beauty, stand before that face  
 Which lighteth all creation, evermore  
 Pouring down torrents of beatitude;  
 And thousand times ten myriads of Saints,  
 Burning with beauty, standing in their light,  
 Full in the sunshine like great seas of fire,  
 With secret names and joys and love unknown  
 Before Redemption's spring from Calvary  
 Poured its red waters, stand with crowns and  
 Yet brighter far than all, more beautiful, [palms:  
 Of purer gold and whiter ivory,  
 And more majestic through His love, who died,  
 One throne is seen, foretold in prophecy,  
 Imaged in figure, waited for in type,  
 The throne of Mary, sinless, undefiled,  
 The throne of her from whom the Word Divine  
 Took human flesh. Its penetrating rays  
 Illuminate that city of the blest  
 In which the victors dwell, who by the Blood  
 Of Jesus overcame the world; the sway  
 Of her who sitteth on that throne is great  
 Beyond all thought, reaching from land to land,  
 Reaching from sea to sea, from star to star,  
 From choir to choir amidst the Heavenly Hosts.  
 She reigneth ever at the side of Him  
 Who made her what she is, His Love, His Bride,  
 His Sister-Spouse, His Virgin-Wife, in Heaven,  
 And in His kingdom Queen; a light, a joy,  
 To Saints and Angels. As we gaze we see  
 That mystical variety, with which  
 Her raiment is inwrought. Her robe, the sun,  
 The moon beneath her feet: star upon star  
 Is added to her crown, and light on light.  
 Mary, Madonna, Mother-Maid, the Queen,  
 Until the noontide splendor of her love  
 Stands in mid-heaven changeless; golden day  
 And silver dawn, all light of heaven and earth,  
 Together mingled. Virgin Bride and Queen,  
 The white-robed, golden-girdled Bride of God,  
 The Sulamitess on her Spouse's throne,  
 With scepter like the King, upon the heart  
 Of Jesus, ever crowned, she lies at rest  
 In the strong, deep intensity of love  
 Eternal and divine and fathomless,  
 Enshrined in God. In nightless day, around,  
 The sea of glass, fire mingled, gleams and burns  
 With lustrous waves, and Mary's star-girt crown  
 Lights all that burning sea."

## SAINT JOSEPH.

Who was ever so near to the Infant Jesus, so dear to His sinless Mother as Saint Joseph? Before the toil of the Public Ministry began, before the shadows of the Passion had begun to thicken palpably on the horizon, Saint Joseph had finished his vocation. He belonged to Bethlehem and Nazareth, and God took him when Nazareth was ending. The spirit of the Sacred Infancy is, at it were, his whole sanctification. No one can tell us more than he, of the young Mother's heart and of the Heart of the Divine Child.

Of all the sanctities in the Church, Saint Joseph's is that which lies deepest down, and is the hardest to see distinctly. We feel how immense it must have been. The honor of Jesus, and the office of Saint Joseph toward His Mother and Himself, all point to an unusual effusion of graces upon him, while the lights which transpire, as it were, through chinks in the Gospel, indicate a most divine, and at the same time, a most deeply hidden life. His fair and spotless soul, was the cloister built round Mary's innocence. In his paternal, fostering arms, the Child was laid, who had no father but the Eternal. Must we not confess that Joseph was a world by himself in the vast resplendent creation of grace, whose beautiful light and fair shining in its huge orbit, we perceive with exultation, while it is hidden from us in its details, by the immensity of its distance, and also by the strangeness of its phenomena, which will not altogether keep to our more limited analogies?

But his sanctification is hidden in obscurity. It is probable that he received the gift of original justice as the Baptist had, though whether it was restored to him before birth, as with John and Jeremias, we cannot tell. It is becoming to think also, that by a special grace, he was preserved from venial sin. It is most certain that he was a peculiar vessel of the divine predilection, eternally predestined to a singular and incomparably sublime office, and laden with the most magnificent of graces, to fit him for that office. For wonderful as was his office to Mary, his office to Jesus far surpasses it—unless as is more true, the former was but a portion of the latter.

Meek and gentle, blameless and loving, as Saint Joseph was, it is not possible to think of him without extreme awe, because of that shadow of identity with the Eternal Father, which belongs to him and hides him from our sight, even while

it presents him to our faith. We cannot describe his holiness, because we have no terms of comparison. It was not only higher in degree than that of the saints, it was also different in kind. But it was eminently hidden with God. His life was an earthly life. His holiness was one of God's eternal ideas, one of those which he most cherished and kept nearest to himself.

There are many pictures, which remain to this day in Heaven, painted upon the unforgetting intelligences of the angels, of which the scene was Joseph's shop. \* \* \* The common litter of a carpenter's working place is there, Joseph is showing Jesus how to do some work, and his broad man's hand is laid on the small hand of the Boy, and is gently guiding his fingers. He is doing it mechanically; for he is gazing rather on the Saviour's face, than on the work. He sees the Boy all resplendent with glory, and his faith recognizes in Him the Omnipotent Creator, the Eternal Worker, who so deftly fashioned the countless worlds, and whose fingers, he, the aged carpenter, is now venturing to press, to guide and manipulate as he wills. The old man's soul overflows with adoration, but tranquilly, without wave or sound; as if fed by silent springs from underneath. Nevertheless, he does not desist from guiding the hand of Jesus. He does not interrupt the lesson, which he knows to be so little needed. He is too humble for that. Then as his soul swells with adoration, self-abjection falls over his features, like a veil of light; as the sun breaks the clouds and unrolls his splendor downward, from the brow of the hill to the vale beneath. His humility so clothes him with majesty, that he looks almost Godlike; and his age is transfigured into a semblance of eternity.

His office toward the Incarnate Word, was one which he could hardly ever exercise without trembling; but surely it was as the Thrones tremble in Heaven—with an excess of reverence, which is an excess of bliss. If exaltation humbles the saints, and if humility is of all graces the grace most prolific of interior joy, how great must have been the humility of Joseph; how transcending the rapture of his joy! Love wore him out—and so he died.

THE things of God have an air and odor about them unlike the things of the world. Like the fragrance of the woodlands, we are conscious of the sweetness, but do not trace it to the mossy bank, or to the withering herba, or to the dew-bathed flowers, from which it comes.

## DEATH OF SAINT JOSEPH.

[We translate from the venerable Mary d'Agreda the touching description of our Blessed Saint's last moments. Who will not say, at the end, may my death be like unto his?]

During the nine days previous to the death of Saint Joseph, the Son and the Mother watched by him constantly, one or the other being at all times with him. During those nine days, the angels, by the command of God, chanted daily three times, most celestial music for the holy patient. It was composed of hymns of praise to the Most High, and of benedictions for the Saint himself. During this time, so delicious a fragrance pervaded all of this poor habitation that not only the man of God was strengthened and consoled by it, but many persons on the outside.

The day before his death, all inflamed with divine love for so many benefits, he was elevated into a sublime ecstasy, which continued twenty-four hours, the Lord preserving his strength and life in a miraculous manner. In this ecstatic state he distinctly beheld the Divine Essence, and saw, without a veil, that which he had believed by faith, either in the incomprehensible Divinity, or in the mysteries of the Incarnation or Redemption, the Church Militant and the Sacraments with which she is enriched.

The Holy Trinity destined him to be the precursor of our Saviour Jesus Christ, to the saints who were in Limbo, and commanded him to announce to them anew their redemption, and to prepare them for the visit which the same Lord was to make them to conduct them to eternal felicity. Saint Joseph returned from this ecstasy, radiant in beauty, his soul divinized from the view of the essence of God. He spoke to his Spouse and begged her benediction, but she prayed her most holy Son to give it, which His Divine Majesty was pleased to do. Our Blessed Lady then knelt, beseeching Saint Joseph to bless her as her spouse and head. The man of God, not without a divine impulse, gave his benediction to his beloved Spouse before their separation. She afterward kissed the hand that had blessed her, and requested him to salute for her the saints in Limbo.

The most humble Joseph, wishing to end his life by the seal of humility, asked pardon of his Holy Spouse for the faults which he might have committed in her service as a feeble man of earthly mould, entreating her to intercede for him and



assist him in this last hour. Then taking leave of his Blessed Spouse, he said to her :

"You are blessed among all women and chosen above all creatures. May angels and men praise you. May all nations know and exalt your dignity. May the name of the Most High through you be known, adorned and glorified in all future ages, and eternally praised by all the blessed spirits for having created you so pleasing in His eyes. I trust to meet you in the heavenly land."

Then the man of God turned to our Lord Jesus Christ, and, wishing to speak to His Majesty with profound respect, he made every effort to kneel on the ground ; but the sweet Jesus prevented him, receiving him in His arms, and supporting his head upon His bosom. The Saint said :

"My Lord and my God, Son of the Eternal Father, Creator and Redeemer of the world, give Thine eternal benediction to Thy servant, who is the work of Thy hands. Pardon the faults I have committed in Thy service and in Thy company. I confess Thee, I glorify Thee, and render to Thee with contrite, humble heart, eternal thanks for having chosen me, by Thine ineffable goodness, from among men, to be the Spouse of Thine own Mother. Grant, Lord, that Thine own glory may be the theme of my gratitude through all eternity."

The Redeemer of the world gave him His blessing : "Rest in peace," He said ; "the grace of My heavenly Father and Mine be with thee. Proclaim the good tidings to My prophets and saints, who await thee in Limbo, and tell them that their redemption is nigh." As our beloved Redeemer pronounced these words, the happy Joseph expired in His arms, and His Divine Majesty closed his eyes.

Although the precious death of Saint Joseph was preceded by so long a sickness and such severe sufferings, these were not the chief causes of it. He might have lived longer, notwithstanding these maladies, if the effects of the ardent love that burned in his chaste bosom had not been super-added : for this happy death was rather the triumph of love, than the penalty of sin. The Lord suspended the supernatural aid, by which He had preserved the strength of His servant, and prevented the violence of his love from destroying him ; and this help failing, nature was overcome. This victory sundered the ties that detained his holy soul in the prison of his body, wherein consists our death. Love was his last sickness ; it was also the greatest and most glorious, since, by it, death is the sleep of the body and the source of life

## COAINA, THE ROSE OF THE ALGONQUINS.

### CHAPTER III.

#### The Shadows of the Storm.

The exultant gleam faded from Altontinon's eyes, for no sooner had Tar-ra-hee left her, than she felt that her anger had got the better of her craft ; and if she wished to succeed in her wicked designs, it was a most impolitic way to begin, by offending him.

On that very day she had inaugurated her malicious work ; she had positively forbidden Coaina to leave the lodge that evening, and had uttered a slander against her, to Tar-ra-hee, by coupling her name with that of Ahdeck, the Iroquois ; which she was crafty enough to know, would at some time or other, help to serve her purpose. She watched his retreating figure, satisfied that at least she had prevented his meeting Coaina that evening ; but when she saw, in the distance, that he turned into a lane of cedars, which led to her own lodge, her baffled rage almost suffocated her. "He would see Coaina," she thought ; "he will find out that her absence from the innocent enjoyments of the evening was compulsory, and having discovered this, would suspect *her*, and give no credit henceforth to any thing she might assert to Coaina's injury."

The longer she sat there brooding over the failure of this, her first steps toward the accomplishment of her ambitious scheme, the more intense grew her hatred, and forgetting that All-Seeing Eye, before which the profoundest secrets of the soul are nakedly unveiled : forgetting all the Divine teachings and claim of religion ; forgetting death and the Judgment, she vowed with a bitter curse, that she would succeed in what she had undertaken, even if Coaina's reputation and life be the sacrifice.

But her guilty fears were somewhat lulled to rest, when, later in the evening, she again saw Tar-ra-hee among the young folks, and observed that he showed much attention to Winonah, who exerted all of her coquettish wiles and arts to charm him.

The moon had risen, full and unclouded, over the mountain, and every thing glistened in her rays, as if frosted with silver. The festival was over, and the people were returning to their peaceful homes.

Altontinon, well pleased at the notice bestowed

upon her daughter, by the young Algonquin chief, walked slowly homeward, full of thought concerning the advantages of a marriage between them. Winonah tripped along lightly over the dewy turf, a little in advance of her mother, whose eyes watched lovingly the gracefully moving form, whose every motion threw out sparks and flashes from the spangles and gold fringes which adorned her tunic and moccasins. How she loved the girl, but how savage and pagan was the love which gave birth to sins which would incur the displeasure of God, and wound afresh the tender Hearts of Jesus and Mary. It is said that when a soul voluntarily seeks *evil*, the prince of evil is ever ready with opportunities to serve its purpose; and so it seemed to be on this occasion.

Among the Iroquois who lived in the adjoining village, there were some few who, rejecting Christ, preserved their own heathenish traditions, clung to the ancient customs of their ancestors, and—it was whispered, practiced in secret their idolatrous rites. But as they were peaceable, and observed all the civic rules of the Mission, and interfered in no way with their Christian kinsmen or people, their presence was tolerated, in the pious hope that, after a season, they might be induced to follow their example. Among these was their hereditary chief, Ahdeek, (Reindeer), who had often distinguished himself in their great hunting expeditions, and excelled in all those accomplishments most highly prized and appreciated by the Indians. Ahdeek was handsome, vain, passionate, and it was said that he was disolute in his habits. He had frequently seen Coaina, and had in various ways endeavored to win a smile from her, by expressing his admiration by signs, gifts and words; but she had invariably repulsed every advance he had made, and turned from him, with a frown of displeasure, whenever he ventured to approach her; but all this only incited him to more persevering efforts to win her.

On the evening of the festival, he had strolled down toward Altontinon's lodge, with scarcely a purpose, except to be near the home of Coaina, for he supposed her to be absent at the festival, when, to his great joy, he saw her standing in the moonlight, leaning against the moss-covered stile that led to the lodge. She was reciting the rosary, her eyes fixed on the cloudless heavens, and thinking that as the moon was throned in white and glittering beauty, among the luminous stars, so was the Blessed Virgin throned in Heaven, and surrounded by the glorious angels, whose Queen she is. It was a consoling and beautiful thought,

and as they twinkled and trembled in dewy splendor, flashing out rays of crimson, blue and gold, Coaina almost imagined she saw the flutter of their glorious wings, as they bowed before their Queen.

"Left all alone, like a wild pigeon in the empty nest! I am glad to see you, Coaina," said the audacious Iroquois, who had approached her unheard and unseen.

"Ahdeek," exclaimed Coaina starting, "I wish you well, but you must go away this instant. I am all alone."

"That is good. Now I can *say* to you face to face, what you are blind and deaf to in signs. I love you,"

"Esa! Esa! shame on you! Ahdeek, leave me," she cried.

"I will become a Christian, Coaina, if you will hear me!" he plead.

"To become a Christian, will be a glorious thing, Ahdeek—but go—Father Etienne will instruct and baptize you."

"No; I learn the Christian creed from you, or none. I thought you Christians would give your life to save a soul."

"So would I lose mine to save your soul, Ahdeek; but I shall never enter your lodge; I can never be more to you than a friend. I will pray for you. You must now go away," and Coaina turned from him and swiftly entered the lodge, while he, baffled and angry, strode off, almost knocking Altontinon down, he came so suddenly against her. She—as keen-eyed as a vulture,—had seen him as she approached her lodge, talking with Coaina. At first she thought it was Tar-ra-hee standing at the stile, but when she discovered it was Ahdeek, the Iroquois, she said: "Aha! yes!" and rejoiced in her wicked heart, because she knew that his having been there would help her evil plans; then asking Ahdeek if "he kept his eyes in his pocket, that he might run people down in his path," she went into her dwelling, and calling Coaina, assailed her with the most violent abuses; affecting to believe that she had received the Iroquois as her lover, in her absence, she uttered the most injurious insinuations, nor would she listen to Coaina's explanations, but pretended to be outraged and grieved and horrified at her conduct; called her a hypocrite, and finally struck her in the face.

Almost stunned by the injustice and violence of her aunt's conduct, Coaina, without attempting to speak another word in her own defense, withdrew to her own little apartment, and dropping



the curtain of skins, which separated it from the rest of the lodge, she threw herself prostrate upon the floor, before the blessed images of JESUS and MARY; of Jesus, in His bloody coronal of thorns; of Mary, of the seven dolors! She watered the floor with her tears; she offered her griefs to them, and finally found consolation in the generous resolve she made, to suffer patiently all the unmerited reproaches she had received, for them who had suffered so willingly ten thousand more infinite and bitter griefs for her.

At last, her head resting upon her arm, she fell asleep, and was refreshed by the dreams of innocence. Once only did she awake. She had dreamed of her dead mother, as she sometimes did, and thought she was singing a soft lullaby to her, whose strange, unearthly melody, thrilled through her heart, and awoke her. At first, she did not know whether she was awake or still dreaming; for she heard—while the whippowil sent his lamentations abroad through the forest, and the screech owl answered in shrill vibrations—the sweet, wild notes of a flute, breathing assurances of a pure affection. Then she remembered Tar-ra-hee's promise; and while a soft glow stole over her tear-stained face, she commended herself to the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and fell asleep.

Like a fair prairie blossom agitated by the morning winds, and scattering in prodigal brightness the dew-drops from its rich petals, so Coaina threw off the sense of ill which oppressed her when she first awoke. The first red beams of the newly risen sun shone through the vines that partially shaded her window, and bathed in light the sacred images of Jesus and Mary, which stood upon a little shelf, at the foot of her bed. "My holy Mother and Advocate," she murmured, folding her long, tapering hands together, as she knelt before them, "look at thy Divine Son, and obtain for me a patience like unto thine."

Her simple toilet was soon made, and hurrying out to the chapel, she knelt in her favorite place, close beside the altar of the Blessed Lady, and assisted at Mass with the greatest devotion. Between the sweet and glorious mystery of the altar, and the benign presence of Mary, Coaina's whole being reposed, as in a safe haven, secure from the rude storms that threatened her.

Tar-ra-hee served Father Etienne at the altar that morning, as he was frequently in the habit of doing, and it was a touching sight to see this noble young savage bowing in such sweet subjection to Christ; to see his strong arms folded in

meek and childlike devotion; his proud, handsome head, bowed in unquestioning faith, before the Lord of lords, whom he received humbly and reverently under the form of Bread!

For several days nothing occurred to interrupt the tranquility of the Village of the Lake. Altontinon behaved to Coaina with a certain grave displeasure, and when she addressed her, spoke in a tone so harsh and sneering that she was deeply pained; but feeling innocent of offence, and guiltless of crime, she omitted none of her duties, and persevered in all her accustomed attentions to her aunt and cousin, hoping by patience to overcome evil, and by prayer, to turn their hearts forgivingly toward her. She observed that Altontinon had many and long secret conferences with several of her kinsmen and friends; and was surprised once or twice to see her in close conversation with Ahdeck, the Iroquois.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

#### A SICK CALL—MARY AT THE HOUR OF DEATH.

*Very Rev. Sir:* You have given some very sweet traits in the "AVE MARIA" of the loving protection of our Blessed Mother. I propose to give you a fact in my own missionary career which may add another flower to the garland you are weaving for Mary's brow at Notre Dame.

Previous to my removal from the city of Washington, D. C., to the pastoral charge of St. Vincent's Church, in Baltimore, I was called on to attend a young man under very peculiar circumstances. He was supposed to be dying; a few friends remained faithful—only a few; for sadly enough, he had been forsaken by companions with whom he had passed many years of open infidelity and profligacy. As they had been false to God, they naturally proved false to poor Joseph Foster, who now, penniless and homeless, was thrown into an upper room in a poor, honest, laborer's residence, dying. Foster's open ridicule of religion, particularly of the Catholic religion, was known very generally. I had frequently conversed with him more to change his conversation than hoping for any good result. Thank God, and His Immaculate Mother, time proved the contrary.

One of the most hateful faults in Foster was the deep, even hellish ribaldry with which he always spoke of the Holy Mass and of the Blessed

Virgin Mary. Toward the former he had nothing but all the vile objections of the French Philosophers of the revolution. Of the latter it was frightful to hear him speak. The misguided youth had brought himself, by dissipation of all kinds, to a bed of sickness and of death. He was deranged, and in his wild paroxysms it was unsafe to leave him alone. Night after night did the good family, (all Catholic), sit up by turns, striving to relieve his suffering body, and inspire his agonized soul with some little ray of light. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph," was heard countless times in that room; but curses, deep, bitter and revolting were the only replies.

On the afternoon of September 185—, the writer was engaged in his spiritual retreat in Georgetown College, D. C. The rain was falling in torrents. Though but four o'clock, darkness was brooding over sky and earth, and the beautiful Potomac. Fearful flashes of lightning leaped athwart the heavens like the dread flashing of God's eye, while the *vox dei in nubibus*—the voice of God in the clouds—reverberated from hill-top to valley, shaking the very ground. A loud knock is heard at his door. A comparative stranger enters, and in a hurried manner told me Foster was calling aloud for me. A moment of surprise, and I hastily prepared to accompany the stranger, knowing little and caring less how we would brave the storm. Fortunately he had hired an omnibus, and in less than an hour we had traveled the two miles between Georgetown College and Foster's residence in Washington. I was met by a weeping family, all smiling through their tears. A few words explained the matter. Amid the fearful thunder and storm and lightning which the wandering Absalom heard not or noticed not, the eldest daughter was, with the rest, on her knees, praying to "Jesus, Mary and Joseph," for this poor boy.

The prayer-book was on the table, when a dazzling flash of lightning made every thing as if on fire, and simultaneously the crashing thunder shook the earth. I had heard it two hours before, but how little did I think it was a messenger of grace to poor Foster. It seems that the noise and flash roused him from his torpor, and uttering a horrid oath, he raised his right hand and struck violently the table at the head of his bed. In doing so he struck the prayer-book and knocked the skin off his knuckles. Another volley of oaths. He asked what book that was. It was shown him. A blessed candle was already burning. He asked for that candle, not knowing what

it was. His eyes fell on a spot which the blood from his hand had stained, and O, the wonders of God's goodness! he read, "Refuge of sinners, pray for us!" He threw the book from him, turned toward the wall and gnashed his teeth. The family recited the sweet prayer of St. Bernard, "Remember, O most pious Virgin." Foster gave a scream as if soul and body were parting—aye, at that moment there was separation; but it was the demon of impurity and infidelity from my poor boy's soul! "Thank God," said he, "it's over, and I can speak. O read that prayer for me!" He knew not how often it had been recited. All knelt, he weeping like a child. Few dry eyes were there. He begged them to send for me, but what female could venture out in that deluge of rain? He who feedeth the birds of the air, and she, the *Refugium peccatorum*, opened a way. My messenger knocked at the door at the moment to ask about him. Foster begged him to go. Off went the man, determined to find the priest, and on hearing of his absence in retreat, called me in the manner above stated.

Such were the facts I learned before entering the sick man's room. Need I say how my soul bounded within me? Foster's arms were outstretched to welcome me; tears choked our utterance, as they moisten the eye even now. The curtain here falls; enough for me to say in a brief hour the family was recalled: time was waning fast, and the portals of eternity were opening for the new convert to God and to God's Holy Mother. In a few hours Foster was baptized; he received his first and last Communion—was anointed—the last indulgence was imparted to his regenerated soul. The heavens were still lighted up by fearful flashes, angry thunder keeping the world from sleep. But within that simple room was a happy group, one smiling with sweet and holy hope, as Mary, the Refuge of Sinners, was called on with her sweet Son, Jesus, and glorious St. Joseph, the others mingling their tears in joy and wonder at the untold goodness of God. Again a frightful flash of lightning—he sees it and smiles. The blessed candle is in his hand; the crucifix on his breast; a little picture of the Queen of Heaven is held before him, and as the clergyman said, "Depart, Christian soul, out of this world," the taper reflected its rays on as heavenly a countenance as I had ever seen. Lifting his voice calmly, firmly, and with tears, he exclaimed, "Mary, Refuge of Sinners, O pray for me," and died.



Happy, ten thousand times happy, such a death !

We buried him in a corner of the cemetery, and two years last summer, when on a visit to Washington, I knelt above his grave. Some flowers were blooming there, sweet mementoes from some pious hand. I should add that the good fellow who came for me was so struck with all he saw that, like Foster, an infidel, he became a pious Catholic. It was with him I knelt, where now, and long since, the Cross of Redemption is planted.

J. P. D.

### THE TIME FOR THE PRIEST.

[The following lines, just received from our much-esteemed Hon. Judge Arrington, seem to be an admirable sequel to the foregoing article.—Ed.]

When Youth, in Pleasure's golden boat,  
O'er seas of smiling azure glides,  
Near sunny isles that seem to float  
Like imaged stars in silver tides;  
Let not the pallid priest appear  
To whisper death or danger near—  
Such merry hearts will never hear !

When siren sin to revel hies  
In halls where lamps and jewels shine,  
And passion burns in beaming eyes  
That glow and gloat o'er nectared wine ;  
Let not the pallid priest appear  
To whisper chilling words of fear—  
Such maddened hearts may never hear !

But when with sail all tempest-torn,  
The golden boat, a wreck almost,  
Whirls giddy on wild breakers borne,  
Breakers that beat the icy coast ;  
Then let the pilot-priest appear  
To show the haven shining near—  
The pale-eyed passengers will hear !

When mirth and music end in moan,  
And fluttering gasps of fainting breath  
Bid the frail spirit face alone  
The midnight mystery of death ;  
Then let the angel priest appear  
With tidings from the eternal sphere,  
Sole music to a dying ear—  
The quivering heart of death will hear !

LET us always remember that text of Scripture which the Church applies to Mary :—They who elucidate me shall have eternal life.

### THE SCAPULAR.

BUFFALO, March 3, 1866.

*Very Rev. and Dear Sir :* Since I received yours of 3d February I have been much occupied. But at every leisure moment I tried, for the sake of the much-loved AVE MARIA, to comply with your request. \* \* \*

Most respectfully, yours in Christ,

JOHN TIMON, *Bishop of Buffalo.*

[The remainder of the most venerated Bishop's letter is too flattering for publication, but we are happy to comply with the request it contains. By the same mail we have received, from another of our Right Rev. Bishops, some most interesting articles, which will also adorn our columns for several successive weeks. To both distinguished Prelates we return our most grateful thanks.—Ed.]

The writer of this article has been requested, in the name of a voice which he loves to obey, to write on the Scapular. To do it thoroughly he must speak of the Prophet Elias, of Mount Carmel, of ancient monastic Institutions, etc.; it would require a book of 499½ pages to do justice to such a subject. We begin. Yet, *in mercy to our readers*, we intend to use a patent condenser, so as to exhibit all that we think necessary in nine and nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths pages. We hope that all who read this first chapter will pray that God will bless our condensing machine.

The learned and much lamented Cardinal Wiseman, in one of his celebrated works, has a beautiful simile, in which he says that if, in a boat, rapidly descending a river, you look at the objects that are close along the banks, they will seem to be receding backward from you; but if you take a wider, nobler view, if you raise up your eyes to the sun, moon, stars, or to the distant forests or mountains, they will all seem to be moving with you, in the same direction. So is it, also, in the accord of true and noble science, with religion.

Some years ago, self-called philosophers, whose range of vision, in science or religion, was very short, used to laugh at Scripture words, describing the terrors of the last day: when the stars should fall from heaven upon the earth, etc. But science now tells us that almost innumerable asteroids revolve in most eccentric orbits round our earth, and at times, with immense velocity, enter into our atmosphere, burn as they dash through its oxygen, and fall to the earth, as falling meteors, incandescent with heat, presenting, when

discovered, a combination of minerals that are *never* found united on earth.

Sir Isaac Newton supposes all material nature to have been first created in the atomic state. Chemistry now asserts those atoms, and supposes them to be invisible, indivisible, indestructible; it gives the invariable ratios in which they unite to make invisible air or gases, or visible solid bodies; but Chemistry never attempts to define what those primitive atoms or molecules are.

Sir John Herschell supposes that, far in the vast regions of space, some of the nebulosities, which the most powerful telescopes cannot resolve into stars, are atoms of the first creation, yet uncombined, and yet reserved, may we not say, to meet wants or purposes that entered into the far-seeing plan of the Almighty, Omniscient Architect with laws eternal, far beyond the grasp of our intellect: destined, perhaps, to supply the wants of worlds consumed, or perhaps to consume worlds whose time of judgment had come.

The great French astronomers of the present age compute that more than fifteen hundred fixed stars have disappeared within the last three centuries. La Place says that one of these stars, situated in the Northern hemisphere, gave the most indisputable evidence of having been consumed. It was at one time so bright as to be visible to the naked eye at mid day; first of a dazzling white, then reddish yellow, and lastly of an ashy pale color. The conflagration lasted and was visible for about sixteen months, when the star forever disappeared.

Josephus, who was probably born the very year that Jesus died for us, but surely not more than four years after that sacred death, has left us works that are in the hands of all who are even moderately learned. In his work on "Jewish Antiquities," book I, chap. ii, speaking of the son of Adam, Seth, and of his family, says: "And that their inventions might not be lost, upon Adam's prediction that the world was to be destroyed, at one time by the force of *fire*, and at another by the violence and quantity of water, they made two pillars: the one of brick, the other of stone. They inscribed their discoveries on both. That in case the pillar of brick should be destroyed by the flood, the pillar of stone might remain, and exhibit those discoveries to mankind, and also to inform them that there was another pillar of brick erected by them. Now this remains in the land of Siriad to this day." Saint Peter, under Divine Revelation, reproduces this venerable tradition of olden times when he says:

"For this they (the incredulous) are willfully ignorant of, that the heavens were before, and the earth, out of water, and through water, consisting by the Word of God. Whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water perished. But the heavens which now are, and the earth, by the same Word, kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment, \* \* \* in which the heavens shall pass away with great violence, and the elements shall be dissolved with heat, and the earth, and the works that are in it, shall be burnt up." II Pet. 3. Hence we may say that what perhaps took place at the Deluge, when the atoms of oxygen and hydrogen, in the immensity of space, united perhaps to form water, as *the flood-gates of heaven* were opened, to inundate the earth, so before the last day 'the flood-gates of heaven' will again be opened, and the atoms of potassium, sodium, and of other elements that take fire as soon as they enter our oxygenized atmosphere, will fire our air, and, decomposing the waters of rivers and seas, as soon as they touch them, instantly fire the hydrogen, and use the oxygen for awful combustion, thus, according to the strictest laws of science, verifying what Saint Peter said: "The heavens which now are, and the earth, by the same Word, are kept in store, reserved unto fire, against the day of judgment, in which the heavens shall pass away with great violence, and *the elements* shall be dissolved with heat, and the earth, and the works that are in it, shall be burnt up."

We wish to speak of sweeter, higher, holier things. But our words may pass in review before a sneering, scoffing, almost thoughtless generation, to whom might justly be applied the words of Shakspeare:

[ratio,  
"There are more things in heaven and earth, Ho-  
Than are dreamt of in *your* philosophy."

To strengthen us against the terrors of the last day, to aid us in meeting the rigors of the last judgment, *He*, the Son of God, and the Son of Mary, to whom "all judgment in heaven and on earth, has been committed, left us, whilst hanging on the cross, *His* own mother, to be our mother; to be our sweet and sure advocate before *Him*, the Supreme Judge. "Son, behold thy mother! Mother, behold thy son!" Blessed, eternally blessed those words. John represented us all. We, through him, became the sons of Mary; and Mary, through John, became the mother of all the brothers and sisters of Jesus. Can we wonder that *He*, and *She*, *He*, our Divine Brother;



She, our most holy, though still *merely human mother*, could devise wonderful means to help us?

Let Christians but remember that we have a Father, a heavenly Father, "of whom all Paternity in heaven and earth are named." Let Christians but remember how a good Father will caress, will adorn, will elevate and promote a good, tender-loving child, obedient in all things, with pure, affectionate submission. How that good Father, who dotes on his amiable, virtuous-loving child, longs for the time when he can associate the loved youth to something of his own power. Let Christians then also remember that these deep, touching and holy sentiments are but reflections from the divinely Paternal heart of the Father on High, "of whom all Paternity in heaven and earth is named," and of whom it is written: "God is love." Let Christians then read those words of Jesus in John xiv ch.: "If any one love me, he will keep my word; and my Father will love him, and *we* will come to him, and make *our* abode with him. . . ." "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved by my Father; and *I* will love him and will *manifest* myself to him." Let the Christian remember all this, and much more as strong or stronger revealed in holy writ, and he will not be astonished at the realization of such sacred promises, in the well authenticated, most tender and holy familiarities of the God of Love; with his loving and faithful servants.

Can a Christian for a moment believe that the Almighty and most holy God would refuse to the greatest work of *His* love, mercy and power; would refuse to His holy Christian Church, "the body of Christ and the fullness of Him," miraculous powers which *He* bestowed so lavishly on the Jewish Church of the olden time? The Saviour *Himself* answers the question when He speaks of the wonderful powers good Christians shall have. He even says: "He that believeth in me, the works that I do, he shall do also; and *greater* than these shall he do: because I go to the Father." John xiv, 12. And, as *He* was about to ascend into heaven, *His* most solemn and most sacred words are: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations. Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature: baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And behold, *I am* with you all days, even to the con-

summation of the world. And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name they shall cast out devils: they shall speak with new tongues: they shall take up serpents: and if they shall drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them: they shall lay their hands upon the sick, and they shall recover. And the Lord Jesus, after *He* had spoken these things to them, was taken up into heaven." Last verses of Matthew and Mark.

The late lamented Cardinal Wiseman, in his preface to the great work of Saint John of the Cross, that holy Saint, who with Saint Teresa, were instruments of God for the reform of the whole Carmelite Order, says:

"Every believer in Christianity acknowledges the existence of an inward gift, which belongs of right to all; though many may not choose to claim it. It takes the place of mere natural advantages so completely that its name has become a rooted word in our language, even apart from religion. We say that a man 'has had, or has not had, the grace' to do a good thing; a *graceless act*, is, in some way, evil; 'a graceless youth,' is one walking, somehow, on the path leading to perdition. And we feel, and say, that it is grace, which makes a poor man *often* more virtuous, and virtuously wise, *though ignorant*, and in other ways not wise-minded, than clever, better-educated, and more intellectual rich men.

"Whoever thus believes in a superhuman gift, which supplies, in the higher life of man, the ordinary powers of nature, or elevates these to the attainment of what requires more than ordinary qualities, will hardly be able to deny that this supernatural aid will be copiously granted, where the whole energy of a soul is directed exclusively to the most holy and sublime of purposes, the knowledge and contemplation of God.

"Far above this earthly exercise of contemplation, is one which belongs to a much higher and purer sphere, above the clouds and mists of the one in which we move. To reach it, is given to few; and of those few, fewer still have left us records of their experience. Yet, and this is sufficient for our present purpose, that the consummation of their desires, and attainment of their scope, was a closer union with God, is acknowledged by all. The soul, thoroughly purified of all other affections, reaches a sublime and supernatural power, of setting all its faculties in the contemplation of the Supreme Being with such clearness and intensity, that its very existence seems lost in Him; the most perfect conformity

and uniformity with all the emanations of His will are established as its guiding laws; and, as far as is yet compatible, union the most complete is obtained between the imperfect spirit of man, and the infinite spirit that created it, to 'His own image and likeness.'

"It is too well known to require proof, that there existed, beyond a gross visible idolatry, a hidden, esoteric, and mysterious system in the Mythologies of the East, handed down in the succession of their priesthoods. The mystic teachings of India, the best known to us, because we possess their works, reveal this doctrine to us, that contemplation is the means by which a man may attain, to unification of himself with the Deity; rising by steps gradually to this almost blissful enjoyment of His presence. In China, the sect or school of Laotocu, with which the learned Abel-Remusat made Europe acquainted, by a special memoir, taught and practiced the same mystical system.

"Chaldea and Egypt no doubt held it also; for it was from them, that Pythagoras borrowed, and infused into the philosophy of Greece and Italy, precisely the same doctrine; for, while his foolish theory, also *Oriental*, of *transmigration*, put off to an indefinite period the fruition of the Divine essence, he taught that the soul, thoroughly purified and detached from every inferior affection, could, through contemplation, attain to a union with God.

"Indeed, we cannot doubt that the religion of Christ, following the early manifestations of God in the Old Testament, laid deep those seeds of highest contemplation which were at once matured in His apostles. Saint Paul, who was taken to the third heaven, to hear words unutterable to man, came to be united with his Lord as to hold but one life with Him, and in Him. (Gal. ii, 20; Phil. i, 21). As to this existence, in the seers and holy sages of the Old Law, Abraham, Job, Moses, Elias, etc., of a state of unitive contemplation, we need not now speak.

"But the history of the Church soon unfolds to us a bright page, on which is emblazoned, as its title, Contemplation. At the very time when martyrs are shedding their blood and receiving the highest homage and praise, the Church, which so loves and honors them, reveres scarcely less, the hundreds who fled from the very persecutions which the martyrs encountered and overcame. And the reason was, that the anchorites and cenobites, who retired to the desert, and, not again returning to the world after peace was restored to

the Church, swelled their numbers to thousands, and were considered by her no less conquerors of the world and triumphers over the weakness of nature, than the martyrs themselves. Their lives of solitude and silence were not idle, for they labored with their hands for their slender sustenance; but this was expressly the rule of their lives, that, even while their hands were at work, their minds should be fixed on God. Long hours too of the dark night had no other occupation.

"It was this power of fixed, unflagging contemplation, which sustained them through eighty; often through a hundred years of this seclusion. Many were men of refined minds and high education, who, in their thoughtful, meditative lives, must be supposed to have attained the highest refinement of devout application to spiritual things which can be enjoyed on earth. And what pious solitaries thus gained in the desert of the Thebais, our own hermits, like Guthlake, and monks, like Cuthbert, as surely possessed. . . . Without the peaceful enjoyment of sweet interior reward, their lives would have been intolerable.

"So necessary does the power of communing with God alone, and 'face to face,' appear to every class of Christians, that not only the ascetics of the Eastern Church, or the mystics of the Western, profess to possess it, but even the least enthusiastic forms of religion claim, or admit it. Jacob Böhme and Swedenborg, have found plenty of admirers; the latter is still leader of a sect. It would be invidious to enter into a comparison between these men and the *saints of God*.

"We refer to them, only as evidence that every form of Christianity feels the want of some transcendental piety, which bears the soul beyond the dominion and almost out of the prison of 'this body of death,' and allows it a free and familiar intercourse with God, as of spirit with spirit."

Approbation of Right Rev. John J. Conroy, D. D.,  
Bishop of Albany, New York.

ALBANY, February, 1866.

*Very Rev. Dear Sir:* I have read some numbers of the AVE MARIA. Its object commends it to every child of Mary—to every Catholic. I am glad to learn that it has several subscribers in this Diocese. My recommendation, therefore, is hardly necessary; I give it, however, with very great pleasure, and wish your admirable publication a wide circulation here and elsewhere.

Very truly yours in Christ,

JOHN J. CONROY, *Bishop of Albany.*

VERY REV. E. SORIN, Notre Dame, Ind.



## THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

We are happy to see that the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, which, since the beginning of the AVE MARIA, we have been weekly publishing by parts, has now become here, as in Europe, the direct organ of the Apostleship of Prayer, which is at present regularly organized, with the fairest prospect of success, in this New World. No one rejoices more heartily than we do at this most consoling movement, from which we anticipate the most abundant fruits for religion. But while we congratulate ourselves for having been the means to introduce it among our people, we think our aid in publishing the *Messenger* is not only no longer needed, but rather going counter to the new publication, from the interest of which we would not detract in the least. Therefore we will drop in future that part in our weekly issues, and substitute in its place the *Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, a recent publication of intense interest, and, if any thing, more directly in our own line. With all our heart we exhort our readers to take the liveliest interest in the Apostleship of Prayer, and in its admirable *Messenger*, of which they should all be regular subscribers.

—♦—

 SAINT PETER'S PENCE.

Without the slightest hesitation we propose the success of this work to the zeal and prayers of our associates, although we have made a fundamental rule to never recommend aught save spiritual interests.

Nevertheless it is important for us to understand it and to make others understand it. The work of Saint Peter's Pence is not for the triumph of a temporal interest. It is a work as spiritual as the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Infancy. When we consider it from the point of view of God's glory and the salvation of souls, it is infinitely more important than the construction of a church, the foundation of a hospital or a school. The principal end, proposed by it, is to furnish the Sovereign Pontiff, the indispensable means of governing the Church; to give him those material resources, without which he cannot continue to dispense to humanity the most important goods in the spiritual order.

For the Church, as we know, is not composed of pure spirits. In her government she employs men for whose wants she must provide, while they consecrate time and strength to the work of God. She sends them to every part of the world as pacific ambassadors, to whom an independence must be assured, necessary for the success of their mission. She has created innumerable works which cannot be abandoned without very grave consequences.

If, in the first days of her existence, when she was inclosed in the narrow limits of a single city, the Christians considered it a sort of obligation

to even deprive themselves of all their possessions in her favor, at this epoch, when we see her spread over the entire world; when her needs have grown with her benefits to immense proportions, will we do nothing for her? Since she has been deprived of the possessions which Providence had given her, it is a sacred duty for us to aid her in her distress. When a father or mother is reduced to indigence, their children, unless they are monsters, will not refuse to give them bread. Behold, then, the father of our souls deprived of his possessions; behold the Church, our mother, despoiled of all human resources, without which it is naturally impossible for her to do the work of God. If, then, we are her true children, we will hasten to share with her our possessions. We should be happy to have Jesus Christ honoring us, by making use of us for the support and defence of His Vicar, as He formerly made use of Saint Joseph to support and protect Himself.

It is true that if we neglect this duty, His Church will be protected without us, as He could have protected Himself had Saint Joseph betrayed Him. But of what graces shall we deprive ourselves, and what maledictions shall we draw upon our heads if, under this cowardly pretext, we should remain indifferent to the dangers of the Church and the distress of her august Chief?

The work of Saint Peter's Pence should be developed. The necessities which have brought it before Christendom in our epoch, daily increase. The faithful are called upon to come forward in an efficient manner to the aid of their common Father. It is a question of providing against present embarrassments and the probable future distress. For this it is not necessary to create a new work or a special organization; all that is required is to extend and develop the work of Saint Peter's Pence; and for this there is no Catholic, not even among the poorest, who can find in his indigence a legitimate motive for refusal.

It has been calculated that if every Catholic throughout the world would yearly give *one cent* to Saint Peter's Pence it would be sufficient to maintain the honor, dignity and independence of the Holy See, and to sustain the great works of zeal and charity of which Rome is the center.

Let Catholics reflect well upon this. Never would greater results have been obtained by such slight efforts.

To arrive at such a noble end what means must be taken? Must we wait for a signal, an invitation, a circular? Most assuredly not.

The hour has come. The signal is given by the danger itself. Every one has but to act for himself and the organization is made. The places of deposit are known in advance: the Pastors in the Congregations, the Bishops in their Dioceses.

Let Catholics reflect seriously upon the subject. Those cents poured from every quarter into the Treasury of Saint Peter's Pence may be able, with the blessing of God, to solve the problem which the Revolution has raised, and it will remain in history as one of the most touching designs of Providence for the Apostolic See and the Church of Jesus Christ.

## CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM; OR, THE  
MIRACULOUS CRUST.

[CONCLUDED.]

Just at the instant when he was about to spring through the window, a loud clear sound rung through the midnight air. What was it? He started back as if struck to the heart. It was the joy-bells, for this was Christmas eve, and the glad bells were repeating the joyous news the angels once sang, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth!" It is not in the power of language to describe the sudden revulsion of feeling that these angel tones brought to the heart of poor Teddy Miles. God had sent him aid on the very verge of ruin. He dropped on his knees by the open window, floods of tears burst from his eyes, and in feeble, faltering tones he murmured: "What! and it's Christmas eve, Christmas day now, and I never knew it, never thought on it in my black misery. O God! what was I going to do? O pardon me! O blessed Mother of my God! pray for me; a poor sinful wretch, blessed be Mary, whose prayers have stopped me just as I was about to sell my soul to the wicked one!" Here his voice failed him, but wrapped in a trance of speechless gratitude and prayer, he remained long on the cold ground. At last, rising, he humbly uttered: "I will go home, and trust in God. Blessed Mary will help me; no poor creature ever cried out to her in his misery and wasn't helped. Blessed be God!" and with this pious ejaculation, the humble and grateful creature, forgetful of his hunger, retraced his steps toward home. He never observed a figure that stealthily followed him home, and when there, shrank behind the door to listen and watch his movements. But before he arrived there, as he was feebly tottering along, he spied something white on the ground before him, and stooping to pick it up, he found a small dry crust, so dry, and almost mouldy, that probably the very dogs had rejected and left it lying there. But it was a treasure to Teddy. Instinctively he carried it to his lips, the fiend hunger savagely awakening within him at the sight of food, but paternal love and pity conquered, and muttering, "No! I'll not eat it, I'll save it for the young uns!" he thrust it hastily into his ragged pocket to be out of sight.

But, by the time he reached home his face had brightened, and his heart beat fast and with a

new and strange thought. Confused memories of old legends he had heard repeated by his pious mother, years before, and of miraculous aid afforded by the Blessed Virgin, in answer to prayer, filled his mind. He knew well that the poor little crust would only be an aggravation of their misery, for it would not satisfy the hunger of even the smallest thing. He threw himself on the door-step a moment in deep thought, then with an air of decision, rose and entered the house. His mind was made up. Through a corner of the broken window, the figure outside watched him silently and curiously. Teddy softly drew the old table to the middle of the room, spread over it the ragged remains of a once white table-cloth, and with pathetic solemnity laid the crust in the center. Then he fell on his knees, and in low, but thrilling tones, the poor man offered up the prayer of faith, real living faith. He implored the Blessed Mother of Him, who was on that sacred day born amid poverty and want, to come to the aid of his starving babes. He besought her whose Son had once multiplied the five little loaves into a meal for thousands, to intercede with Him, that he would increase the poor crust into enough food to satisfy his suffering family. In his own simple and unlearned words, but with the earnestness of deep pathos, he besought her to prove herself, that night, indeed the "Consoler and Refuge of the Afflicted," and to interpose between him and utter despair.

Fervently he pleaded, then with an upward look of holy trust on his pale pinched countenance he rose, and closing the doors went up stairs to his children. He was greeted by a shrill wail from the helpless babes, and groans of despair from the wife, when they saw by the bright moonlight, that his hands were still empty. But this time something in his heart rose above all the distress around him. "Wife," said he, "I have not got the bread yet, but by morning it will be here, enough, plenty for you all. I have found a friend who will surely fetch it. Only wait a little longer my darlins and ye'll have a fine feast, sure enough."

Bessy raised herself upon her thin arms, and staring at him with eager eyes, in which shone the fever-glare of famine, curiously demanded to know who was the generous friend in whom he trusted.

But when her husband told her all; the crime from which he had been so wonderfully preserved, the crust he had found, the prayer offered, and the sure expectation of relief by the coming



dawn, she sank back, half distrustful, yet half awed and impressed by something in his voice and manner she could not understand.

At last she exclaimed: "Well Teddy! it may be; I know not how, but listen, if she whom you call the Blessed Virgin does hear and help you this time, I too will believe in her and trust her after this."

Teddy, weary and weak, but no longer despairing, laid down by his shivering children, and drawing them closely to his bosom fell asleep. Yes, in spite of hunger, grief and anxiety, he slept, trusting in God. They all slept, and woke not until the morning light shone clear and bright through the little attic window. Then the children started up, eagerly exclaiming: "The bread! daddy, the bread!" Poor Teddy! A pang darted to his heart at the thought that perhaps after all his faith and trust might be in vain, and God might have left them to perish! But he uttered no word of this, and dressing and carefully washing each child himself, he helped his sick wife to rise and dress, and then made them all kneel down around him and pray. Then together they descended the stairs, Bessy with wild, expecting eyes; the children somewhat awed by they knew not what, clinging to their father, and Teddy's own heart beating so loud that it seemed to him they could all hear it. As he put his hand on the latch of the door he paused, and turning to his wife, who, for agitation, could hardly stand, said: "Remember your promise, Bessy! If so be she has heard me, and given me food for these little uns, you'll trust and love her all your life long?" Bessy nodded, she could not speak, and turning back, Teddy suddenly opened the door. What saw they there that made them all turn deadly pale and fall on their knees as by one impulse? Was it the poor crust alone on the table? Or perhaps had even that been carried off by some hungry, prowling dog?

There in that room they saw a table spread—heaped—loaded—with food of all sorts; bread, meat, chickens, even pies and cake, and a bottle of generous wine for the feeble mother.

Not a soul was visible, only there was the food, there was the answer to prayer!

Need I say more? Need I tell how that miserly landlord had seen the poor man open his window and prepared himself to arrest him as he entered, how he had heard his soliloquy and prayer, followed him home, seen him lay out the crust, and listened to his most pathetic prayer over it, and finding his heart marvelously softened, had

yielded to the impulse of Divine grace and the intercession of Mary, and penetrated to the soul by that act of simple faith, had hastened home, roused his old housekeeper, and with her aid conveyed all his own prepared dinner for the next day to the the house of poor Teddy? Need I tell how he was all the while waiting behind the door to witness the happy scene; how the grateful family surrounded and blessed their benefactor, how he sat at the head of the table, and what a jolly meal they had? Or how Teddy found under his plate a receipt for the whole year's rent, and a sum of money to buy new clothes for all the family, and to redeem the cherished old clock from pawn?

No, but I will tell how, the same day, newly and neatly clothed, they all went to Mass to offer up the thanks of their grateful hearts, the old landlord and all; how, not long after, in reward for his good deed he was converted to the Catholic faith, as was also the wife of Teddy Miles, and they were baptized on the same day.

And how, to this very day, in that happy and now truly comfortable home, there stands in the best room a beautiful little altar to Mary, the "Consoler of the Afflicted."

#### What Protestants think of our Salvation.

We have the happiness of being in the true Church. Protestants themselves admit that a good Catholic may be saved in his religion. It was this that decided Henry IV to abjure his errors. An historian relates that this king, having called before him a conference of the doctors of either Church, and seeing that the Protestant ministers agreed with one accord that salvation was attainable in the Catholic religion, immediately addressed a Protestant dignitary as follows: "Now, sir, is it true that people can save their souls in the Catholic religion?" "Certainly it is, sire, provided they live well in it." "If that be so," said the monarch very judiciously, "prudence demands that I should be of their religion, not yours, seeing that, in theirs, I may save my soul, as even you admit; whereas, if I remain in yours, they maintain that I cannot be saved. Both prudence and good sense dictate that I should follow the surest way, and so I purpose doing." Shortly after, he made his abjuration at Saint Denis. There is what may be called having both mind and heart.

We scarcely need call the attention of our pious readers to the learned and edifying pages of the venerable Bishop of Buffalo on the Scapular. We fear we have unduly taxed his great zeal by calling upon him to write a few lines on a subject in which, fortunately, so many thousands are personally interested throughout our land. But we must acknowledge that we had then no idea that he would at once undertake an elaborate treatise, regardless of the trouble the work should entail upon his brief leisure moments, but looking only to the great service, we assured him, he would certainly render to the children of Mary, who would receive, with boundless respect, from such an authority, whatever he might impart on such a precious devotion. Again we heartily thank the learned Bishop, and we bespeak for the first and admirable article we print in this issue, and those that will follow, the earnest attention they deserve, while we sincerely hope they will be the means to induce every reader of the *AVE MARIA* to put on the holy habit of the Blessed Virgin, if they have not done so before, or wear it even more religiously if already invested with her holy livery.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, Feb. 28, 1866.

Very Rev. Sir :

The month of Mary has been a month of devotion to our Mother in my church for twenty-seven years. The crowning of the Blessed Virgin takes place on the last day of the month. The church is then overcrowded with Catholics and Protestants. I have a splendid wooden statue of the Blessed Virgin representing her Assumption into Heaven, and if I were to believe some pious old women, miracles have been performed through that statue. On last Sunday eighty-four of my school children received their first Communion. They had prepared themselves by a Retreat of four days. The ceremonies at Vespers were most beautiful and edifying. The statue of the Blessed Virgin was placed in the middle of the sanctuary surrounded by a grove of natural flowers. After a short and touching instruction by Rev. Father Cosgrove the children sang beautiful hymns to their good Mother and to their Guardian Angels; and after renewing the promises of Baptism, one of the little girls read an act of consecration to Mary. Though the devotion of our Lady has been practiced in this congregation since its very beginning, when, I remember, we had only sixteen Catholics in the county, I am in hopes that it will take a new start, when my schools will be under the care of teachers of ———. I remain your devoted servant, J. A. M. P.

"February 23, 1866. Sometime in October I think, I met a Rev. gentleman in Baltimore, who showed me a copy of your paper, the *AVE MARIA*, to which I promised to subscribe. I had not heard of it before and did not receive any numbers of it for a considerable time, as I directed it to be sent in care of the Bishop of this Diocese, and I remained in New York. Since my return to ——— I have received the paper but very irregularly. The numbers I have received have more than pleased me and make me more pain-

fully feel the want of the missing numbers. The index given in one of the papers I did receive, has whetted my appetite still farther, as I notice many articles I would not willingly leave unread, if I could possibly procure them. \* \* \* I will not send you my yearly subscription at present, because I propose to number myself among your life members, to aid the good cause as far as I can, for the honor of our Mother and my own advantage. I must confess that our real poverty and straightened circumstances down here, prevent me from sending my subscription at present, but you may expect to hear from me sometime in summer or sooner. Wishing you every success, I remain yours in Christ. H. P. N."

"February 22, 1866: I will take ten of the *AVE MARIA'S* GOLDEN WREATH for the MONTH OF MARY. The poor sick in our hospital feast on the *AVE MARIA'S* contents, and look for its arrival as anxiously as for the visit of an esteemed friend. I am asking a great favor from our Blessed Mother. Please say something to her for yours, very truly, in her Immaculate Heart, S. S."

"February 28, 1866. I will take at least twenty-five copies of the *Ave Maria's Golden Wreath*. I remain your devoted servant, J. A. M. P."

"February 25, 1866. If you publish the *Ave Maria's Golden Wreath for the Month of Mary* you may send to my address one hundred copies. I trust you will receive sufficient encouragement to proceed in this good work. Yours truly, etc. J. I."

## APPROBATIONS.

LEAVENWORTH CITY, Kansas, Jan. 11, 1866.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: The true spirit of piety and of sincere devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary that pervades the *Ave Maria*, makes it a most welcome and agreeable visitor to me. I shall be very happy if my efforts can bring it into every Catholic family in Kansas. Trusting that our holy Mother will bless you and yours, for your good work for her honor and glory, I remain, Very Rev. Dear Sir, yours sincerely, in Christ, J. B. MIEGE, S. J.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Mich., Feb. 1, 1866.

Very Rev. and Dear Father: I received, only last night, your esteemed letter of the 9th ult., in which you request me to give, if I find it proper, my approbation of your periodical, the *Ave Maria*. This I herewith do very willingly, and should have done it before now, for I am very much satisfied with it, and am always glad when it comes to my hands. It is very interesting and useful indeed, and I wish that every Catholic in the country should have and read it. I thank God, who inspired you with the thought to publish the *Ave Maria*, and to publish it in handsome little pamphlets, which are much easier preserved than the broad pages of a newspaper. I pray God to conserve you yet a great many years, that you may long continue to publish that agreeable, useful and pious periodical. Very respectfully, dear Father,

FREDERICK BARAGA, Bp. of Sault Ste. Marie.

GALVESTON, Texas, Feb. 8, 1866.

Very Rev. Father: Our dear Bishop requests me to express to you, in a few words, the delight which he experienced when he received the first numbers of the *Ave Maria*. \* \* \* It is the salvation of souls, through the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin Mother, that our Bishop and his clergy are convinced you have principally in view, and for this reason they hail your publication with delight, and are fully convinced of your utmost and lasting success.

T. ANSTAETT, Vice Chancellor, Galveston.

ALBANY, New York, Feb. 1866.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I have read some numbers of the *Ave Maria*. Its object commends it to every child of Mary—to every Catholic. I am glad to learn that it has several subscribers in this Diocese. My recommendation, therefore, is hardly necessary. I give it, however, with very great pleasure, and wish your admirable publication a wide circulation here and elsewhere. Very truly yours, in Christ,

JOHN J. CONROY, Bishop of Albany.



## APPROBATIONS

VERY REV. E. SORIN:

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I feel truly gratified to send you the reply of his Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, in reference to the "AVE MARIA," on which you desired me to consult him. I congratulate you upon the kind words of encouragement I now convey to you. After such a high sanction, it would be too cold to say that I have no objection to your pious undertaking. But you knew before, with what delight I heard the first words you spoke to me about it. With all my heart I hereby bid you go on with it. You have opened a rich vein, at which a number of pious souls will come to refresh and invigorate themselves. Fear not! You will be supported by all who love the Holy Mother of God; and who can call himself a Christian and refuse her that proof of his veneration?

I am happy to see the foundation of such a monument laid in my Diocese. It will cheer all my Priests, it will gladden all the country. + JOHN HENRY, Bishop of Fort Wayne.

"I very highly approve of the design, relative to the paper which Father Sorin proposes to publish, nor do I doubt that a work of this kind, proceeding under your auspices, will be productive of great good."

—ALEX. CARD. BARNABO,

"PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA,"

BALTIMORE, June 16, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: The establishment of a paper in honor of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of our dear Lord, and our own sweet Mother in Heaven, was something so new in this country, and so far in advance of what many might believe to be the religious sentiment of our Catholic people, who have been made to breathe from childhood an atmosphere infected by unbelief, that I, at first, hesitated to lend my sanction to the undertaking, and I wished to examine carefully the first numbers of the AVE MARIA, before giving it my approval. This I have done, and I am now happy to be able to say, that I have been much pleased with the first five numbers, with the slight exceptions I have taken the liberty to communicate to you. Go on as you have begun; avoid all exaggeration, for our Immaculate Mother needs no such eulogy, which were rather injuries than beneficial to her honor; and, I have no doubt you will succeed, and obtain the blessing of our Lord, who cannot be greeted with a more acceptable homage than that which comes to Him through the one nearest and dearest to His Heart—His own Mother,

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

Our Catholic people are further advanced in piety than many gave them credit for; they are prepared not only to gather the fruits, but reverently and lovingly to cull the flowers of devotion. They will no doubt welcome the AVE MARIA with an abundant and increasing patronage; thus signaling their love towards the great Fairness of the United States. I remain, very faithfully, yours,

M. J. SPALLING,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

MT. ST. MARY'S, CINC., East of St. Bonaventura.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: When my approbation was solicited for the publication of the first numbers of the "AVE MARIA," I withheld it on the ground that it had already secured the approval of your excellent Bishop, and through him, of his Eminence Cardinal Barnabo, which I deemed sufficient. I must confess that I had also some slight misgivings as to the expediency of the publication in the form in which you inclined to present it to the public. But as you kindly renew your application for a word of encouragement from me, and as satisfactory evidence has been afforded me that the "AVE MARIA" has thus far contributed, and bids fair to contribute still more largely in future, to the advancement of piety and the honor and glory of Jesus and His and our Blessed Mother, I hereby authorize and request you to have my name added to the list of those who embrace every opportunity of showing fealty, devotion and love to the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

Yours, very truly, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

JOHN B. FURCELL, Archbishop of Cincinnati.

The AVE MARIA, published at Notre Dame, Indiana, by Very Rev. E. Sorin, appears, from what the undersigned has seen of it, to be deserving of the encouragement of the Catholic community. PETER RICHARD, Archbishop of St. Louis.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 18, 1865.

I have read with great interest and real edification the AVE MARIA. It is well calculated to inspire and increase devotion toward the Immaculate Mother of our Blessed Redeemer. May it succeed in my earnest prayer.

J. M., Archbishop of New Orleans.

REV. DEAR FRIEND: Please receive my subscription, and at the same time my hearty approbation of your holy and noble undertaking. Mary is the great advocate of the Church in America. Let us unite our efforts to promote her glory, and obtain more and more her powerful assistance for the triumph of our Holy Church.

+ AMEDEUS,

CLEVELAND, April 11, 1866.

Bishop of Cleveland.

COVINGTON, KY., September 5, 1865.

Very Rev. Father: Inclosed find my subscription to the "AVE MARIA," the very interesting and useful little periodical which comes forth from your noble University to promote the devotion and proclaim the praises of our Blessed Mother. I consider it a valuable acquisition for every Catholic family. I will certainly encourage its circulation. Respectfully, yours, in our Lord,

GEO. A. GARRELL, Bishop of Covington.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I can but approve fully of your undertaking in publishing the "AVE MARIA." A weekly from such a source, and under such supervision as Notre Dame, has already its sanction; and needs indeed no other approbation but the one of the diocese, in accordance with the only proper rule in our Church. Please to have two copies forwarded to my address. Believe me, dear father, with sincerest respects, your truly devoted,

+ JOHN M. HENNI,

MILWAUKEE, April 1, 1865. Bishop of Milwaukee.

VERY REV. AND DEAR SIR:—I rejoice at your pious thought of the AVE MARIA. It must succeed. When I regret rebellion against the Church of the living God, which is the body of Christ and the likeness of Him, is crumbling away in multiplied divisions, the sweet and bright AVE MARIA of the Archangel is the harbinger of many conversions. "Gaudet, Maria Virgo, cunctas hereses sola interdicti in universo mundo." It is also the harbinger of that restored unity for which the Saviour God so touchingly prayed in the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel. Hence I rejoice at your enterprise. Accept for the good work the enclosed sum which I wish my means would permit me to increase a hundred fold.

With great respect and esteem, Your most obedient servant,

+ JOHN, Bishop of Buffalo.

BUFFALO, April 5, 1865.

ERIE, PA., April 28, 1865.

So much procrastination, and absence and business, have nearly prevented my reply, till the month of May is at hand. As you have chosen it to inaugurate your enterprise to her honor, I must send you my feeble note of approval, for fear I should miss the merit of it if I longer delayed. We shall of course further it among our clergy and people with all care and zeal, praying meantime for its success. I take the liberty to enclose my certified check, to pay first my life-subscription, and secondly, for specimen numbers of the first issue, to be sent to me so as to help its introduction.

Pray for yours in Christ, J. M., Bishop of Erie.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir:—Enclosed find my subscription for the AVE MARIA. I have had the pleasure of reading the first two numbers, they pleased me very much, they breathe a spirit of true and genuine piety. It has my best wishes for its entire success. + F. P. MCARDLAND, J. p. of Hartford.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: Our Holy Father, in his late Encyclical Letter, asserts that the enemies of our holy religion spread impious doctrines, by the means of pestilent books, pamphlets and journals. A most efficacious antidote against this poison is the circulation of truly religious journals. I hail, then, with joy the AVE MARIA. From such a Catholic paper, under the auspices of the Immaculate Mary, who is the Protectress of America, and who has destroyed all heresies throughout the world, much good is to be hoped for.

M. DOMENEC, Bishop of Pittsburgh.

NEWARK, September 22, 1865.

Very Rev. Dear Sir: I have received, and read with much pleasure, several numbers of the AVE MARIA, and would be glad to have it circulated in my Diocese, as tending to foster devotion towards our Blessed Lady as *Regina Cleri*. With sincere regard, yours,

JAMES B. Bishop of Newark.

NATCHEZ, Missesippi, October 4, 1865.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir: Yours of August 29, concerning the "AVE MARIA," I found here on my return from preaching the Jubilee through a part of my Diocese. I felt really ashamed that I should have to be asked for my opinion about that beautiful work in honor of our ever Blessed Mother. But the truth is that since the war is over I have been almost continually absent from Natchez. The few days that I was home, at intervals, my business would scarcely allow me to do more than glimpse at some of the numbers received of the "AVE MARIA;" but these glimpses gave me such admiration for it that, in my last tour especially, I have everywhere spoken of it and urged all Catholic families to subscribe to it. Yours, in Jesus and Mary,

WM. HENRY, Bishop of Natchez.

BURLINGTON, VT., Dec. 22, 1865.

I consider that the AVE MARIA is called to do a great deal of good by spreading knowledge of our Immaculate Mother in this country which is placed under her patronage. May Almighty God give it success, and bless all those who will read it, or contribute to its publication. Respectfully yours,

LOUIS, Bishop of Burlington.

RICHMOND, VA., January 6, 1866.

You have been kind enough to send me several numbers of your interesting and valuable little paper, the AVE MARIA, which I have perused with great pleasure and profit. Your design in this publication, inspired by your love of our holy Mother, commends itself at once to the heart of every sincere Catholic, and, so far, the execution deserves approval, and offers no fair ground for criticism or objection. For my part, I am delighted with this little advocate of the dignity, merits, and prerogatives of the Virgin Mother of God, this loving chronicler of her numerous acts of intervention in behalf of sinners, in answer to the devout prayers and appeals of her children.

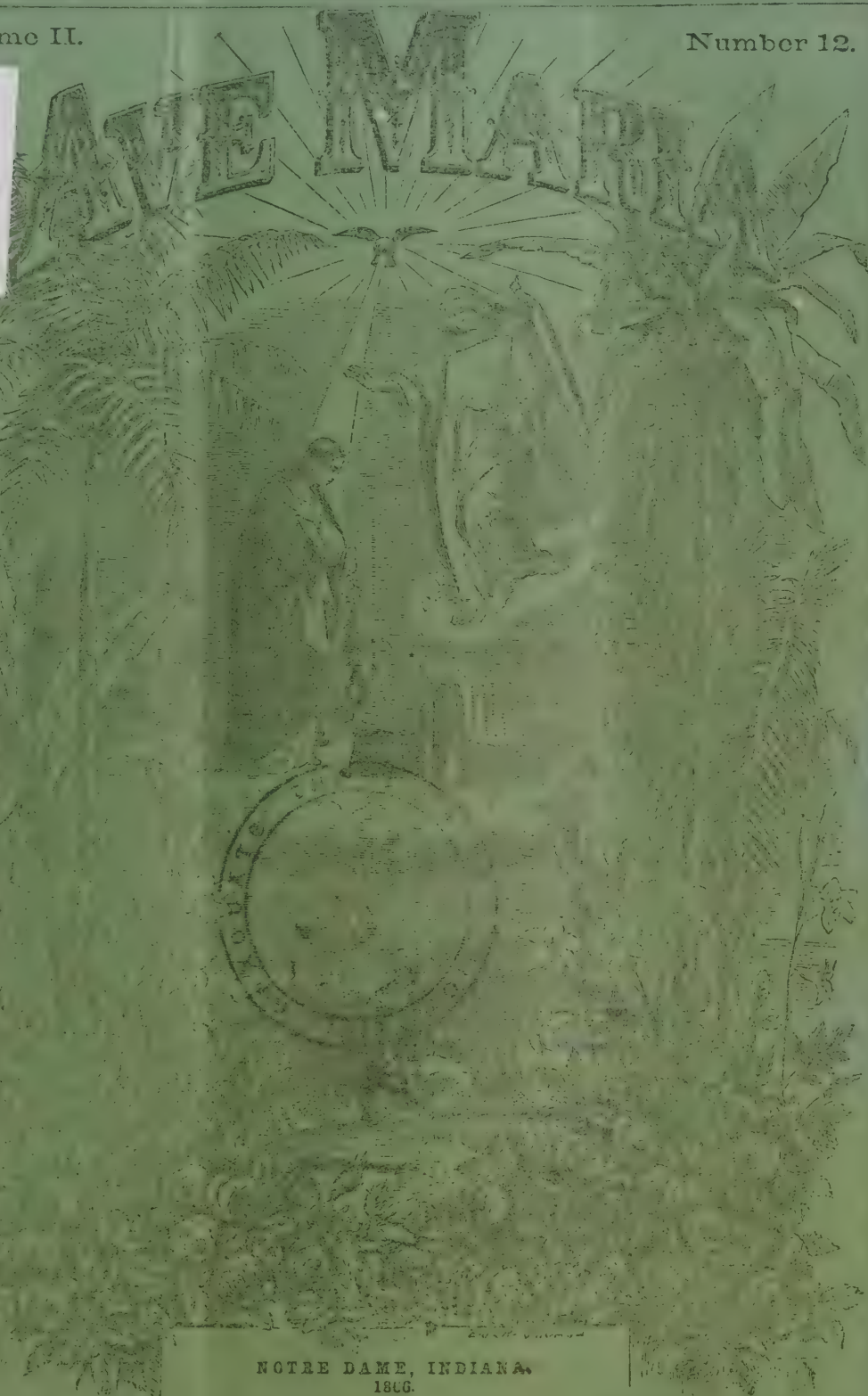
In conclusion, I ask you to place my name among your life subscribers, and enable me to partake of the Holy Masses and Communions offered for the permanent patrons of your pious enterprise, and I inclose the amount specified in your terms. Very respectfully, your servant in Christ,

JOHN MCGILL, Bishop of Richmond.

Volume II.

Number 12.

LEVEL  
ONE



NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.  
1896.



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## Weekly Calendar.

### MARCH.

Saturday 24.—Saint Irenæus, B. M.  
 Sunday 25.—Palm Sunday. Annunciation of B. V. M.  
 Monday 26.—Saint Ludger, B. C.  
 Tuesday 27.—Saint John, Hermit.

Wednesday 28.—Saint Sixtus III, Pope.  
 Thursday 29.—Maunday Thursday. Saint Cyrilus.  
 Friday 30.—Good Friday. Saint John Climacus.  
 Saturday 31.—Holy Saturday. Saint Benjamin.

## TO OUR READERS.

In reply to various applications, we beg to state that we are willing, until the expiration of the first year—that is, till next May—to allow any subscriber to the AVE MARIA the privilege of becoming a Life Subscriber, by paying the balance of the twenty dollars required for that purpose. The permanence of the journal being now assured, we do not hesitate to say that any one able to secure the privilege of a life subscription, will consult his interest in doing so, and will accommodate us by dispensing our secretary with tedious accounts.

All letters referring to this journal, should be addressed as follows: *Ave Maria Office, Notre Dame, Indiana.*

We lately announced a Wreath for the Month of Mary. We meant what we wrote. Whether it will be a Golden Wreath, we are not quite sure; but we will certainly do our best, and when we have done that, we trust the indulgence of our readers will overlook our shortcomings and give us credit for our good will.

To define our ground for this little undertaking, before orders are filled, we beg to state what we understand by the word wreath: A crown, and the richest one on earth, namely, what the Church herself calls the Crown of the Blessed Virgin Mary—*Corona B. V. Maria*—or the Rosary, thus defined from the fact of its passing in review when duly and piously recited the fifteen mysteries of our Holy Religion.

Such is the Wreath we intend offering our Blessed Mother and her devoted children—a series of illustrations of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary. Not, however, that it will concern only and exclusively those who already recite daily their beads; for we intend it unquestionably, for all the readers of the AVE MARIA.

We may as well, perhaps, indicate here the principal sources from which we have drawn what may be deemed best in our modest little brochure, viz: First of all, from the author of the Perpetual Rosary, already mentioned in this issue. Then from the Right Reverend Abbot of Solesme; from his own writings, and those of the venerable Mary d'Agréda, lately resuscitated by him. Bossuet, and Fenelon, Saint Francis de Sales, and Saint Liguori, Père d'Argentan, and Nicolas, have also

been placed, more than once, under precious contributions.

While the venerated Bishop Timon is treating so ably of the popular devotion of the Scapular, in our weekly issues, we, in the Wreath will make an effort at diffusing even more than it is, this beautiful devotion of the Rosary.

It is a mistaken idea to think that a Month of Mary cannot be performed unless a sermon is preached every day. In the first place, very few Priests in this country could find leisure to preach thirty-one sermons within a month. The idea alone of thirty-one sermons would suffice to discourage the best intentions. Of course, wherever there is a possibility of hearing a sermon, it is preferable. But this should not be a condition *sine quâ non*. In the second place, many of our readers cannot see a Priest even once a week, for a multitude of reasons we cannot mention in detail, as distance, bad weather, sickness, traveling, urgent occupations, etc.

In connection with this Golden Wreath, we would wish to speak of the \$1,500 wreath just subscribed by fifteen of our Blessed Mother's devoted clients for the Feast of the Coronation, on the 31st of May; but want of room obliges us to postpone it until a future number.

One of our Fathers, Rev. J. C. Carrier, S. S. C., has been recently sent to Paris, chiefly on business connected with the AVE MARIA. Should any of our subscribers among the Rev. Clergy or Communities desire him to do any thing for them in France, we have particularly enjoined him to attend to every such request of our friends as if our own. Until the first of May, they may address him, *College de Ste. Croix, Rue Demours 15, Paris.*

We publish this week our twenty second Episcopal approbation, for which, as for those that preceded it, we are deeply and feelingly indebted, not perhaps as much in view of the personal gratification they bring, as in consideration of the pleasure and confidence they convey to each sensible reader of the AVE MARIA.

"*Rev. Father Provincial*: I would it were in my power to place our dear little journal in the hands of every Catholic family away from Catholic influence, not able to attend Mass but once a

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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## THE ANNUNCIATION.

Consider the grandeur of the solemnity of this day, and you will rejoice and exult in the joy of your heart. To-day is the festival on which God the Father has celebrated the nuptials of His Son with the human race, to which He is inseparably united. To-day is the nuptial feast of the Son, and the day of His birth in the womb of His Mother. To-day is the festival of the Holy Ghost, on account of the wonderful and unique work of the Incarnation, of which He is the Author. To-day He begins to testify His singular goodness to the human race. To-day is the glorious feast of Our Lady, who has been received as a Daughter by the Father, as Mother by the Son, and as Spouse by the Holy Ghost. To-day is the feast of all the celestial court, for on this day is commenced the reparation of its ruins. Above all, to-day is the festival of human nature, for on this day was inaugurated its salvation, redemption, and entire reconciliation; on this day the entire world was exalted and deified. To-day the Son renders a new obedience to the Father for the accomplishment of our salvation. To-day, leaving the empyrean heights, He speeds forward as a giant on His course, and then incloses Himself in a virginal womb. To-day He becomes one of us—our own Brother. To-day He commences the journey of life with us. To-day the true light descends from Heaven to dissipate and disperse the profound darkness of earth. To-day the Living Bread, which gives life to the world, is prepared in the virginal womb, as in an ardent furnace. To-day the Word is made flesh and dwells amongst us. To-day the sighs and prayers of the patriarchs and prophets are heard and accomplished. They had cried aloud, in the anguish and burning desires of their hearts, "*Send forth, O Lord, the Lamb, the Ruler of the Earth! Oh, that Thou wouldst rend the Heavens and come down! Show us, O Lord, Thy face! Lord, bow down Thy heavens and descend.*" And in a thousand other as-

pirations with which the Sacred Scriptures are filled, they ardently longed for this day. To-day is the principle and foundation of all solemnities, and the source of our happiness; for until this happy moment the Lord was irritated against all mankind on account of the disobedience of our first parents. But His anger passed away when His Son became man. To-day must be called the fullness of time.

Contemplate this beautiful day. See how it contains all that is delicious, agreeable and desirable. Every thing it commemorates inspires a supreme devotion. It should fill our hearts with piety, joy and transports, for all therein is worthy of unbounded love and veneration. Meditate upon them. Let your heart rejoice in them, and God will deign to show you others still greater.

It is in such glowing strains that the great champion of Mary, the Seraphic Doctor of the Church, Saint Bonaventure, to whom we are indebted for the "Office of the Blessed Virgin," sings the praises of the Mother of God. In his beautiful meditations on the Mystery of the Annunciation, he continues:

When the most Blessed Virgin had returned to Nazareth, Almighty God spoke to the Archangel Gabriel, saying: "Go, seek our dearest daughter Mary, spouse of Joseph; she whom we love above all creatures; tell her that My Son, charmed with her beauty, has chosen her to be His Mother. Bid her receive Him with joy, for, forgetting the injury I have received through the human race, I have determined to operate its salvation through her."

Gabriel, filled with joy and happiness, swiftly descended from the empyreal heights, and under a human figure presented himself to Mary, who was retired in a chamber of her humble dwelling. Yet swift as was his flight, the Lord was before him, and he found the Holy Trinity had preceded its messenger.

You must know that the sublime work of the Incarnation was the work of the Trinity, although it was only the person of the Son who



became incarnate, in the same manner a prelate is putting on his pontifical robe two others aid him by holding the sleeves.\* Rest here, with attention, as though you had been present at the mystery yourself. What must be your meditations today in this humble little dwelling, where such persons are assembled to accomplish such an event? For although we well understand that the Blessed Trinity is everywhere, nevertheless it is found here, in a most particular manner, on account of its special operation.

Gabriel, the faithful messenger, enters the presence of Mary and says, "Hail! full of grace, the Lord is with thee! blessed art thou among women."

She, being troubled, made no reply. This trouble in her was not reprehensible; neither was it caused by the vision, for she was accustomed to see angels; but, according to the Scriptures, she was troubled at the words of this new form of salutation. At the sound of the three great eulogiums given her, this humble Virgin could not but feel troubled. The angel styled her *full of grace*, declaring that the *Lord was with her* and that *she was blessed among women*. Now the humble cannot hear their own praises without blushing and being confused. Her trouble came from a noble and virtuous confusion.

The angel, knowing the cause of her hesitation, continued: "Fear not, Mary; be not alarmed at the praises I give thee; they are true. Not only art thou full of grace, but thou hast obtained grace for all mankind, whom thou hast restored to God. Behold, thou shalt conceive and bring forth the Son of the Most High, and He who has chosen thee for His Mother, will save all who hope in Him."

Then she replied, not in acquiescing in the praises, nor in declining them, but in a manner to show that, above all, she was preoccupied with the way in which these grand destinies should be accomplished, and with the thought of not losing her virginity: "How can this be done, since I have irrevocably vowed my virginity to God, and I must never know man?"

"The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee," replied the angel, "and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore the Holy which

shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God. And behold, thy Cousin Elizabeth, she hath also conceived a son in her old age, and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren, because no word shall be impossible with God."

Consider how the Blessed Trinity is there awaiting the reply and consent of its beloved daughter, regarding with love and delight her purity and her words; and the angel also addressing her with wisdom and discretion, respectfully inclining before his sovereign, with calm, serene countenance, faithfully executing his embassy, and attentively noting the replies of Mary, in order that he may faithfully report them and accomplish, in this wonderful work, the will of the Lord. Behold there our Lady, humble and fearful, her face suffused with the blush of modest purity; all the magnificent praises addressed to her,—such as never mortal ears had heard before,—she refers to divine grace. Then, filled with joy, she acquiesces in the words of the angel, bending her knee with profound devotion, and joining her hands, she says: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word." And immediately the Son of God rests in the womb of the Virgin, assuming flesh entire, and at the same time resting entirely in the bosom of His Father.

Gabriel then bent his knee as did our Lady, then rising with her he inclined profoundly—even to the ground—saluted her, and disappeared.

So far have we invited our readers to follow us, in meditating, with Saint Bonaventure, the grand mystery of the Annunciation. It seems to us that all Catholics,—it matters not their position or age,—should love to refresh their souls at the exhilarating source of the true and beautiful, as found in the writings of the masters of piety. It is a false idea to consider such works appropriate only for priests and religious; for is it not true that they are necessary for *all* persons who really believe that the answer to the second question in the little Catechism has a direct personal application to themselves? Did the writings of the saints enter, as they should, into the daily reading of every Catholic, the maxims and instructions they contain, in place of being viewed in the abstract, would soon enter into the practical lives of the children of the Church. For instance, all the beautiful things said by Saint Bonaventure on the Annunciation, would certainly touch every feeling heart, drawing from its depths fervent acts of tender love, bring new graces to the household, and spread a halo of joy around the fireside; for joy is a gift of the Holy Ghost, and familiarity

\* This image, which may seem singular to some minds, nevertheless incloses great exactness and true profoundness of doctrine. Our Saviour was enveloped in our nature as in a garment: *Verbum vestierat carne*, says the Church, in the hymn for Assumption, and nothing better represents the co-operation of the Father and the Holy Ghost in aiding the Word to rest Himself with our humanity in the mystery of the Incarnation, than this figure of Saint Bonaventure. Although it may be subject to the rules of rhetorical criticism, yet those of humble heart will love it.

with the saints, who were endowed with its full plenitude, brings a joy to the heart that the world, with all its boasted treasury of joy could never attain.

If some of our readers are skeptical on this point, we reply, with Saint Teresa, when proclaiming the great favors granted through the intercession of Saint Joseph: "If you do not believe me, make the trial yourself." It should not be said that such writings are intended only for *ascetics*, for they are the true *food* for all Catholic hearts. The wants of the body, the cravings of the intellect, are never refused; it is only the poor heart that is told to be quiet, or if it must have food and pleasure it must go to the feasts prepared for the body and the intellect, and the result is too often what the royal prophet said: *aruit cor meum quia oblitus sum, etc.*—"my heart is withered because I forgot to eat my bread." For the heart, then, we add to our brief extracts from Saint Bonaventure, the exquisite picture of Mary's beatific vision, as we find it painted in the Mystical City. If the pride of intellect would act the critic let it pause before the fact that we are permitted to believe that the Blessed Virgin herself revealed to the venerable Mary of Agreda the wonders she relates in the Mystical City of God:

"Angelic spirits assisted at this mystery, praising the Almighty with unbounded joy. In unison with the most happy Mother, they blessed Him with new hymns of love. They returned Him continued thanks in her name, and in the name of all mankind."

In the beatific vision, of which we have already spoken, our august Lady saw most clearly and distinctly, the hypostatic union of the divine and human nature in the person of the eternal Word; and the Most Holy Trinity confirmed her in her title, name and rights of Mother of God, as she was really, and in the full rigor of the word, being the natural Mother of a Son, who was eternal God, with the same certitude as He was veritable man.

In this vision was also revealed to the most Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, all the future mysteries of the life and death of her most sweet Son, of the redemption of the human race, the new law of the Gospel, by means of which these mysteries were to be established, and many other sublime and profound secrets, which were never discovered to any saint.

The most prudent Queen, seeing herself in the intuitive presence of the Divinity, and possessed of the plenitude of science and gifts, with which

she was enriched in quality of Mother of God, humbled herself before the throne of His immense Majesty.

Immersed in her humility, and in the divine presence she adored the Lord in His infinite being in union with the most holy humanity. She returned Him thanks for the dignity of Mother which she had received, and for the favor which His divine Majesty had granted to all mankind; she glorified Him in the name of all mortals; she offered herself as a willing sacrifice to serve and nourish His most sweet Son, to assist Him in all His temporal wants, and to co-operate, as far as it was in her power, in the work of redemption.

The Blessed Trinity received her offer with complacency, and destined her to be the co-adjutor of this Divine Mission. Then she asked as a special grace, that she might comport herself with the dignity suitable to the mission of Mother of the Word humanized.

She offered to her Divine Son all the children of Adam—yet unborn—as also the just and the holy Fathers in Limbo; and she made in her own name, acts of the most heroic virtues and great demands, that I have related elsewhere.

Her heart was filled with the most ardent love when she begged of the Most High the special grace to worthily govern herself as the Mother of the only Son of the Father, for in the profound humility of her heart, she desired to be guided in all her actions while acquitting herself of this office of Mother. The Almighty replied: "Fear not, my dove, I will assist and direct you, ordaining all that are to do for my only Son."

With this promise ended the most sublime ecstasy that had ever been given her. On returning to her ordinary state of life, she immediately prostrated herself to adore her Divine Son, God and man conceived in her virginal womb.

Approbation of Right Rev. John B. Lamy, D. D.,  
Bishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

SANTA FE, New Mexico, Feb. 26, 1866.

*My dear Father Sorin:* Your little message of the AVE MARIA comes to me regularly every week; and indeed the reading of its interesting pages gives me great pleasure, and I feel confident that this little journal, published in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of our Divine Saviour, will be the means of producing great good. Inclosed in this letter I send you \$5 for my subscription. Your devoted in Christ,

JOHN B. LAMY, *Bishop of Santa Fe.*



## THE ANNUNCIATION.

How pure, and frail, and white,  
 The snowdrops shine!  
 Gather a garland bright  
 For Mary's shrine.

For, born of winter snows,  
 These fragile flowers  
 Are gifts to our fair Queen  
 From Spring's first hours.

For on this blessed day  
 She knelt at prayer;  
 When, lo! before her shone  
 An Angel fair.

"Hail, Mary!" thus he cried,  
 With reverent fear:  
 She, with sweet, wondering eyes,  
 Marvelled to hear.

Be still, ye clouds of Heaven!  
 Be silent, Earth!  
 And hear an Angel tell  
 Of Jesus' birth,

While she, whom Gabriel hails  
 As full of grace,  
 Listens with humble faith  
 In her sweet face.

Be still, Pride, War, and Pomp,  
 Vain Hopes, vain Fears,  
 For now an Angel speaks,  
 And Mary hears.

"Hail, Mary!" lo, it rings  
 Through ages on;  
 "Hail, Mary!" it shall sound,  
 Till Time is done.

"Hail, Mary!" infant lips  
 Lisp it to-day;  
 "Hail, Mary!" with faint smile  
 The dying say.

"Hail, Mary!" many a heart  
 Broken with grief,  
 In that angelic prayer  
 Has found relief.

And many a half-lost soul,  
 When turned at bay,  
 With those triumphant words  
 Has won the day.

"Hail, Mary, Queen of Heaven!"  
 Let us repeat,  
 And place our snowdrop wreath  
 Here at her feet.

## THE SCAPULAR.

[CONTINUED.]

We wish to speak of the promises and mercies of God to the sons and daughters of Mount Carmel; that is, of Divine mercies to the Carmelites, and to those who, by the Holy Scapular, are affiliated to that holy order.

It will be most suitable to prepare, for wonders of Almighty mercy now and hereafter, by noting those dispensed through holy Prophets on the same Mount Carmel, which the Carmelites hail as their home.

*As an humble and obedient child of the Church,* I will not renew a question on which the Holy See has imposed silence, without deciding for either party. The Carmelites thought that they had fully proved the origin of their society, and consequently of the Scapular Society from the Prophet Elias. Their claim was contested. \* \* \*

In the year 1669 appeared a large work, written by Father Francis of Good Hope, ex-Provincial of Flanders, under the following title: "An historical and theological arsenal, which furnishes shields of all kinds, or authorities, traditions and reasons, from Sacred Scripture, from the Sovereign Pontiffs, from the Holy Fathers, from geographers and doctors, ancient and modern, by which the darts, which dissenting friends throw against the antiquity of the Carmelites, against their origin and hereditary succession on Mount Carmel from the Prophet Elias, with the three essential vows, never legitimately interrupted to the present day, are weakened." An answer was made to this work. \* \* \*

A work of four volumes in folio then was written by Father Daniel, of the Virgin Mary, in 1678, and was published in 1689, under the title of "The Mirror of Carmel, or History of the Order of Elias, of the Friars of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, in which is shown its origin through the Prophet Elias, its propagation by the children of the prophets, its extension and succession without interruption by the Essenians, the hermits and monks, etc., by the Very Rev. F. Daniel of the Virgin Mary." Answers adverse to the claims of F. Daniel were made.

The Holy See put an end to disputes *that became too bitter*, by the following decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Council, given 8th March, 1698: "When our most Holy (Father), not without great grief to his heart, lately learned that bitter disputes had arisen on the primitive institution of the order of the Blessed Mary of

Mount Carmel, and its succession from the prophets Elias and Eliseus, to the great scandal of Christ's faithful, on account of these unnecessary contentions, especially between religious men, on things moreover, which do not in the least regard faith or morals, and on account of which several books and pamphlets have been written in too bitter a style, on both sides; seriously also considering into what a source of evils such dissensions may grow up, unless they be carefully removed from the vineyard of the Lord; and wishing herein to apply the proper remedy, and to proceed with due maturity in this matter, the Holy Father has intrusted its examination to the Sacred Congregation of the Council to be carefully discussed.

"Therefore this same Sacred Congregation, on the 8th day of March, 1698, having previously diligently discussed and maturely weighed this matter, have thought that, if it should so please our most holy Lord, by apostolical letters, to be issued in the form of a brief, *motu proprio*, and with certain knowledge, and to be promulgated in the accustomed places, perpetual silence could and should be imposed on the said question of the primitive institution and succession of the order of Carmelites from the prophets Elias and Eliseus, and that such silence should be observed by the defenders of either opinion, and also by all others whosoever, of every grade, state, condition, order, society or institute, even when worthy of a special or individual distinction, as well in written dissertations and books hereafter to be printed, as in public disputes, and theses, under pain of excommunication *lata sententia*, to be incurred *ipso facto* by the transgressors.

"It has moreover decreed that books, theses, or any writings whatsoever, to be issued hereafter against the form of the said apostolical letters, *eo ipso* and without any further declaration, will be and are prohibited, with the same penalties as contained in the Index of forbidden books; with the addition of this declaration however, that by this imposing silence, no greater weight will accrue to one or the other of the said contrary opinions, but each will remain in the state and terms in which it is now found, until it may please the Apostolic See to determine otherwise." Innocent XII, by his brief 20th Nov., 1698, imposed the silence above intimated.

The Carmelite Order is so ancient and venerable, that man cannot make it greater than it is. Still private and submissive details of these olden times are permitted, and may be edifying.

The Jews had their Litanies; they still have them; but in the very form in which the Christian supposes that they should have them. They do not say to their saints: "Pray for us;" for they suppose Heaven to be still shut, and that the holiest can only repose in Abraham's bosom until the Messiah comes. But in their Ritual they have Litanies in which they crave mercy "for the sake of Abraham, for the sake of Isaac, for the sake of Jacob, for the sake of David," etc. The Old Testament too has much in the same spirit: "I will give one tribe to thy son, for the sake of David my servant." III Kings, ii. "I will make him prince all his life, for David my servant's sake." Ibid. v, 34. "And I will protect this city, and will save it, for my own sake, and for David my servant's sake." IV Kings xix, 34. "For thy servant David's sake, turn not away the face of thy anointed." Ps. cxxi, 10. The spirit of these Scripture prayers is repeated to this day in the venerable and beautiful Ritual of the present Jewish Church, as published by Levi, in London. When the Saviour came, this Litany form became stronger: "Lord, Son of David, have mercy on us. Lord, Son of David, have mercy on us." Matt. xx, 30. "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." Luke xvii, 15.

Non-Catholics have supposed that Religious Communities and vows were peculiar to the Catholic Church; yet the Bible sufficiently shows that they existed long before Christ, most probably even long before the Jewish Church. Many supposed that Enoch, the sixth from Adam, had made holy vows, and kept them *well, therefore*: "Enoch walked with God, and was seen no more, because God took him." Gen. v. Of Jacob, before his name was changed to Israel, it is written: "And he made a vow saying: If God will be with me, and keep me in the way by which I walk. \* \* \* The Lord shall be my God. And this stone which I have set up for a title shall be called the house of God; and of all things that *Thou* wilt give to me, I will offer tithes to *Thee*." Gen. xxviii. It is not surely necessary to repeat the multiplied injunctions in Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, the Psalms, etc., to require the faithful performance of all vows made to God; hence Moses says: "When thou hast made a vow to the Lord thy God, thou shalt not delay to pay it: because the Lord thy God will require it. And if thou delay, it shall be imputed to thee for a sin." Royal David also says: "Vow ye, and pay to the Lord your God." Ps. lxxv. And the inspired Ecclesiastes, v, 3, cries out: "If thou hast vowed any thing to God, defer not no pay it; for an unfaithful and foolish promise displeaseth *Him*; but whatsoever thou hast vowed, *pay it*. It is much better not to vow, than after a vow not to perform the things promised." [TO BE CONTINUED.]



## DEATH OF SAINT JOSEPH.

Protector, lo, thy watch is done,  
 Look up, enjoy thy bright reward;  
 Behold appear the rising Sun,  
 The midnight fly before its Lord.

Thick darkness deepened o'er the land,  
 The moon and stars sank, one by one;  
 Scarce here and there a glowing brand  
 Told God's fair light not yet was gone.

Long hast thou watched and guarded here,  
 Fulfilling Heaven's awful trust;  
 All calm, with dread and danger near,  
 Nor doubt nor fear could stir the Just.

Thy faith knew her a maiden pure,  
 Thy faith knew Him, thy God, a child;  
 Thy sight knows now, but not more sure,  
 Him mighty Lord, her undefiled.

What honor, wondrous Saint, was thine,  
 To guard the Mother and the Word;  
 What heavenly love from eyes divine  
 Thy deep, angelic bosom stirred!

Thy home of earth was home in Heaven,  
 Thy joys were those that spirits know;  
 Thyself a spirit, ere 'twas given  
 To see, this day, God's brightness glow.

Though toil was its own recompense,  
 His generous love gives more and more;  
 Nor tongue can tell, nor thought nor sense,  
 The dear delights thou hast in store.

The world will find its Saviour now,  
 The gloom from earth will pass away;  
 Great patriarch, thy hopeful brow  
 Grows placid in the coming day.

For thee God opens wide the sky  
 And shows thy throne all light within;  
 Himself with thee is standing by,  
 And she of mortals pure of sin.

O happy we, in that last hour,  
 If JESUS, MARY we may call,  
 And they smile hope from Heaven's tower,  
 Lest in our flight we doubt and fall.

More blessed thou, all free of taint,  
 With JESUS, MARY at thy hand,  
 Bold spirit of the humble Saint,  
 How sure thy flight to that bright band!

Nor long till JESUS wing them home,  
 But He and MARY still remain;  
 Their pain and sorrow yet must come,  
 Ere ye shall meet in Heaven again.

Dear patron, pray that God may give  
 Us grace like thee to look above,  
 And feel how blessed 'tis to live  
 In JESUS, MARY, JOSEPH's love.

SAINT-WORSHIP.  
 INTERCESSION OF THE SAINTS.

I have shown that the intercession of the Saints is no anomaly in the Creator's plan, but is in strict accordance with His providence, which completes or perfects His works through the agency or ministry of second or created causes. Creatures can have no part in the production of existences, or in their creation from nothing, but God employs them in developing and completing creatures. Hence it is that all existences are active, and strictly speaking, there are no purely passive existences, no pure passivity in nature.

In saying that God in completing or perfecting His works uses the ministry of angels and of men, or employs created agencies, that is, natural causes so called, I do not mean to be understood that even to this end He never does any thing immediately, directly by Himself, without other mediums than His Eternal Word, for miracles are well attested facts in all ages of the world, and prove, among other things, that God is His own law, the Master of nature, and not bound by it. The age has much to say of liberty, and no men are more clamorous for liberty than those who suppose God is invincibly bound by what they call the laws of nature; but the basis of all liberty is the liberty of God Himself. To suppose Him subject to natural laws, or the laws of nature, is to suppose Him bound by fate or destiny, as the heathen held their gods to be, and to deny all space for freedom in the universe. Whatever is fixed, invariable, immutable, in nature or the laws of nature, is not nature, but God, not something above Him, outside of Him, and independent of Him, but He Himself, in the plenitude of His own necessary, eternal, and immutable being. He is not free not to be, nor free to be other than He is; but He is always and everywhere free to act as He pleases, through ministries or not, as seems to Him good. The difficulty in men's minds in regard to the Divine freedom grows out of the fact that they always associate what is logical with what is necessary, and cannot easily understand how God can be always logical in His action, and yet free. It may help them to bear in mind that God is Him-

self the Supreme Logic, logic in itself, and the necessity in the case does not bind Him, but the conclusions that follow from the premises He creates' and He is free to create such premises as He chooses. He cannot create the existence man, which at the same time shall be man, and something specifically different from man.

Supernatural intervention or the direct and immediate action of God in the universe, which is what we call miracles, because inexplicable by any natural laws or second causes, as the conception of our Lord in the womb of the Virgin Mary, is not illogical or capricious, but in relation to the Divine Mind is as orderly as the growth of a plant, or the gravitation of bodies toward the center of the earth. An act because free is not for that reason anomalous, and a principal great value of miracles is that they vindicate to us the freedom of God, and prove to us that the laws of nature, so called, depend on Him, and not He on them, as from their uniformity and constancy we are apt to suppose. They show us God acting freely, directly, without the agency of second causes, and therefore His freedom, self-existence, and self-sufficiency; they are a direct answer to those who say, "there is no God," or confound God with nature. They are as credible to him who believes in God as are any of the facts of nature, for they have the same cause, and a sufficient cause, and are provable by the same kind of evidence or testimony. They are no more incredible than creation, which from the nature of the case must be the direct act of God.

But the admission of miracles, the direct supernatural action of God, does not in any sense deny or abridge His action through second causes. A miracle is not contrary to the laws of nature, nor does it revoke or even suspend them. It is only the act of a power above them, and not explicable by them; it leaves them to their ordinary operation, and simply proves that they do not exhaust the activity of the Creator, and that He survives them in all His infinity, and in all His inexhaustible freedom of actions. The heathen believed in prodigies, the intervention of their gods, but had no conception of miracles in the Christian sense, because their gods were not believed by them to be God, and the God they dimly recognized in the darkness or of whom they retained some faint and fading reminiscences, was no creative God. He was for the most part in their mythologies resolved into Fate, Necessity, or Destiny, which, as says the Emperor Marcus Antoninus, "binds both gods and men."

The Christian believes in God the Creator, *Deus Creator*, and therefore can rise to the true conception of a miracle, and understand that God may work a miracle without violating, interrupting, or suspending the so called natural order. The miracle transcends nature, and reveals the hand, the will, or the power that creates, and sustains nature. God can act through the things that He has made, and He can act without them, without their co-operation with Him as is evident from his having been able to create them from nothing. He in fact does act in both ways, and hence we have always present, in human life, both the natural and the supernatural.

The fundamental mistake of those who object to the invocation of the Saints, is in supposing that God in the work of our sanctification and perfection in glory, works always directly, immediately, without any created medium, or any co-operation on our part with Him. This was the great mistake of the Reformers. In their theory the Incarnation, if not expressly denied, has really no place, and practically nothing to do with our regeneration, sanctification, and perfection in glory. The most they can consistently admit is that it was necessary to enable the Son to die on the Cross, and that it was necessary that He should die on the Cross to remove the abstract justice interposed to the pardon of the sinner, or to render it consistent with His Majesty for God to pardon and forgive those who had transgressed His law. It has, on their theory, so far as I can conceive, no practical effect on the sinner himself, in redeeming and elevating his nature, and infusing into him a new and higher life, and enabling him to fulfill his destiny, which is union with God in the beatific vision. It is at best an expedient for getting rid of a difficulty which never existed, for it was always competent for God, if he chose, to pardon the sinner on repentance and reformation of life. That He does not do so without the Incarnation and Redemption through the Passion and Cross of His Son, is not because He cannot, but because He chooses in His infinite love to do something far better for the sinner, and to make his fall the occasion of a far greater glory. Hence, forgetting this, we find them denying all mediate action of God. Faith is regarded as a direct gift. Regeneration or the new birth, is the direct work of the Holy Ghost, so is the perseverance of the just, and their final salvation. In all God works immediately, directly, sovereignly, and the creature is purely passive, and in no sense co-operative with the Holy Spirit.



Hence they reject the Priesthood, the Sacraments, the whole office of the Church. All this grows out of the denial of the mediatorial system of grace which has its origin and ground in the Holy Trinity, rejecting virtually, if not formally, the entire ministry of angels and men. They are in principle, did they but know it, Pantheists, denying the reality of second causes, and hence we see everywhere the world of the Reformers developing in Pantheism. The more advanced portion of them in the Old World and in the New are avowedly Pantheists, and place the apostate Jew, Spinoza, far above our Lord Jesus Christ as an authority in religion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### A MIRACULOUS CURE.

[Translated from the official part of the *Sulzburg Church Gazette*, published in German by the *Baltimore Volkzeitung* of March 10, 1866.]

[For the following valuable narrative we have no other authority but that of our highly respectable cotemporary and exchange of Baltimore. But we confess that, *prima facie*, the *tout ensemble* brings delight and conviction to a soul in the least desirous to find a fresh occasion to bless and love our Holy Mother. How much it looks like herself! A poor daughter of Eve, from the very depths of misery, struggling alone in the dead of night, with an unavoidable death, raises her sad and yet confident soul to the throne of her heavenly Mother, and lo! she is heard.—ED.]

Hail Mary, Health of the Sick! It has pleased God to confirm this title of the most Blessed Virgin by a miracle. Mary Magdalen Kade was born on June 5th, 1835. Her deceased father, Joseph Kade, was a weaver in Philipsdorf, part of the parish of Georgswald, four miles from Numburg and two miles from the frontier of Saxony. She lives with her married brother, Joseph Kade, a journeyman weaver, in his house, No. 63, which formerly belonged to her father. She is a plain, simple person, sincere, pious and of retired habits. She feels a great respect for the most Blessed Virgin, but has never shown any signs of excited or extravagant devotion. She had been subject to violent cramps, ever since she was nineteen years old, and two years ago she had a violent attack of inflammation of the stomach and lungs, which left her very weak and subject to internal pain, and about one year ago, a virulent, suppurating, scabby eruption began

(*Eczma*) chiefly on her left breast, and extended from her left shoulder to the soft parts of her abdomen, in spite of every medical application. Deep wounds in her breast exuded purulent matter very abundantly and the flesh underneath began to decay, (these are the expressions of the physician, who attended her, Dr. Ulbricht, M. D. and Surgeon). He ordered her to wash these wounds twice a day, with lukewarm water and dress them with fresh salve. The poor woman suffered acute pain during this operation. She got weaker and weaker. Her brother had to lift her out of bed and lift her in again. This always made her faint away and remain insensible. Her purulent wounds spread an offensive smell in the room. The children and other persons in the house kept at a distance from the bed, in order to avoid the smell; and her brother used several preventives, among others the filling of his mouth with tobacco, from fear of bad consequences, when he waited on her. She had been confined to her bed since the beginning of last November, and received the most Sacred Sacrament several times. On December 21st, 1865, the Reverend Chaplain, Fr. Storch, visited her for the last time; but was obliged to suspend his ministration on account of her fainting away. He found her very patient under acute pain and extreme weakness. Her voice was weak and could hardly be heard. The two physicians, Dr. Ulbricht of Georgswald, and Dr. Gröhlich of Gendorf, in Saxony, who had intended to make an operation on her breast, declared it no longer practicable, as the tumor had turned into an incurable cancer. On January 11th, 1866, in the evening, and all day on January 12th, the patient had the worst and most painful time. In the morning of the same day her wounds were washed, under the bed curtains, by her sister-in-law and brother, both of whom shuddered at the sight. Dr. Ulbricht paid her a visit; her brother lifted her out of bed and she swooned, as if dying, several times. The same happened again about midnight, and her brother's left arm, which came near her wounds in lifting her, was wet through and through with virulent matter. When her brother had put her back into the bed, she told him to go and take some rest; and he went to his bed-room in the garret. Veronica Kinderman, the patient's intimate friend, staid in the room to wait on her. There was a lighted candle on the table. The patient was very weak and told her friend that she suffered dreadfully, but that God did not give her greater pain than

she could bear. The two women prayed together and among other prayers, said the *Memorare* of Saint Bernard.

About three o'clock in the morning, the door flew open, and it seemed as if somebody had come into the room. Both the women were awake. Veronica was alarmed; but the patient told her it was one of the boarders, who came to look at the clock, as he wished to go to the factory pretty early. Veronica felt sleepy. The patient was so weak she could hardly speak, but was quiet and collected in prayer. Veronica lighted a small oil lamp in the lantern, put out the candle, and lay down on a bench near the bed, resting her head on a pillow on the bed, and fell asleep. About four o'clock the sick woman pushed Veronica with her right arm, and awoke her. She got up, and saw the patient trembling and covering her head, which was bowed down, with her hands; and she exclaimed: "Kneel down and pray! the most Blessed Virgin is here." The room was filled with a bright light, which the sick woman could not bear. It was like sunshine at noon. She stammered out: *Magnificat; My soul doth magnify the Lord.* When she came to the words, *And my spirit rejoices in God, my Saviour,* a lady, dressed in white, stood at the foot of her bed, rays of light in her face and a bright crown on her head, and in the mildest manner she spoke these words: "My child, from this moment it will heal up." Then she vanished. The bright light in the room lasted a few minutes longer, and then nothing was seen but the dim light of the lantern. Veronica Kinderman did not see, nor did she hear any thing; but, at the request of the excited sick woman, she called her brother and her sister-in-law, from their bed-room, and they came down to the ground floor, where the patient was lying, thinking she might have got worse. The sick woman called out with a loud voice, "Brother, I am well! The most Blessed Virgin was here!" They thought she was frenzied by fear. But what was their astonishment, when the sick woman explained to them all the circumstances of the apparition, how her pains had left her; she slapped the places where the wounds had been, and showed them how they were healed, and all but a small scar, covered with new skin, and the bad smell had ceased. They fell on their knees and said the whole of the *Magnificat* with the woman so suddenly restored to health. She got out of bed without any assistance, and walked round the room. Her brother begged her to go to bed again, which she did.

There were workmen in the neighboring factory of Gendorf, who boarded and lodged in the house. Four of these men belong to Georgswald. They are all middle-aged, steady, sober men. They had all been eye-witnesses of the previous sickness and helplessness of the poor woman. When these men came down to the lower room, early in the morning and found her quite well and hearty, they could hardly believe their own eyes, and said: Is it you? but is it you? Why, you were at death's door last night! They could not help acknowledging that it was truly an astonishing miracle that God had done. Ever since they join in family prayers with all the rest. The healed woman takes her share in all the hard work of the house, and feels healthier and stronger than ever she was before in her life. She humbly extols God's great mercy, of which she calls herself unworthy.

On the following Sunday, Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, she wished to walk two miles to the church, to return thanks to the Lord, and to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, but she was recommended not to go out in such bad weather, and she readily listened to the good advice, and staid at home. Dr. Ulbricht paid her a visit the same day, and could not help declaring that the rapid, unexpected recovery was a miracle. On the octave of her wonderful recovery, the 20th Jan., 1866, the woman went to a solemn High Mass, which she had requested, in the church at Georgswald, and received the Blessed Sacrament in praise and thanksgiving. The church was crowded with pious people from all quarters, far and near. On the 18th of January the woman and her brother paid a visit to her Confessor, who took the depositions of all the before mentioned particulars of her recovery. The whole neighborhood, indeed the whole village of Philipsdorf, were witnesses to her previous tedious, serious and incurable disease, which could only have yielded to a miracle. Their strong impression has been wide spread, and spoken of in several newspapers, with some slight variations of verbal reports. May this impression regarding prayer to the most Holy and Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, lead to God's glory and to the salvation of souls.

[Some *esprits forts* will laugh at our simplicity; alas they lack one sense—nevertheless we will praise our Blessed Mother and beg of her to turn toward them her merciful eyes—*misericordes oculos ad nos converte.*—ED.]



## WORKINGS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

[A few weeks since, our worthy Bishop called our attention to a remarkable letter addressed by Archbishop Manning to Dr. Pusey on the *Workings of the Holy Spirit in the Church of England*; and expressed a desire, which for us is a command, to see it printed in the AVE MARIA. We fully coincide with his Lordship in his admiration of the document, which our readers will undoubtedly find likewise well worthy of an attentive perusal. We subjoin here number 2:]

Let me next speak of the truths which the Church of England still retains. I have no pleasure in its present trials; and the anonymous writer who describes me as being "positively merry" over its disasters little knows me. If I am to speak plainly, he seems to me to be guilty of one of the greatest offences—a rash accusation against one whom he evidently does not know. I will farther say that I lament with all my heart whensoever what remains of truth in the Anglican system gives way before unbelief.

I do not, indeed, regard the Church of England as a teacher of *truth*, for that would imply that it teaches the truth in all its circumference, and in all its divine certainty. Now this is precisely what the Church of England does not, and, as I will show presently, has destroyed in itself the power of doing. I am willing to call it a teacher of *truths*, because many fragmentary truths, shattered, disjointed from the perfect unity of the Christian revelation, still survive the Reformation, and, with much variation and in the midst of much contradiction, are still taught in it. I have been wont always to say, and to say with joy, that the Reformation, which has done its work with such a terrible completeness in Germany, was arrested in England; that here much of the Christian belief and Christian order has survived. Until lately I have been in the habit of saying that there are three things which missionaries may take for granted in England: first, the existence of a supernatural world; secondly, the revelation of Christianity; and thirdly, the inspiration of Scripture. The Church of England has also preserved other doctrines with more or less of exactness, such as the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, the incarnation, baptism, and the like. I will not now enter into the question as to what other doctrines are retained by it, because a few more or a few less would make little difference in the final estimate a Catholic must make of it. A teacher of Chris-

tian truths I gladly admit it to be. A teacher of Christian truth—no, because it rejects much of that truth, and also the divine principle of its perpetuity in the world. Nevertheless, I rejoice in every fragment of doctrine which remains in it; and I should lament the enfeebling or diminution of any particle of that truth. I have ever regarded with regret the so-called Low-Church and Latitudinarian schools in the Anglican Church, because I believe their action and effect is to diminish what remains of truth in it. I have always regarded with joy, and I have never ceased to regard with sympathy, notwithstanding much which I cannot either like or respect, the labors of the High-Church or Anglo-Catholic party, because I believe that their action and effect are "to strengthen the things which remain, which were ready to die." For myself, I am conscious how little I have ever done in my life; but as it is now drawing toward its end, I have at least this consolation, that I cannot remember at any time, by word or act, to have undermined a revealed truth; but that according to my power, little enough as I know, I have endeavored to build up what truth I knew, truth upon truth, if only as one grain of sand upon another, and to bind it together by the only bond and principle of cohesion which holds in unity the perfect revelation of God. A very dear friend, whose friendship has been to me one of the most instructive, and the loss of which was to me one of the hardest sacrifices I had to make, has often objected to me, with the subtlety which marks his mind, that my act in leaving the Church of England has helped forward the unbelief which is now invading it. No doubt he meant to say that the tendency of such an act helped to shake the confidence of others in the Church of England as a teacher of truth. This objection was, like his mind, ingenious and refined. But a moment's thought unraveled it, and I answered it much in these words:

I do not believe that by submitting to the Catholic Church any one can weaken the witness of the Church of England for the truth which it retains. So far as it holds the truth, it is in conformity to the Catholic Church. In submitting to the Catholic Church, I all the more strongly give testimony to the same truths which the Church of England still retains. If I give testimony against the Church of England, it is in those points in which, being at variance with the truth, the Church of England is itself undermining the faith of Christianity.

It was for this reason I always lamented the legal-

izing of the sacramentarian errors of the Low-Church party by the Gorham Judgment; and that I lament now the legalizing of the heresies of the "Essays and Reviews," and the spreading unbelief of Dr. Colenso. I believe that any thing which undermines the Christianity of England is drawing it further and further from us. In proportion as men believe more of Christianity, they are nearer to the perfect truth. The mission of the Church in the world is to fill up the truth. Our Divine Lord said, "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill;" and St. Paul did not overthrow the altar of the Unknown God, but gave to it an object of divine worship and a true adoration. For this cause I regard the present downward course of the Church of England and the Christianity of England with great sorrow and fear. And I am all the more alarmed because of those who are involved in it so many not only refuse to acknowledge the fact, but treat us who give warning of the danger as enemies and accusers.

One of my critics has imagined, that I propose to myself and others the alternative of Catholicism or Atheism. I have never attempted to bring any one to the perfect truth by destroying or by threatening the imperfect faith they might still possess. I do not believe that the alternative before us is Catholicism or Atheism. There are lights of the natural order, divine witnesses of Himself inscribed by the Creator on His works, characters engraven upon the conscience, and testimonies of mankind in all the ages of the world, which prove the existence and perfections of God, the moral nature and responsibility of man anterior to Catholicism, and independently of revelation. If a man, through any intellectual or moral aberration, should reject Christianity, that is Catholicism, the belief of God and of His perfections stands immutably upon the foundations of nature. Catholicism, or Deism, is indeed the only ultimately logical and consistent alternative, though, happily, few men in rejecting Catholicism are logically consistent enough to reject Christianity. Atheism is an aberration which implies not only an intellectual blindness, but a moral insensibility. The theism of the world has its foundation on the face of the natural world, and on the intellect and the heart of the human race. The old Paganism and modern Pantheism are reverent, filial, and elevating compared with the atheism of Comte and of our modern secularists. It would be both intellectually and morally impossible to propose to any one the alternative of Catholicism or Athe-

ism. Not only then do I lament to see any truth in the Church of England give way before unbelief, but I should regard with sorrow and impatience any attempt to promote the belief of the whole revelation of Christianity by a mode of logic which undermines even the truths of the natural order. The Holy See has authoritatively declared that the existence of God may be proved by reason and the light of nature,\* and Alexander VIII declared that men who do not know of the existence of God are without excuse.† Atheism is not the condition of man without revelation. As Viva truly says in his comment on this declaration, Atheists are anomalies and exceptions in the intellectual tradition of mankind.

Nay, I will go further. I can conceive a person to reject Catholicism without logically rejecting Christianity. He would indeed reject the divine certainty which guarantees and proposes to us the whole revelation of the day of Pentecost. But, as Catholic theologians teach, the infallible authority of the Church does not of necessity enter into the essence of an act of faith.‡ It is, indeed, the divine provision for the perfection and perpetuity of the faith, and *in hac providentia*, the ordinary means whereby men are illuminated in the revelation of God; but the known and historical evidence of Christianity is enough to convince any prudent man that Christianity is a divine revelation. It is quite true that by this process he cannot attain an explicit faith in all the doctrines of revelation, and that in rejecting Catholicism he reduces himself to human and historical evidence as the maximum of extrinsic certainty for his religion, and that this almost inevitably resolves itself in the long run into rationalism. It is an inclined plane on which, if individuals may stand, generations cannot. Nevertheless, though the alternative in the last analysis of speculation be Catholicism or Deism, the practical alternative may be Catholicism and fragmentary Christianity.

I have said this to show how far I am from sympathizing with those, if any there be, and I can truly say I know none such, who regard the giving way of any lingering truth in the Church of England under the action of unbelief with any feeling but that of sorrow. The Psalmist lamented over the dying out of truths. "*Diminute*

\* "Ratiocinatio Dei existentiam, animæ spiritualitatem, hominis libertatem, cum certitudine probare potest." *Theses a SS. D. N. Pio IX approbate*, 11 Junii 1855. Denzinger's *Enchiridion*, p. 448. Ed. 1856.

† Viva, *Propos. damnate*, p. 372. Ripalda, *De Ente Supernaturali*, disp. xx, s. 12, 59.

‡ De Lugo, *De Virtute Fidei Divinæ*, disp. i, sect. xii, 250-53. Viva, *Cursus Theol.* p. iv, disp. i, quest. iv, art. iii. Ripalda, *De Ente Supern.*, disp. xx, sect. xxii, 117.



*sunt veritates a filiis hominum,"* and I believe that every one who loves God, and souls, and truth must lament when a single truth, speculative or moral, even of the natural order, is obscured; much more when any revealed truth of the elder or of the Christian revelation is rejected or even doubted. Allow me also to answer, not only for myself, which is of no great moment, but for an eminent personage to whom you have referred in your pamphlet. I can say, with a personal and perfect knowledge, that no other feeling has ever arisen in his Eminence's mind, in contemplating the troubles of the Anglican Church, than a sincere desire that God may use these things to open the eyes of men to see the untenableness of their positions; coupled with a very sincere sorrow at the havoc which the advance of unbelief is making among the truths which yet linger in the Church of England.

### THE ANNUNCIATION.

The hour is come! Those tears have gained their prayer! The Holy One overshadows Mary's frame; and not the frame alone, the inmost soul drinks in the radiance of Divinity! Oh, who dare trace the rapture of that hour? The Godhead there; illumining each thought! enkindling sense 'till Mary's earthly frame becomes Divine, a body all but glorified on earth; and if not all *dust* has been transfused into sublimity, transcending far the ethereal forms of highest seraphim, it is that He who comes to dwell within that chaste, and virginal, and purest womb, comes in the flesh to *suffer*, and *her will*,—her strong desire to be as *one* with Him,—keeps her to earth's conditions, while on earth, He is to live and suffer. Oh, happiness! To know thy God appreciates thy sighs, and that henceforth He'll sigh with thee! Oh how the wide expanse of earth containing souls, is opened to thy mental vision now! That which was light before seems darkness now! So vivid is the flash of intellectual brightness showing all the facts, and motives of the human life. How man *should* cling to God, and knows it not! How love of good perverted, tortures him; still buoys him up, though groping in the dark, for bliss that flees him ever, while so far from God. And oh! the love that now invigorates each pulse, evokes each sympathy, unchains each sense, and blesses all the human family. Even then in that short hour such wondrous grace; all previous graces surpassing; burning impulses to manifest itself in good to man, to be

to him the type of Mercy, as the Mother of his God. Spouse of the Holy Ghost, thy bridal gifts were gifts of God indeed! All virtue then descended on thy frame; humanity assumed a grace divine, and through all nature, impulses for good were kindled. Blest among women thou! and nations yet unborn throughout all time shall hail thee blest, oh blest!

### FOR SUNDAY AT LAUDS---Spring Quarter.

Jesus! salvation's Sun divine,  
Upon our inmost spirits shine,  
As glows the day, to earth more bright  
From the departure of the night.

Who dost th' accepted time impart,  
Grant us the Victim of the Heart,  
That, clad in charity, doth glow,  
To love in streams that flow.

And from the fount whence flowed our ill  
Let everlasting tears distill,  
If peradventure penance' smart  
May crush the hardness of the heart.

Now comes the day, Thy day of grace,  
When blooms anew all nature's face;  
Rejoice we, to the heavenward track  
Brought by Thy arm of mercy back.

All nature's prostrate orb doth Thee  
Adore, O! gentle Trinity;  
Let us renew'd by Mercy, raise  
A new and lofty hymn of Praise. Amen.

### PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXXXVI.

Ye waters, once Eden's! while seated by you,  
We wept for the griefs of fair Zion anew:  
By Patriarchs founded, by Providence kept,  
By sin deeply wounded—in silence we wept—  
We wept o'er her sin! in silence we wept!  
Our harps, on the willows suspended, forlorn,  
Returned but our sighs with the breath of the  
    morn:  
At eve when the stranger commanded our lays,  
No song of our Zion, alas! could we raise;  
We wept o'er her sin! we mourned for her ways!  
Ah! woe to the cruel! Destroy, he exclaimed,  
Destroy this fair temple, this city so famed.  
Erase it forever! no more shall it stand,  
The boast and the beauty of Israel's land.  
Woe! woe to thy children, their doom is at hand.  
O Zion! Thy beauty be ever my pride,  
Though song and sweet music this tongue cease  
No joy thy remembrance can ever efface [to guide!  
Thy sin and thy sorrow with tears I'll retrace;  
Yes, o'er thee I'll weep, and I'll supplicate grace.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

Some time last fall, we received by express from New York, a small parcel of foreign books, with a charge of twenty-four dollars, that is to say, more than double the original price of the few books, with a letter from a friend, advising us of the *present* to the AVE MARIA. We thought it then rather a costly gift. A few days ago, however, looking over the little contents, we met a green little opusculum of 250 pages in 32mo., which is in itself a real treasure. The many precious commendations we found on its first pages excited our curiosity; we read it through, and we now feel satisfied that to the numerous associations of the living rosary, there has never been published in English any thing more delightful. The work is written by a Theologian of no ordinary merit, and whose heart is evidently glowing with the tenderest love for the Blessed Mother of God. We certainly intend, *D. V.*, translating and publishing the dear little brochure before the month of August, and to give at once an idea of its beauty, we subjoin in its own words, the chapter in which the end of the association of the rosary is explained.

OBJECT OF THE ASSOCIATION OF THE PERPETUAL ROSARY.

The first quality of a work is its *actuality*. It is by this that it takes root in society,—that it lives and does good there. Now it is not difficult to see in the Perpetual Rosary, a work which is all actuality.

1st. *It is a prayer for the multitude that prays no more.*—"That which maintains the world in its balance," writes a well known author, "is a certain equipoise between *prayer* and *action*, between the suppliant voices of fearful or grateful humanity, and the incessant din of their passions and their occupations. When this equipoise is disturbed, all is disturbed, as well in souls as in society.

"Let us not examine to what degree this trouble exists in our modern world. It would be too sad to enumerate all the points of the globe where prayer is silent, and where God listens for, without hearing, the voice of man."

The Perpetual Rosary is intended as a counterpoise to all this multitude that prays no longer. And who does not see how these ever active and

ever fervent supplications, these torrents of tears poured without ceasing at the feet of God by faithful souls, must be powerful to turn away His anger, to lighten the weight of our iniquities, and to re-establish in the midst of us, that balance so necessary between the empire of Heaven and the empire of earth?

2d. *It is a source of grace to regenerate the present morbid state of society.*—The most violent diseases of our modern society are *indifference* and *materialism*.

What numbers of men we see around us *who still bear the name of living, but who are in reality dead!* No more Christian sentiments, no more instinct for the supernatural life, men of the moment, who live for the present only, who obstinately seek the things of this world, as if it were the only one; indifferent toward God, indifferent to every form of belief as to every religious duty, indifferent to their eternity! How shall we reinstate these fallen natures; how raise these burdened hearts? How resuscitate to the supernatural world of grace these souls completely buried and lost in nature and sin? Man by himself can do nothing. To give life to these corpses, a miracle of grace is wanted; and miracles of grace are worked by prayer—prayer fervent, persevering, perpetual, like that of our dear associates.

3d. *It spreads the knowledge of Mary.*—The world in general knows little of the Blessed Virgin. It does not even suspect the place which she occupies in the divine plan. For the world, Mary is altogether a secondary personage,—the devotion to her an accessory to Christianity. One must be a devotee to go and kneel at the foot of her altar. This error, unfortunately too common, tends to nothing less than to ruin the economy of our redemption, and to sap the foundations of Christianity.

4th. *It glorifies Mary.*—It seems the design of Providence that Mary should now be better known and honored in the Church. We are evidently moving toward this exaltation and glorifying of the ever Blessed Virgin. Much of the road is traveled already, and still we have not reached the end. The dogmatic definition of her Immaculate Conception is only a dawn which must be the herald of a purer and more brilliant day, for Mary will not leave unrewarded the honor and glory which the Church on earth has decreed to her in this matter. Many souls have a certain presentiment of an era of greatness and prosperity about to rise upon the earth, and which will be the reign of Mary. It is this hope



which rejoices the soul of our Holy Father, Pius IX, and which, in the midst of his bitterness, makes him ever full of joy.

Now, who does not see how admirably the Perpetual Rosary comes in to harmonize with the hopes of the august Pontiff and of the Church? Does it not lead most naturally to this new era of the glories of Mary in the world?

5th. *It affords Mary a GUARD OF HONOR to defend her against her enemies.* Hell is not ignorant that Mary is the channel of grace. Its chief method, therefore, of working for the loss of souls, is to separate them from Mary, that they may be separated from Jesus, *out of whom there is no salvation.* Behold the heresies of our days; no one is particular now about systems of belief; Protestantism takes another way: *it buys souls for money; it destroys in them the veneration of Mary,* and by these two diabolical means it makes prodigious ravages in the Holy Church of God.

The Association of Saint Francis of Sales has undertaken the combat against the first of these maneuvers; the Perpetual Rosary is providentially designed to make war against the second. Whilst the associates of Saint Francis of Sales form a rampart around souls to preserve them against the double seduction of heresy and money, the associates of the perpetual Rosary form an impenetrable fortress around Mary to defend and avenge her honor. They are her *guard of honor*; her *knights* watch night and day at her feet, their Rosaries in hand, like those *strong men* of whom the Scripture speaks, who, with their swords drawn, stand continually around the throne of Solomon, to render homage to him, and to defend him against the perils of the night.

Oh! who would not take part in this guard of honor of the august Queen of Heaven? Every Christian is a soldier of Jesus Christ. Every Christian may and should be, by this fact alone, a soldier of Mary; for the cause of the Mother is inseparable from that of the Son—it is one and the same cause. If then we ought to clothe ourselves in the *armor of God*, that is to say, in the *girdle of truth*, in the *breastplate of justice*, in the *bucket of faith*, in the *helmet of salvation*, and take in our hands the *spiritual sword of the Word of God*, praying at ALL TIMES in spirit, WATCHING AND PERSISTING IN PRAYER, (*Eph. ch. vi*), ought we not also, as soldiers of Mary, to clothe ourselves in the armor which she has prepared for us, that is to say, to take the *Rosary* which contains within itself all the arms of which Saint Paul speaks? All, without distinction of sex, of age, of rank,

of science, of fortune, or of condition, all can be *armed knights of Mary*, our divine Queen; all can bless her, praise her, with Rosary in hand, and thus defend her worship and avenge her against her enemies, save souls from hell, extend her reign, and obtain new subjects for her empire.

6th. *It defends the Holy Church Militant.*—The Church is at the present day attacked with violence. One might think that hell was trying to take revenge on Pius the Ninth, and make him expiate the mortal displeasure occasioned to it by his promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

Now, who does not remember that the holy Rosary has saved the Church many times already? In the thirteenth century, from the Albigenses; in the sixteenth, from the Mussulman invasion. Why should it not be destined now to save her again from the perfidious and sacrilegious schemes of all the agents of hell?

7th. *It is a solace to the Church suffering.*—The souls in purgatory, who form the Church suffering, have never, perhaps, been so much neglected as at the present epoch. The groanings of our brothers' and sisters buried in flames can no longer be heard; the noise of the passions of the world drowns their voices; the cares of a selfish life leave no room for the remembrance of the dead. But the *Perpetual Rosary* prays for the dead; it is a beneficent dew which falls unceasingly into the midst of the flames of purgatory, to shake and extinguish them; it is a fruitful mine of indulgences, all applicable to the dead. Who would not unite in this stream of prayers and indulgences for the solace of so many souls, who, for centuries perhaps, stretch vainly toward us their suppliant hands?

8th. Finally, the Perpetual Rosary not only obtains all these precious results by its own proper efficacy,—it obtains them in a still greater degree in causing, by its consolidated and regular organization, the practice—alas, too neglected—of the duties of the confraternity of the Grand Rosary to flourish; for to enter into Mary's guard of honor, the applicant must belong to a canonical confraternity of the Rosary and fulfill its obligations.

The perpetual Rosary considered under all these points of view, is then a work, truly *beautiful*, *eminently Catholic*, and of an *incontestable actuality*. These considerations ought to be a powerful motive for every good Christian to attach himself to it, and for the *advisers of the Lord* in particular to look favorably upon it and extend it.

[See remarks on the cover.]

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

JEWEL BROOK COTTAGE.

*My Little Children:* We have but two churches as yet in our young city of Burlington: St. Mary's, an English or Irish-American Church; and St. Joseph's, a French Church, upon Mt. St. Joseph, about a mile distant from the above, and the new Cathedral, building, which is in the immediate neighborhood of Saint Mary's. There is, also, about midway between the two parish churches, a Convent of eleven or twelve Sisters of Providence, with about one hundred orphan children under their care. And here we will pause to say three Hail Mary's for the orphans, and then see what other Catholic beginnings we can find here. Yes, there is another dear little chapel, "somewhere on Mount Saint Joseph," that I must for love's sake remember, just the dearest little chapel to me in all the world. Come and look at it. You see nothing, but a simple little chapel some twenty feet by ten, with an altar, which with minute side-altars to the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph fills the entire western side. Medium statues of the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph stand over, above their minute altars, and a guardian angel tending a little child at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, except on feast days of our Lady, when it has to be removed, to make room at the tiny altar for the illumination and flowers. These triple altars always look fragrant, having a pleasant profusion of flowers, and on special days, beside the usual candles among the tall and imperishable bouquets, two gilt candlesticks from France appear, on their three branches holding up more lights for our Lady and Saint Joseph, as our Lord is about to come down at the Mass, or forth from His ciborium with a blessing.

The Sacred Heart pictures of Jesus and Mary are on either side: hung back of the altars, midway between, is that mystical and sad pictured impression of the face of our Lord in His passion, left upon the handkerchief or cloth of Veronica. You remember, dear children, about the woman, who, when she saw the wicked mob dragging Him by her house,—our dear Jesus,—rushed fearlessly out, and wiped the blood and dust from His sorrowful face? You recollect its station in the "Way of the Cross?" Larger pictures than the above, of Saint Joseph, who is the patron of the little chapel, and our Lady, adorn the side walls; and the tinniest little Stations of the Cross, that I have ever seen in any church or chapel, just large enough for the little chapel. Yes, my petname

for it is "Little Chapel." Just, Little Chapel. Though I always reverence it in my heart, as Saint Joseph's Chapel, and I have heard a reverent little troop of school girls, singing never so sweet as here,

"Sweet Spouse of our Lady  
We lean upon Thee."

Ah, dearest shrine, when those candles already mentioned are lit, it is a precious niche for an early Mass, any of those little rows of seats, the most remote from the Sacrifice, the very nearest to the door being but a little way off, at the very feet of our Lord, as it were. It is a precious place I say, for a Mass before the sun. It is the sweetest little place for a Benediction that I have ever seen. It seems so like being as if within the very sanctuary, so beautifully near to God, so precious near to Jesus. Dearest chapel! not because the fairest, or richest, or best; for it is all best where our Lord is—and I know I love this shrine more because our Lord abides there, both night and day, I love a thousand times more to come and sleep under the same roof but dearest; little children, I think you will have the secret of my partiality, when I add here I was baptized into the true Church, and here our beloved Bishop also bestowed upon me holy First Communion and Confirmation. Forever dear spot! You comprehend, don't you, little ones, now? and when I moreover tell you that it was the first Baptism in the chapel, and first, First Communion, and first and only Confirmation as yet, don't you agree with me, that I am privileged to love the Little Chapel as it becometh a first-born—and was it not proper as precious that the first baptized here should be given to the Saint of the chapel—or that having been brought by the love of the Blessed Virgin to the chapel of her Spouse, the first candidate for holy Baptism at his new altar, that she should be placed under their maternal protection, and wear their united names? Precious gift! Yes, at this altar I received—and I knew it not till at the altar, so secretly and beautifully our Bishop does things—that beautiful gift, my beautiful baptismal name. It is a good thing to like one's own name, a very sweet thing to cherish one's baptismal name. I trust each one of you, my little readers, have a precious saint-name given you at Baptism or Confirmation, that ever will be more dear to you than any other human name, for the love and veneration you give your great and good patron Saint. As you love them, the more will they love you.

This afternoon I purpose to take you down to



Saint Joseph's glen, and when we have seen that charming spot, while we may rest there, I will relate to you the story so long promised, and which commences there. Yours truly, †††

"AVE MARIA, REFUGIUM PECCATORUM,  
ORA PRO ME."

A TALE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Many hundred years ago, when the Church of God was loved and obeyed by the whole civilized world, and nations were therefore happy there stood 'mid the Vosges mountains in France, a lofty castle. It was old even then, and the beautiful ivy crept in verdant masses over its crested, gothic terraces. The moat was of great breadth and depth, the draw-bridge strong, and the port-cullis of massive iron, spiked at the ends.

Over the gate was a scroll, and these were the words: "Ave Maria, Refugium Peccatorum, ora pro me." There they were, shining in their gilt dress, through sunshine and storm, by day and by night, speaking no word of defiance to the traveler, who might need the shelter of the mighty halls for a night, but rather inviting him to certain repose. But the mighty halls have long since disappeared,—the scroll no longer suggests a prayer to our Refuge,—nothing but a few scattered ruins tell where the stronghold of the De Lornes once stood.

Edmund de Lorne, the then lord of the castle, was one of those grand old characters, which were so common in the Middle Ages. Brave as the well tempered sword which he carried at his side, and as pure and noble too, he was, above all, a Christian,—a sincere; practical follower of his Divine Lord. He was never absent from his home, except when his duties to his king called him forth with his sturdy retainers, to do battle against the Moors or other enemies of his country. He was a father to his humble dependents and loved to spend his time amongst them, aiding them by his advice and pious counsels, and settling their disputes. They, in turn, loved and trusted him, and none but would have died for the good Lord Edmund.

His spouse, who emulated his virtues, loved her pious husband dearly, and spent her time ministering to his comfort and their two children, with which God had blessed their union. As for the

vassals, her presence was a never-failing source of joy to them, and hats were doffed, and heads bowed, and prayers breathed when she passed. She would sit for hours in the midst of the humble wives of her lord's followers, and listen with interest to their joys and sorrows, and all those little lights and shadows that make up domestic history. A wise counselor and affectionate mistress was the dear Lady Hilda.

The children—a boy and girl, the former four, and the latter, six years old,—were the delight of their parents hearts. So graceful, so airy and *spirituelle* was the little lady; so rosy, so chubby, such a sturdy young valet was the future heir of De Lorne, that they carried all hearts before them. They were named after their parents, Hilda and Edmund.

It was grand to see Master Edmund astride old Snappo, the mastiff, flourishing the while, with great display of amazing determination, a wooden sword and calling on troops of invincible retainers to the onset. And then to observe the side-long glance, the bold warrior would cast at his father and mother to detect a smile, why no one could help loving the cunning rogue.

"I do not like such warlike symptoms in one so young," the lady would say to her husband.

"Hut, tut, good dame, there'll be Moors enough I ween, to exercise the mad-cap before he dies. 'Tis the old spirit, besides, a real De Lorne," the father would reply.

From morning till night, the children flitted about every nook and corner of the castle. The somber old walls echoed to their joyous laughter, and many a knight would pull up his steed and listen awhile, as the silvery voices fell on his ear.

But there was one spot which of all others they loved best. It was a sunny seat on the bridge that covered the moat. Here they would sit for hours, and, wonderful to relate, they would observe a strict silence, or if they spoke, it was in whispers. What would they be doing? Let us approach and listen. They have just sat down, and Hilda whispers to her brother:

"I will say it on my fingers ten times over."

"So will I," answers Edmund.

And soon their innocent faces glow like angels, and then Edmund speaks a little louder. Listen.

"Ave Maria, Refugium Peccatorum, ora pro me."

They are praying to their dear Mother in Heaven, and they merely repeat the words of the golden, glittering scroll above their heads.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

month, and some times not even then. Each week the AVE MARIA receives the warmest welcome. I cannot sometimes resist kissing its dear pages as I think of its coming from the home where I first heard the great, the beautiful truths that made me a Catholic. Never, never, can I be grateful enough to Jesus and His Blessed Mother for touching my rebellious heart before I was away from the holy influences of convent life. Now surrounded by the gayeties of the world and by those who scoff at my beautiful religion, my faith remains firm, and my greatest desire is to be a true and faithful Catholic."

"March 2, 1866: I am very thankful to you for having sent to me this precious little periodical, (AVE MARIA), and thus bringing it more effectually to my notice than mere advertisements in other newspapers are apt to do. It is true, I had heard of it before; but to say the truth, I was afraid to recommend it before I should have heard from persons competent to judge that it was really supplying the deficiency in good, solid reading matter, which we so much deplore, especially among the common class of people. The opinion of some was, that, although containing excellent reading matter, it was, on the whole, not adapted to the generality of Catholics, as being above their capacity. Thus I did not trouble myself much about it, and allowed it, in the course of time, to escape my memory altogether, until you had the kindness of refreshing it again by sending me a few numbers. This enabled me to learn the estimate placed upon it by some of the most learned and pious of the American hierarchy, and, moreover, to judge for myself by examining its contents. I am now happy to say that I was altogether mistaken in my preconceived opinion. I was delighted, charmed and edified, as in its perusal page after page exhibited new beauties, new lessons, full of solid piety and instruction. Especially was I rejoiced at finding all this useful matter presented in a style so plain and simple that even the meanest capacity can easily master it, and, withal, so neat and elegant that even the learned will peruse it with pleasure and satisfaction. I shall, therefore, spread the circulation of this charming periodical to the best of my ability. I know it will be a very good and charitable work. I have no doubt but it will exert a most salutary influence, especially in my many small missions, where they have so seldom the happiness of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of Mass, or listening to an instruction, and where they are, in addition, exposed to the worst influences of sectarianism and infidelity. Mary, the powerful protectress of the Church, who has destroyed the old heresies in the whole world, will, no doubt, also exert her power amongst us by preserving, strengthening and extending, more and more, the true faith of her dear Son. That your pious and precious journal is to be a powerful instrument in her hands for bringing about this most desirable end, I have not the least doubt. Allow me, therefore, to offer you my most sincere wishes for the complete success of your noble undertaking, and be assured that in this holy cause you may ever command the poor services of your most obedient servant,  
J. R."

# Circular of the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne.

[We have to crave our worthy Bishop's indulgence for printing his beautiful circular on the pages of the cover. But to comply with his desire to have it appear before Palm Sunday there was literally no other resource left us, the whole number being printed when the letter reached us. In our next issue we will give it a fitting place.]

The storm of civil war has subsided, and peace rides triumphant throughout the land, taking up its abode in the spots which but very recently were the scenes of bloody battles.

Many fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, clad in the garb of sorrow, and shedding scalding tears of grief, now bow down before the altars of God and utter a fervent prayer for the soul of the beloved son or brother, who has fallen in the din of battle, and ever and again do we hear the questions: "Did he make his confession? Was the Priest with him?" And if, on the return of a surviving comrade, information is given that the son, the husband or the brother was fortified with the last Sacraments, before his death, the relatives burst forth into a "God be praised," the weighty stone of anxiety is rolled back from the heart, and tears give expression to the love felt for the deceased! At our birth, the Priest meets us at the porch of the holy Church, and receives us into the communion of the children of God; and when we have finished our course and are about to leave this world, it is again the Priest, who stretches out his hands over us, blesses us in the name of Jesus, the crucified, and provides us with the Viaticum, as a safe-guide to eternity. The Priest alone can, in the name of the Saviour, deprive death of all its horrors. And when contagious diseases has driven all from the bedside of the afflicted, there still remains a faithful friend, and this friend is the Priest.

Although the Priest is the dearest friend of humanity, his office and his person are frequently misunderstood, and, like his Divine Master, he meets with hatred and contempt, instead of love and respect. Yea, many go so far as to clothe themselves in the garb of false and hypocritical piety, and make it the aim of their lives, to traduce and torment the Priest! Let us measure these persecutors and tormentors by a just standard, and we shall find that in them the spirit of Christianity is choked by the thorns of sensuality, revenge, avarice and pride. The pious Christian, the true Catholic, does not storm against the Church and the Priests of the Church; no, the light of truth is painful only to the spiritual eyes of him who is blinded, just as the bright sun oppresses the weak eye of the body. Those who cry out against Priests, are men who know little of religion, men who have made no progress in it, and who have uprooted the great commandment of charity, and planted hatred in its place. Persecution comes less frequently from the heterodox than from so called Catholics. And the reason is simply this: When the unclean spirit has been expelled by the Priest in the holy Sacraments of Baptism and Penance, and man allows him to return by falling into evil courses, the evil one returns with seven other spirits worse than himself,

ERRATUM.—In the list of contributions for Orphans the amount for Notre Dame is \$178,15.



and then the storm bursts forth with renewed fury against the minister of God.

Many young minds are hereby turned from the priesthood, and many a heart is thus destroyed by the language of such agents of the wicked one. Oh! these destroyers know not how far their influence extends; they know not to how many souls it brings ruin. They snatch many a talented young man from the holy vocation of the priesthood, many a young man piously drawn to the altar of God, they ruthlessly drag away, and prevent the increase of the number of our Lord's workmen!

Parents! note the warning: Have a care of your children, for they are your own flesh and blood. Be vigilant against these corrupters; keep your children far from them, and educate them in the fear of God, and piety. The Priests come forth from among you. You desire good pastors of souls, and you are right. This desire you can gratify; it is in your own hands. Educate your children well, and above all things teach them to serve God. Make them pray daily, and pray with them. Send them to Catholic schools, cultivate religion in them and watch over them, as the angel kept vigil over Daniel in the lion's den. Go to church, particularly on the ember-days, on which ministers are consecrated to God; take your children with you, and in fasting and prayer, join with the faithful in imploring holy laborers for the vineyard of the Lord. In this country every thing is in its infancy, and the Church is still only rising. There are, consequently, thousands of sects to be contended with, and here even more than in Europe is the highly instructed clergyman in requisition. In order to educate such Priests, there is only one source of assistance to fall back upon—the liberality of our beloved Diocesans. When our property is taxed we pay readily, and it is just that we should do so; but when God calls upon us for contributions wherewith to maintain and educate His Priests, we have a repetition of the scene of the three wise men: "Herod hearing this, was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him." Instead of rejoicing at the birth of the Saviour they are troubled, and many likewise tremble when urged to aid in the forming of young levites.

Many murmur when there is question of collections, and think that they have already given almost too much, although God daily confers new favors on them, that they, in turn, may have the wherewith to be liberal. But this is a temptation of Satan, who never fails to seek to undermine the Kingdom of God by avarice. Come forward, banish the evil spirit, and give generously. God's hand is ever open; learn liberality from your Heavenly Father. As good citizens, we obey the laws of the land; why then shall we ignore the sacred obligations which bind us to Heaven? What joy, what delight greater than that which fills the father's and mother's heart when they know that their son has consecrated himself to the service of the Lord? How gently and peacefully do they sleep in the Lord, when they know that the consecrated hands of their son are folded before the altar of God, and from his lips goes

forth the prayer: "Lord! grant them eternal rest!" when they know that their son is offering up the most holy of all sacrifices for the eternal welfare of their souls!

In order to aid in the support of the Seminary:

1. The usual Easter collection shall be taken up for this purpose, and sent in as soon as possible.
2. This circular shall be read on the preceding Sunday by the pastors in their respective churches.

JOHN HENRY, *Bishop of Fort Wayne.*

FORT WAYNE; Feast of St. Joseph, 1866.

#### ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The following are the contributions received at Christmas and from the alms collected during the Jubilee:

Ft. Wayne, Cath'l	\$562.42	Delphi,	30.00
do St. Mary's	319.18	Reanoke,	20.00
do St. Paul's	60.87	St. Johns, Lake Co.	250.00
Lafayette, St. Marys	228.00	West Creek,	20.00
do St. Boniface	160.00	Valparaiso,	60.00
Michigan City,	144.00	Cedar Lake,	15.00
Huntington,	160.00	Lake Station,	20.00
Hesse Cassel,	60.00	Turkey Creek,	16.00
Blufton Road,	67.40	Francisville,	14.40
Fulton, Jubilee,	8.00	La Cross,	6.25
Harrison, do	11.00	San Pierre,	4.50
Winamac, do	8.00	McLairville,	4.00
Decatur,	175.00	Rensselaer,	.85
Buena Vista,	22.70	New Haven,	123.15
Grovertown,	2.40	Columbia,	45.55
Pierceton,	20.65	Arcola,	15.00
Bourbon,	3.75	Anderson,	11.00
Warsaw,	19.50	Peru,	116.00
Hamlet,	3.00	Lagro,	66.00
Plymouth,	85.35	South Bend,	82.55
Laporte, (English),	95.00	Notre Dame,	
Calumet,	35.00	Crawfordsville,	20.00
Avilla,	100.59	St. Mary's Home,	25.00
Logansport,	177.00	Attica & Stations,	150.00

The amount subscribed in the different congregations toward the same purpose will be published, as soon as the greater portion shall have been paid in. Individual contributions will then also appear.

"March 11, 1866: I shall ever feel grateful to the author of the AVE MARIA. I value it daily more and more, having had the first volume bound, and the beautiful name of AVE MARIA, in golden letters, on the cover. This title alone suffices to inspire us with love for it, and to fill the reader (at first sight) with the desire of reading its interesting pages, which one never grows weary of. With respect, I remain yours, S. M. J."

#### MIAMI, S. & N. INDIANA RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS will leave South Bend station as follows, daily, except Sundays. Going East:

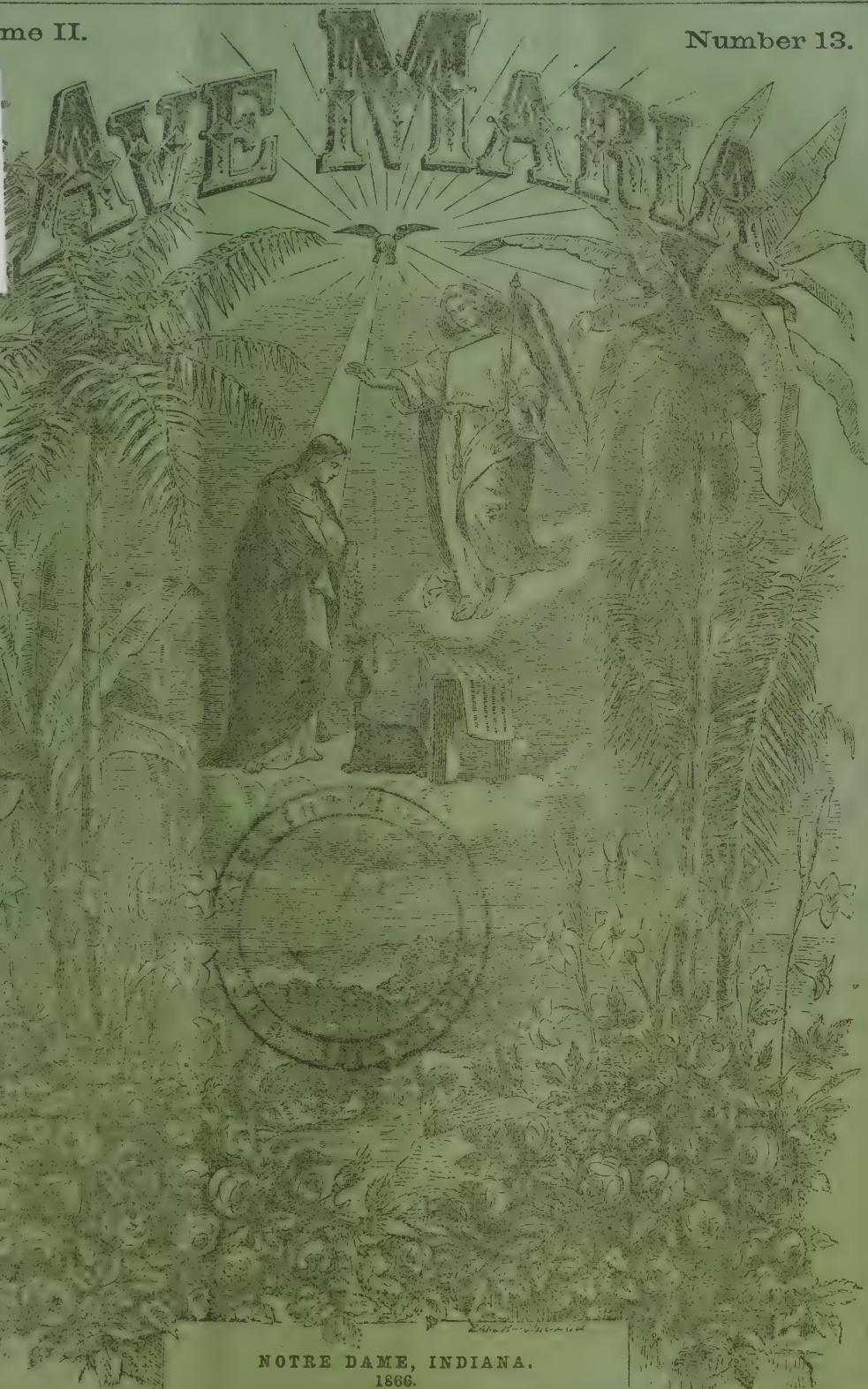
Leave South Bend	1:35 a.m.	Arrive at Toledo	8:15 a.m.
" do	9:25 a.m.	" do	3:15 p.m.
" do	9:10 p.m.	" do	1:15 a.m.

All three trains make close connection at Toledo with trains for the East. The last two trains connect directly through to Detroit (via Adrian and Monroe), arriving 6:30 p.m. and 6:10 a.m. respectively. Going West:

Leave South Bend	2:15 a.m.	Arrive at Chicago	5:50 a.m.
" do	9:25 a.m.	" do	12:50 p.m.
" do	7:30 p.m.	" do	11:00 p.m.

Making connections with all trains West and Northwest.

LEVEL  
ONE



NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.  
1866.



# The Ave Maria

IS A NEW CATHOLIC JOURNAL, exclusively devoted to the Holy Mother of God, published weekly at Notre Dame University, Indiana, under the highest authority of the Church, for the benefit of the Missionaries' Home; that is, for the Home of aged and invalid Priests, who are unable to discharge any longer the laborious duties of the Sacred Ministry. Thus the patrons of the journal are enabled to aid *two* good works by *one* good action.

This paper, the first ever established in the New World for the interests of the Blessed Virgin, is addressed, not to nominal Christians, but solely to such as love the Mother of Jesus, and earnestly wish to see her known and honored through the land; commending itself not only to the various pious Associations in honor of our Blessed Lady—such as Living Rosary, Scapulars, Children of Mary, Sodalties, etc.—but to the whole Community.

It is hardly necessary to say that the "AVE MARIA" is not a political paper; it will ignore absolutely, political strifes. Yet it will contain regularly a summary of recent events, especially such as relate to religious interests; edifying and accredited legends, essays and criticisms upon late works, will find an appropriate place in our columns. Everything conducive to the interests of the Church will be carefully sought after; for no child of the Church should be ignorant of the trials and triumphs of his mother.

In order to secure the permanency of our paper, and to establish it on a successful material foundation, we purpose creating a fund that will place it, from inception, beyond the contingencies to which similar enterprises are too often liable. The method is as follows: a payment of \$20 constitutes a life-subscription, and such subscriber will receive the journal regularly without being liable to any further payment. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated every Saturday at Notre Dame for life subscribers, and a certain number of communions offered for them; this Mass will be offered in requiem for them whenever it may please our Heavenly Father to call them from our midst.

For life-subscription.....	\$20 00	For two years' subscription.....	5 00
Five years'.....	10 00	One year's.....	3 00

All letters and communications should be addressed to Very Rev. E. SORIN, Notre Dame, St. Joseph Co., Indiana.

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## Weekly Calendar.

### APRIL.

Saturday, March 31.—Holy Saturday. Saint Benjamin.  
 Sunday, April 1.—Easter Sunday.  
 Monday 2.—Saint Francis of Paul, C.  
 Tuesday 3.—Saint Richard, C.

Wednesday 4.—Saint Isidore, B. C.  
 Thursday 5.—Saint Vincent Ferrer, C.  
 Friday 6.—Saint Celestin I, P. C.  
 Saturday 7.—Saint Hegesippus, C.

## The Golden Wreath for the Month of May.

*Composed of Daily Meditations on the Triple Crown of Our Blessed Lady's Joys, Sorrows and Glories, with Hymns set to Music for May Devotions. Price—in quantities of not less than ten, 20 cents per copy; single copy, 30 cents.*

This morning, while calculating over again our expenses for the *Golden Wreath*, we ascertained that we had made a mistake, and we hasten to correct it: We had announced that the little pamphlet would contain eighty pages, in 32mo. But upon a closer examination we feel satisfied we can add, without increasing the price to subscribers, thirty-two pages, and make it one hundred and twenty-eight, which suits us much better, as it admits of more room for Hymns and Litany, set to music.

Some time last fall, on a Saturday, our young book-keeper came to us, with a half serious and half playful countenance: "Father," said he, "what is the matter? We have not been praised at all this week!"

The first person to whom we mentioned it wittily remarked: "It reminds one of the organ blower of famous memory, who, when a fine Mass was performed, would gleefully exclaim: 'Didn't we play well?'"

We had not taken it in that light; on the contrary, we were amused and pleased at the inter-

est which every body connected with our office takes in the journal. It looked to us just like a community feeling, especially at a time when we knew the dear young officer, without I may say almost any fault of his, was receiving week after week more complaints than praises for missing numbers, which had failed for various causes to reach their destination. It was a relief to him when he could see that every thing was not going wrong everywhere.

We bade him mail the AVE MARIA attentively every week, and keep his books in order, and be of good heart. This seemed to fully satisfy him.

In truth we scarcely find in the praises of the AVE MARIA a cause of temptation to vanity, for they never were intended for us personally—they too visibly spring from other sources, namely, from a great love of our Blessed Mother and a pious desire to see her better known and loved, from the joy which good, religious and pure souls feel in their hopes that she will soon be more honored and better praised; in a word, it is the cause, not the instrument that is aimed at, in these encomiums for which we nevertheless feel the more grateful, as whatever concerns the Queen of our hearts affects us much more sensibly than what might regard our self-complacence. Were it otherwise, we would resemble too closely the photographer, who (drawing from his box a beautiful picture would appropriate to himself all the

# AVE MARIA.

A Catholic Journal, devoted to the Honor of the Blessed Virgin.

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## THE DOLORS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

During the month now closing the Church invites her children, in the most solemn manner, to unite themselves to the Passion of our Divine Lord. Here it is that our Blessed Redeemer shows the depth of His love for us. And as we cannot picture to ourselves the Divine Child at Bethlehem without His Mother, so neither will the Gospel let us think of the Man-God on Calvary without His Mother also. Jesus and Mary were clearly one, and there never was a closer union between them than during the horrors of the Passion. This the Church most particularly recalls to us in the plaintive strains of the *Stabat Mater*, whose mournful wailings are heard through this week in every lowly chapel and cathedral church throughout Christendom, telling how

"At the Cross her station keeping  
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,

Close to Jesus to the last!"

The *Compassion of Mary* is most closely united to the sufferings of Jesus, so the Church teaches us to believe; and in the middle of the week consecrated to the Passion of the Son of God, on the very Eve of entering the *Great Holy Week*, where we follow Jesus, from His triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, to His crucifixion and sepulcher, she bids us honor by a special devotion OUR LADY OF SEVEN DOLORS. It is the deep keynote whose cord must have broken with the strong tension of unimaginable agony, had not a miracle held it firm and in unison with the cords of those others six sorrows, whose sounds of lamentations, in the hidden chambers of her heart, poured forth the deepest tones of woe that mortal ever knew.

No, the Church could not separate what God Himself had so closely united! From all eternity the Father of Mercies designed, when sending His Son into the world, to associate Mary to all which the Word would do for the salvation of man. Through Mary, Jesus came into the world; but it was by His sufferings and death we were

to regain our lost heavenly inheritance—and to these sufferings oh how closely was not the Mother united! From the Crib of Bethlehem to the Cross of Calvary were there ever sorrows like unto His? Yet the Son of God is not alone in these sorrows! His Mother everywhere accompanies Him. More courageous than the son of Zebedee, she drank with Jesus even to the dregs the chalice of suffering. We have contemplated in spirit Mary bearing the Lamb of God to the sanctuary. Penetrating the sense hidden under the exterior forms of the Jewish law, she united herself with the dispositions of her Son, and in advance ratified with Him the sacrifice of the Cross. Sweetest Mother, what but a continual miracle could have kept thee alive, during those thirty-three years, with the agony of that Passion and Crucifixion ever before thee! And when His active life called Him away from the quiet shades of Nazareth, to spread the light of His doctrine throughout Judea, for all His love, He only received humiliations, contempts, ingratitude and persecutions! What anguish for His Mother's heart! How every sorrow of the Man of Sorrows left an arrow in her soul! The characteristic of love is the perfect union of all things, and we find our Lord displaying this to His saints, as in a Catharine of Sienna and Francis of Assissium, whom He introduced into the mysteries of His interior agony and gave them even the stigmata of His Passion; but how incomparably greater must not have been the love He bore His Immaculate Mother, whose heart ever beat in unison with His own? Yes, Jesus on earth ever revealed His sufferings to His Mother and permitted her to participate therein—as in Heaven He now reveals to her all His glory—making her also a participator in it.

But it is on Calvary that our Lord consummated a sacrifice of which all preceding dolors were but a preparation. There He was betrayed by one disciple and the others fled away; but Mary never abandoned Him. One of the Stations of the sorrowful Way is marked by the meeting of



the Mother and Son, and the shadow of the Crucified Lord on Calvary rested on the Mother's form. With her Son on Golgotha's heights she performed her part as priest and victim, and the work of our salvation was accomplished where the tears of maternal love mingled with the last drops of the blood of the MAN-GOD. But the agony of the Mother ended not with His three hours on the Cross. When the stroke of the Centurion's dart pierced the side of the Divine Victim His Sacred Heart had ceased to beat within His blessed body; but it pierced with double agony the sorrowful heart of Mary. She alone felt this last blow, and at her station by the Cross, received that blood and water which then flowed from the wound of the Sacred Heart for our salvation.

At that supreme hour of His death, when Jesus consummated our redemption and established His Church, then, in the person of Saint John, He bequeathed us to His Mother, and made us all, truly children of her Immaculate and sorrowful heart. Who can sound the sea of sorrows which then overwhelmed her heart as she stood at the foot of the Cross which bore the thorn-crowned and dead body of her Son and her God? To measure them we should have to enter her heart, or rather should re-enter the heart of Jesus Himself, since in becoming His Mother she united herself to all His suffering—all His agony. An angel revealed to Saint Bridget that the sufferings of our Lady then surpassed those of all the martyrs combined. It should then be one of our cherished devotions to compassionate her dolours and love to meditate upon them. Our Lord who delights to see His divine Mother honored, said one day to His saintly servant Veronica of Benasco, "My daughter, the tears you shed in honor of my passion are very precious to me, and as I loved my Mother with an immense love, meditations on her dolours are equally dear to my heart." Volumes could be filled with the visions and revelations made to saints on the dolours and compassion of Mary, testifying how agreeable to God is our devotion to her sorrows.

One of the most devoted servants of Mary tells us that "it is a beautiful and dread sight to see all the sorrows of the fallen earth resumed in the broken heart of our own Mother. Has it moved us? Compassion with her is already compassion with Jesus, and we may say that compassion with the Invisible Creator Himself is the devotional feeling out of which we shall serve Him most generously and realize Him most tenderly as our

Eternal Father—eternal because He has been (blessed be His Majesty!) from all eternity, and eternal because we shall be (blessed be His compassion!) with Him,—His pardoned happy sons—sons to all eternity."

### HOLY WEEK.

The death of Christ fills every devout Christian mind at this solemn epoch. Throughout our churches sadness and gloom reigns. From the eve of Holy Thursday all hymns of joy and hope are hushed. We no longer hear in the sacred offices, *Domine, labia mea aperies*—Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips; nor *Deus in adjutorium*—incline unto my aid, O God; nor the *gloria Patri*. Sad lamentations, and doleful chants have replaced them. In Jeremias' eloquence of woe, we see the desolate city of Jerusalem, when her people were carried into banishment for her idolatry. This is but the figure of her still more terrible misfortune; her second ruin, when the deicide city lost even her name, which not the piety of Helena and Constantine, nor the valiant efforts of the Crusaders could restore to her. She had brought down the blood of the Son of God upon herself and her children for their joint condemnation, and this frightful malediction still rests upon her: Her portion is to be the slave of the infidel until the end of ages. In the mournful psalms that follow, the Church recounts the triumph of the sinners, the humiliations of the just, the nothingness of man, the shortness of life, mingled with the royal Prophet's cry for mercy.

The divine offices preserve nothing but what is essential in the form. The Canonical Hours all end with the *Miserere* and a mention of the Cross and Death of the Redeemer. The *Matins* and *Lauds* of these three days have received the name of *Tenebre*, or darkness. They commence by the light of day, but finish after sunset. An imposing and mysterious rite peculiar to these offices has also confirmed this title. In the sanctuary, a large triangular chandelier, containing fifteen wax candles, is placed near the altar. At the close of every psalm or canticle, one of those candles is extinguished, leaving only the one on the apex burning. This ceremony typifies the universal abandonment by creatures of our Saviour during His Passion and Death. The remaining light represents the light of Christ, which still remained, although the clouds of darkness fell thick around Him. The mysterious candle is

placed on the altar during the chanting of the anthem that recalls the hour of the death of Christ, to remind us of the humble obedience of the Redeemer in accepting death, even the death of the Cross. To mark His Sepulcher, the light is carried behind the altar while the *Miserere* is recited; then a confused noise is made in the sanctuary, which, in the absence of the light, is plunged in darkness. This noise, joined to the gloom, expresses the convulsions of nature at the moment our Saviour expired on the Cross, when the earth trembled, the rocks were split asunder, and the graves of the dead were opened. Finally, the candle reappearing, still burning, the noise ceases, and all present render homage to the Conqueror of death.

## MAUNDAY THURSDAY.

Then, for a moment, the Church suspends her notes of grief to honor, with all her pomp and magnificence, the Feast of the *Institution* of the *Blessed Sacrament*. All signs of mourning disappear; nevertheless, many extraordinary rites announce that the Church still fears for her Spouse, and that she has only suspended, for the moment, the sorrows that oppress her.

At the altar the priest intones, with transports of joy, the angel's hymn: "*Glory be to God on high!*" All the church bells unite with the organ's loud peal to form its triumphal accompaniment. But with the close of this celestial hymn every sound of musical instrument ceases. Through the succeeding days and nights no sound of bells is heard, and their silence during the long hours produces a feeling of terror and abandonment. The holy Church in making use of their ærial voices, which daily traverse mid air and enter our hearts, now wishes to make us feel that the world, witness of the sufferings and death of its Divine Master, has lost all melody and become silent and desolate.

The sacrifice continues its course, and even at the solemn moment of elevation, no sound of bell is heard in this mournful silence. Two Hosts are consecrated,—one of which, carefully enveloped, is placed in the chalice, to be used on the day when no oblation of consecration is made by God's minister, for God on that day made the oblation of Himself upon the Cross.

Yet if the Church suspends during these few hours the Eternal Sacrifice, nevertheless she does not wish her divine Spouse to lose any of the homage due Him in the Sacrament of His love, and Catholic piety finds means to transform into a triumph for the august Eucharist those mo-

ments when the Sacred Host seems to withdraw from man's unworthiness. A rich repository is prepared in every church, where the Real Presence reposes under the sacramental veils; and from every part of the Catholic world a concert of holy prayers and aspirations is poured forth to Jesus in reparation for the outrages received from the Jews during those same hours.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

What desolation reigns in the sanctuary as the morning ushers in *Good Friday*! Yet the strange and solemn rites announce to the faithful the grandeur of this day, at the same time that they proclaim the suspension of the daily Sacrifice. The altar is naked, the cross, veiled in black, stands between the chandeliers, which no longer emit the pure waxen flame, but in its place gives a common, dull light. All ornaments have been removed, and amid this desolation the ministers of the altar, vested in black, continue the Prophesies and Lamentations of Holy Week. At one time we hear the Prophet Osee announcing the mercies of the Lord to the Gentiles—this new nation who would rise with Christ. Again we hear the Messiah's cry of distress when betrayed into the hands of His enemies. Then it is the beloved disciple in heart-rending strains relating the scenes of the Passion of which he was a sorrowful witness.

The Church having gone over with her children the doleful history of her Spouse, now, in imitation of the Divine Redeemer, she invites them to pray for all the wants of humanity, showing how truly she is the Mother of men and the charitable Spouse of the Son of God. All, even the Jews, are remembered in these petitions.

Turning to her children, she presents to their homages the Cross—the sign of their redemption—and while they approach to press their lips to this precious object, the plaintive reproaches are intoned which the Messiah addressed to the Jews, wherein He recalls all the outrages and insults they have inflicted on Him, and all the favors which He has bestowed upon this ungrateful nation: "*O my people, what have I done to thee? In what have I afflicted thee? Is it because I brought thee out of the bondage of Egypt that thou hast erected a cross for thy Saviour?*"

During the afternoon of *Good Friday* what Christian heart could remain unmoved as the hours announce the approach of the moment when the MAN-GOD died in agony on the Cross? Then it was that Jesus felt the renewal of all that abandonment which overwhelmed Him in the Garden



of Olives. He felt all the weight of the ignominy heaped upon Him. He tasted all the bitterness of the chalice of the wrath of God, which He must drink to the very dregs. When that plaintive cry was heard: "*My God, why hast thou abandoned me?*"

O Divine Son of the Eternal Father! we will adore Thee expiring on the Cross of Thy Sacrifice. Thy bitter and cruel death has restored us to life! We will strike our hearts in the earnestness of deep and sincere contrition, confessing that our sins caused Thy sufferings. With Mary Thy Mother we will cling to Thy sacred Cross, where hang Thy mortal remains. We will kiss Thy bruised body, all mangled and torn, as she holds it in her arms, and clasps it to her breaking heart. We will follow her to Thy Sepulcher, O Blessed Redeemer, and lay at Thy feet our deep repentance and profound adoration. There will we remain till the hour of Thy triumphant Resurrection—the glorious Easter morning!

### THE SOAPULAR.

[CONTINUED.]

As to Religious Communities, it is certain that they existed in very remote antiquity, long before the Christian Church, and some think, long before the Jewish Church. Truly we need not wonder at this opinion, for the Christian Catholic Church begins with Adam. With Adam and Eve, whose confession was made to *Him* that "walked in paradise, who spoke to *them*," in their shame; who, like many a good priest *now*, prompted them to a truthful confession; who gave them their penance, and pardoned them. The Eternal Wisdom "preserved him that was first formed by God, the *father* of the world, when he was created alone: *and brought him out of his sin.*" Wisdom x. The Rechabites descended from Jonadab, the son or descendant of Rechab, whose history is lost in the mist of ages long past. In I Paralipomenon, ii, 55, we have this notice of them: "And the families of the scribes that dwell in Jabes, singing and making melody, and abiding in tents. These are Cinites, who came of Calor (Chamath), father of the house of Rechab."

Some suppose them to descend from Jethro, father-in-law of Moses. Some judge that Rechab was identical with Jethro, to whom both names were applied. Father Bolduc, in his work "on the Church before the law," thinks that he can

prove their descent from Enoch, the sixth from Adam; who, long before the deluge, was taken up heavenward, from amongst men. The Etymology of their name is remarkable. When Eliseus saw Elias ascending in a fiery chariot, he cried out: "My father! my father! the chariot of Israel and the driver, thereof!" When Eliseus was dying, Joas, the king of Israel, visited him, "and wept before him, and said: O my father! my father! the chariot of Israel and the guider thereof!" In both places the Hebrew reading is: "My father! my father! *Rechab* of Israel!" But what we know certainly is that the Rechabites led a community, unworldly, mortified life, in which they and their descendants persevered for ages; and most probably merged *that* asceticism of the *olden* time, into the similar, but higher and holier asceticism of the "Church of the living God, which is the body of Christ, and the fullness of *Him*." The Holy Scripture tells us that the Rechabites never drank wine, never built houses, never sowed grain, never planted vineyards, never possessed any earthly possessions, but lived in tents. Under this well-observed rule, they are traced in Scripture for three hundred years. How many more years did they exist before and after Jehu, king of Israel, man cannot define. God *thus* by them confounded the laxity of other Jews.

"The word that came to Jeremias from the Lord in the days of Joakim, the son of Josias, king of Jûda, saying: Go to the house of the Rechabites: and speak to them, and bring them into the house of the Lord, into one of the chambers of the treasures, and thou shalt give them wine to drink. And I brought them into the house of the Lord, to the treasure house of the sons of Hanan, the son of Jegedelias, the man of God which was by the treasure-house of the princes, above the treasure of Maasias, the son of Sellum, who was keeper of the entry. And I set before the sons of the house of the Rechabites pots full of wine, and cups: and I said to them: Drink ye wine. And they answered: We will not drink wine: because Jonadab, the son of Rechab, our father, commanded us, saying: You shall drink no wine, neither you, nor your children, forever: Neither shall ye build houses, nor sow seed, nor plant vineyards, nor have any, but you shall dwell in tents all your days, that you may live many days upon the face of the earth, in which you are strangers. Therefore we have obeyed the voice of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, our father, in all things that he commanded us, so as to drink no wine all our days,

neither we, nor our wives, nor our sons, nor our daughters: nor to build houses to dwell in, nor to have vineyard, or field, or seed: But we have dwelt in tents, and have been obedient according to all that Jonadab our father commanded us. But when Nabuchodonosor, king of Babylon, came up to our land, we said: Come, let us go into Jerusalem from the face of the army of the Chaldeans, and from the face of the army of Syria: and we have remained in Jerusalem. And the word of the Lord came to Jeremias, saying: Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Go, and say to the men of Juda, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem: Will you not receive instruction, to obey my words, saith the Lord? The words of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, by which he commanded his sons not to drink wine, have prevailed: and they have drunk none to this day, because they have obeyed the commandment of their father: but I have spoken to you, rising early and speaking, and you have not obeyed me." (Jer. xxxv, 1 to 15).

In the tenth chapter of the first book of Kings, more than a thousand years before the coming of Christ, we are often told of "the company of Prophets," and of the wonder and exclamation of worldlings, when Saul too "was with the Prophets, and prophesied, and they said to each other: What is *this*, that has happened to the son of Cis? *Is Saul also among the Prophets?*" See also the remarkable and strange events recorded in I Kings xix, 20-24; and in I Par. xv and xxv. The prophets of that olden time were not molested by the infidels, they were rather held by them in awful reverence, as men consecrated to God. The Jews say that there were in every city of Judea congregations of this kind. They lived as monks, abstaining for the most part from marriage, having a Superior at their head. Some of them, like Saul, were inspired for a time.

In the ninth chapter of the First Book of Kings we read something that clearly shows that the institution of prophets, or rather their community life existed before the time of Saul. "Now in time past in Israel," says the Scripture, "when a man went to consult God, he spoke thus: Come, let us go to the seer, (him that sees), For he that is *now* called a prophet in time past was called a *seer*." (I Kings ix, 9.) "*Qui enim propheta dicitur hodie, vocabatur olim videns.*" In I Kings x, the Septuagint has "Choirs of Prophets." The Vulgate, first a flock or crowd, and in verse ten "cuneus," a battalion, a company of men standing thick together, perhaps in wedge form, to

break down all opposition. In III Kings, xviii, it is written of Abdias: "When Jezabel killed the prophets of the Lord, he took a hundred prophets, and hid them by fifty and fifty in caves, and fed them with bread and water." (In III Kings xx, 35, as in many other parts of the Holy Scripture, we read of the "sons of the prophets," that is, disciples of the prophets. It was an institution most ancient in Israel, and existing most probably long before Israel, or rather Jacob was born.

Of Elias, and of his disciples it is written: "And Elias went forward one day's journey into the desert. And when he was there, and sat under a juniper-tree, he requested for his soul that he might die; and said: It is enough for me, Lord; take away my soul: for I am no better than my fathers. And he cast himself down, and slept in the shadow of the juniper-tree: and behold, an Angel of the Lord touched him, and said to him: Arise, and eat. He looked, and behold, there was at his head a hearth-cake, and a vessel of water: and he ate and drank; and he fell asleep again. And the Angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said to him: Arise, eat; for thou hast yet a great way to go. And he arose, and ate, and drank; and walked in the strength of that food forty days and forty nights, unto the mount of God, Horeb. And when he was come thither, he abode in a cave: and behold, the word of the Lord came unto him: and He said to him: What dost thou here, Elias? And he answered, with zeal have I been zealous for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant: they have thrown down thy altars; they have slain the prophets with the sword: and I alone am left; and they seek my life to take it away. And He said to him: Go forth, and stand upon the mount, before the Lord: and behold the Lord passeth; and a great and strong wind before the Lord, overthrowing the mountains, and breaking the rocks in pieces: *The Lord is not in the wind*: and after the wind an earthquake: *The Lord is not in the earthquake*: and after the earthquake a fire: *The Lord is not in the fire*: and after the fire a whistling of a gentle air," in the Hebrew "*Kôl dimâmâ dakkath*," "the voice of a delicate silence. And when Elias heard it, he covered his face with his mantle, and coming forth, stood in the entering of the cave; and behold, a voice unto him, saying: What dost thou here Elias? And Elias departing from thence, found Eliseus, the son of Saphat, ploughing with



twelve yoke of oxen: and when Elias came up to him, he cast his mantle upon him. And he (Eliseus) forthwith left the oxen, and ran after Elias, and said: Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother; and then I will follow thee. And he said to him: Go, and return back: for that which was my part, I have done to thee. And returning back from him, he took a yoke of oxen, and killed them, and boiled the flesh with the plough of the oxen, and gave to the people: and they ate: and rising up, he went away, and followed Elias, and ministered to him." (III Kings xix). (TO BE CONTINUED).

### SAINT-WORSHIP.

#### INTERCESSION OF THE SAINTS.

[CONTINUED.]

The Catholic system is the system of the universe, and presents the relations of the universe to its Creator, Upholder, and Governor, as they really are, and hence the Catholic is saved alike from either Atheistic or Pantheistic fatalism or nihilism. He neither makes man God, nor reduces him to a mere appearance, a mere bubble on the surface of the ocean. He believes in God the Creator, and in the reality of creation, that God gives real existence to his creatures; that creatures really exist, and therefore are in their order and degree second causes, and in their own order and degree co-operative with God in gaining the end for which all things are made. He believes that when created they become ministries and agencies in the hands of God to that end, that they are honored in being so employed, and according to their nature and merit they can and really do share in the glory of God Himself. Hence he sees in the intercession of the Saints only an integral part of the universal plan of the Creator, as I have heretofore shown, a part of the universal mediatorial order.

There is no idolatry in invoking the Saints, for we do not invoke them as God, or gods, but simply as men, united with us in one and the same communion,—not separated from us by death, but, in fact, brought nearer to us, and rendered more able to assist us. There is no superstition in it, because we ask of the Saints nothing which they are not able to give, or competent to do. We ask only their prayers, and these they can give, are always willing to give, and their prayers, prompted by pure disinterested love, and having for their end the greater glory of God, must be well pleasing to their and our Lord.

There is nothing in this invocation derogatory to the honor of our Lord, for in it we honor only His friends, those whom He Himself delights to

honor. Nothing is more pleasing to us than the honors paid to those we ourselves love and honor, and equally pleasing therefore must it be to our Lord, whatever love and honor we pay to the saints who are His brothers, and whom He deigns to call His friends, for He in His humanity is man in all points as we are, sin excepted. Nay, to refuse to honor them by our prayers, would be a gross indignity, a grave affront offered to Himself, for what man of right feeling would not resent a neglect of his friend, more quickly than any neglect of himself. If you love me, love my friends, and a graver insult you cannot offer me than to insult them.

Especially is this true with regard to Mary, the Mother of God. Between our Lord and her there is the real relation of mother and son. This relation is as real in Heaven as it was on earth, for all real relations that have ever subsisted subsist forever. Our Lord was as much the Son of Mary as any son is the son of his own mother. He too was and is and always will be a good Son. He loves and honors His Mother as His Mother, and always will do so. Judge then by your own love and reverence for your mother, if He can be jealous of the honors paid to His Mother, if He must not Himself delight to load her with honors, and to see all others honoring her. Judge also whether he will count as His friends those who refuse to honor, especially those who neglect or insult her. There is nothing that pleases a good son more than the honors bestowed on his mother, or more quickly and more deeply offends him than an indignity offered to her. Mary never asks any thing not well pleasing to her Son, and nothing she asks will He refuse her.

So far from detracting from the honor due to God in invoking His Saints, we honor Him in the most pleasing and delicate manner in our power, by showing honor to them. It is to honor them that He permits them to intercede with Him for others, and in soliciting them to intercede for us, we only do what He Himself does: we honor whom He honors, and the honor we render them is included in the reward He bestows on all who have followed Him in the Regeneration.

I suppose here that the Saints are invoked in love, and that what we ask them to obtain by their prayers for us, is for the glory of God. We may ask for temporal goods, if not to bestow them on our worldly lusts and luxuries, but for the sake of spiritual good, or the true end of our life. We then honor them, show our love and veneration of them, and bring ourselves into closer com-

munion with them, and with their and our Lord. Things improperly prayed for, or prayed for for an improper purpose, will not be granted. "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss." But when we ask aright we are sure to receive, for no good thing will the Lord withhold from them that ask Him.

It is not a little in favor of invocation of Saints that it keeps fresh and living in our minds and hearts the reality of the communion of Saints, asserted in the creed. It makes us feel that we and those who have preceded us are one communion, members of our Lord's body, and members one of another. It makes us feel that we can still communicate with them, that they are not lost to us, but can still hear us, and aid us, even more effectually than when living in the flesh. There is then an evident fitness in the whole doctrine of Saint-Worship as taught by the Church and practiced by her children. It harmonizes with the whole plan of creation and of redemption, and they little suspect how much they lose, who neglect it, and what indignity they offer to God and His Saints, who willfully reject it, and treat as idolators, as debased and besotted by superstition those who faithfully practice it, and delight in loving and honoring those whom God Himself loves and delights to honor, and for whose love and honor He exhausts His own infinite love and creative wisdom.

#### CIRCULAR OF THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP OF FORT WAYNE.

The storm of civil war has subsided, and peace rides triumphant throughout the land, taking up its abode in the spots which but very recently were the scenes of bloody battles.

Many fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, clad in the garb of sorrow, and shedding scalding tears of grief, now bow down before the altars of God and utter a fervent prayer for the soul of the beloved son or brother, who has fallen in the din of battle, and ever and again do we hear the questions: "Did he make his confession? Was the Priest with him?" And if, on the return of a surviving comrade, information is given that the son, the husband or the brother was fortified with the last Sacraments, before his death, the relatives burst forth into a "God be praised," the weighty stone of anxiety is rolled back from the heart, and tears give expression to the love felt for the deceased! At our birth, the Priest meets us at the porch of the holy Church, and receives us into

the communion of the children of God; and when we have finished our course and are about to leave this world, it is again the Priest, who stretches out his hands over us, blesses us in the name of Jesus, the crucified, and provides us with the Viaticum, as a safe-guard to eternity. The Priest alone can, in the name of the Saviour, deprive death of all its horrors. And when contagious diseases has driven all from the bedside of the afflicted, there still remains a faithful *friend*, and this friend is the Priest.

Although the Priest is the dearest friend of humanity, his office and his person are frequently misunderstood, and, like his Divine Master, he meets with hatred and contempt, instead of love and respect. Yea, many go so far as to clothe themselves in the garb of false and hypocritical piety, and make it the aim of their lives, to traduce and torment the Priest! Let us measure these persecutors and tormenters by a just standard, and we shall find that in them the spirit of Christianity is choked by the thorns of sensuality, revenge, avarice and pride. The pious Christian, the true Catholic, does not storm against the Church and the Priests of the Church; no, the light of truth is painful only to the spiritual eyes of him who is blinded, just as the bright sun oppresses the weak eye of the body. Those who cry out against Priests, are men who know little of religion, men who have made no progress in it, and who have uprooted the great commandment of charity, and planted hatred in its place. Persecution comes less frequently from the heterodox than from so called Catholics. And the reason is simply this: When the unclean spirit has been expelled by the Priest in the holy Sacraments of Baptism and Penance, and man allows him to return by falling into evil courses, the evil one returns with seven other spirits worse than himself, and then the storm bursts forth with renewed fury against the minister of God.

Many young minds are hereby turned from the priesthood, and many a heart is thus destroyed by the language of such agents of the wicked one. Oh! these destroyers know not how far their influence extends; they know not to how many souls it brings ruin. They snatch many a talented young man from the holy vocation of the priesthood, many a young man piously drawn to the altar of God, they ruthlessly drag away, and prevent the increase of the number of our Lord's workmen!

Parents! note the warning: Have a care of your children, for they are your own flesh and



blood. Be vigilant against these corrupters; keep your children far from them, and educate them in the fear of God and piety. The Priests come forth from among you. You desire good pastors of souls, and you are right. This desire you can gratify; it is in your own hands. Educate your children well, and above all things teach them to serve God. Make them pray daily, and pray with them. Send them to Catholic schools, cultivate religion in them and watch over them, as the angel kept vigil over Daniel in the lion's den. Go to church, particularly on the ember-days, on which ministers are consecrated to God; take your children with you, and in fasting and prayer, join with the faithful in imploring holy laborers for the vineyard of the Lord. In this country every thing is in its infancy, and the Church is still only rising. There are, consequently, thousands of sects to be contended with, and here even more than in Europe is the highly instructed clergyman in requisition. In order to educate such Priests, there is only one source of assistance to fall back upon—the liberality of our beloved diocesans. When our property is taxed we pay readily, and it is just that we should do so; but when God calls upon us for contributions wherewith to maintain and educate His Priests, we have a repetition of the scene of the three wise men: "Herod hearing this, was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him." Instead of rejoicing at the birth of the Saviour they are troubled, and many likewise tremble when urged to aid in the forming of young levites.

Many murmur when there is question of collections, and think that they have already given almost too much, although God daily confers new favors on them, that they, in turn, may have the means wherewith to be liberal. But this is a temptation of Satan, who never fails to seek to undermine the Kingdom of God by avarice. Come forward, banish the evil spirit, and give generously. God's hand is ever open; learn liberality from your Heavenly Father. As good citizens, we obey the laws of the land; why then shall we ignore the sacred obligations which bind us to Heaven? What joy, what delight greater than that which fills the father's and mother's heart when they know that their son has consecrated himself to the service of the Lord? How gently and peacefully do they sleep in the Lord, when they know that the consecrated hands of their son are folded before the altar of God, and from his lips goes forth the prayer: "Lord! grant them eternal rest!" when they know that their son is offering

up the most holy of all sacrifices for the eternal welfare of their souls!

In order to aid in the support of the Seminary:

1. The usual Easter collection shall be taken up for this purpose, and sent in as soon as possible.
2. This circular shall be read on the preceding Sunday by the pastors in their respective churches.

JOHN HENRY, *Bishop of Fort Wayne.*

FORT WAYNE, Feast of St. Joseph, 1866.

#### ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The following are the contributions received at Christmas and from the alms offered during the Jubilee:

Ft. Wayne, Cath'l	\$562.42	Delphi,	30.00
do St. Mary's	319.18	Roanoke,	22.00
do St. Paul's	60.37	St. Johns, Lake Co.	250.00
Lafayette, St. Marys	238.00	West Creek,	20.00
do St. Boniface	160.00	Valparaiso,	60.00
Michigan City,	144.00	Cedar Lake,	15.00
Huntington,	160.00	Lake Station,	2.00
Hesse Cassel,	60.00	Turkey Creek,	10.00
Blufton Road,	67.40	Francisville,	14.40
Fulton, Jubilee,	8.00	La Cross,	6.25
Harrison, do	11.00	San Pierre,	4.50
Winamac, do	8.00	Medairville,	4.00
Decatur,	175.00	Rensselaer,	.85
Buena Vista,	22.70	New Haven,	133.15
Grovertown,	2.40	Columbia,	45.55
Pierceton,	20.65	Arcola,	15.00
Bourbon,	3.75	Anderson,	11.00
Warsaw,	19.50	Peru,	116.00
Hamlet,	3.00	Lagro,	66.00
Plymouth,	85.35	South Bend,	83.55
Laporte, (English),	95.00	Notre Dame,	178.15
Calumet,	25.00	Crawfordsville,	20.00
Avilla,	100.59	St. Mary's Home,	25.00
Logansport,	177.00	Attica & Stations,	100.00

The amount subscribed in the different congregations toward the same purpose will be published, as soon as the greater portion shall have been paid in. Individual contributions will then also appear.

#### The Mother and the Son.

Sweet Mother and Son! Ah! close is the bond  
Which the Holy Week shows 'tween those hearts  
that are found

So strong in their suffering, tender in joy—  
Nor Death can it weaken, nor Hell can destroy!  
O my Saviour, Thy sufferings what tongue can  
relate?

O my Mother, what griefs after thine can be great?  
Every wound, every pain, reproduced in thy heart!  
Of the thorns, whip and nails, how thy soul felt  
the smart!

As unheard was thy sorrow, great Mother of God,  
So unuttered thy bliss when He bursts the cold sod  
And stands first with thee, radiant Lord of the  
Heaven—

[are risen!  
Now triumph, bright Mother, death's dungeons  
Aye, be with us in festival, rapt in thy love,  
And teach our cold hearts with thy transports to  
move;

[Queen,  
Sweet Mary, sweet Maiden, our Mother, our  
O let thy dear presence add joy to the scene!

## COAINA, THE ROSE OF THE ALGONQUINS.

[CONTINUED.]

Tar-ra-hee had not approached her since the night of the Festival of the Assumption; she only heard his flute now and then, under the trees around the lodge; and except that Father Etienne and her friends around the village greeted her as kind as ever, and the little children gathered about her, and hung upon her skirts whenever she appeared among them, she would have indeed felt friendless.

The clouds were gathering around her, and their shadows were discerned by her delicate and sensitive perceptions; she knew not whence they were coming, or in what storms they would burst; she trembled with the chill that often swept over her; she felt that no mortal could help her in this mysterious coming woe; but the darker grew her dread, the closer she clung to the shelter of the sanctuary, the oftener she fortified her soul with the Divine Sacraments, and with more constant fervor did she kneel at the feet of Mary, imploring her gracious protection.

But one day the clouds seemed suddenly to disperse, and again streamed the sunshine into Coaina's heart. Father Etienne walked into Altontinon's lodge while herself and daughter were partaking of their evening meal; and Coaina—who was no longer permitted to eat at the same board with them—sat apart busily engaged upon a piece of needle-work. Each one arose to welcome him; he returned their salutations with a cheerful air, and taking the chair placed for him, he drew it to the side of Coaina, and sat down. Altontinon's guilty heart was agitated by this unexpected visit, but when the good priest announced the object of it, she felt as if a bolt of ice had suddenly fallen upon it. "I have not only brought you my blessing to-day, my good children," he said, "but also most excellent tidings. This morning while the assembly were in council, deliberating about the sale of some lands on the St. Lawrence, which they finally decided *not* to sell, Tar-ra-hee stood up, and declared his intention to make our child here—Coaina—his wife, and asked the consent and approval of all present, including myself. There was not a single voice raised in dissent against it; in fact there was a murmur of satisfaction very audible, for we all knew, Altontinon, how precious is To-hic to her people. They are all proud of their 'rose,' and each one felt that

the young chief's choice of a bride was not only a wise one, but a special pleasure to each individual present. When I was called upon for an opinion—sit still, Coaina—I not only hastily approved of Tar-ra-hee's choice, but assured him, before all present, that in such a union, he would find all the good and happiness that, humanly speaking, one could expect; after which," continued Father Etienne, laying his hand gently upon Coaina's bowed head, "the assembly ratified its solemn approval and formal consent, and I hurried here to be the first to bring the joyful news to your aunt, and give my blessing to the betrothed of the good and brave Tar-ra-hee."

"Thank you, my Father, for your goodness," she said gently, and without lifting her modestly downcast eyes; "Cyril is generous; but, my Father, it is best not to hope for too much. I have sometimes seen," she said, lifting her great soft eyes, and looking before her with a strange far-off expression, "the day which rose the brightest, close in wild, wintry tempests."

"Coaina, my child, these are dreams. It is the Christian's duty to receive with joy and gratitude whatever good our Father sends, without throwing a veil of cloud, and doubt, over His gifts," said Father Etienne cheerfully; but many and many a time since, has he remembered her looks and words that day.

"I will try, my Father to be grateful, to be dutiful; but there's something," she said, passing her hand over her forehead and eyes, "there's something like a mist—I don't know what it is; but it seems to shut out the sunshine."

"Coaina," said the good Father, "if you were a pale face, I should say you have the *vapors*. You have been keeping in doors too much of late, and stooping too long at a time over this everlasting bead work and stitching. Altontinon, see to it; or we shall have a burial instead of a bridal."

"I will see to it, my Father," replied Altontinon, with a double meaning; then dissembling with a self-possession worthy of a better cause, she rallied Coaina, while she congratulated her, and pretended to be highly delighted at the alliance. "Leave her with me, my Father," she continued, "she is only coy—you know how modest Coaina is—she has to think a little while—where a girl has two or three lovers, it is difficult to decide all at once—"

"My Father," said Coaina, in response to Father Etienne's look of inquiry, "I have no lover—that is—I shall be the wife of Cyril, or none. He is all that I could ask or desire." Coaina knew



that her aunt meant mischief by this hint, and that she referred to Ahdeck, the Iroquois; she therefore answered as she did, with a slight hesitation, because she remembered that Ahdeck had presumed to call himself her lover; and such was the tender and sacred regard that this young Algonquin maid had for the truth, that she would not fully deny her aunt's statement; lest she should thereby offend the truth.

"Well! well! my child, cheer up! You have a happy future ahead. Altontinon hurry the wedding preparations, for I am sure Tar-ra-hee will not desire a very long delay," and Father Etienne, giving but little thought *then* to what had passed during the interview, hurried up to the Iroquois Village, to one or two sick persons, who needed his ministrations.

The news flew through both villages in an incredibly short time, that Tar-ra-hee had chosen the Rose of the Algonquins for his bride. Coaina received the hearty congratulations of old and young, of friend and foe; until she—to escape their friendly jests, and the incessantly repeated good wishes of those who constantly crowded to see her, generally slipped away from them, and by a back path, found her way to the chapel, to offer her newly found happiness to the Blessed Virgin, and hide her modest blushes in the shadow of the sanctuary. We spoke of Coaina's "friends and foes." It is marvelous that so pure and lovely a nature should have a foe; but alas! it is a world-old story, how virtue ever excites malice; beauty, envy; prosperity, covetousness; and felicity, hatred and ill will; so, after all, it is not strange that our Rose of the Algonquins had her enemies, who, to conceal their plans for her ruin, assumed the guise of friendship, and were loud in their protestations of delight, at her good fortune.

Never was happiness and prosperity borne with greater modesty. The cloud that had shadowed her heart, seemed to have passed away. Altontinon and her cousin were more kind, and the strong, protecting love of her betrothed, gave her a feeling of tranquil happiness. No duty was left neglected; no kindness left undone; no pleasure or assistance that she could afford, was withheld. Skilled, as we said before, in hunting and fishing, she brought the choicest dainties of the lake and forest to her aunt's lodge, and so deftly did she perform all her tasks; so important had she become to Altontinon's comfort, and Winonah's whims, that her aunt began to feel what a terrible loss Coaina would be to her! This was

another incentive to her, to carry out her selfish and malicious plots against the guileless maid, for whose approaching marriage the most splendid preparations known to these primitive people were in progress. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LEGENDS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

[From the Life of Saint John the Almoner.]

### No. 12—THE ORIGINAL STAIN.

[CONCLUDED.]

The chamber of Ocimon was spacious and magnificently furnished. The most costly productions of the universe were there displayed in all the pomp of unrestrained vanity. Lebanon had sent her perfumed cedar, and art had sculptured it with cunning skill. Rare tapestry of Tyrian dye mellowed the sunbeams that entered this abode of luxury. The floor was a rich mosaic of white marble and green agate; but of what avail was all this sumptuousness, to the tortured mind of the sick man? Four months had been sufficient to break the iron frame which nature had given him, and there he lay, denied of all strength and courage, consumed by despair.

The blow had been too sudden: he could not bear up against a disaster so unexpected and so complete. Of all that he had heaped up during the thirty years of his laborious life, there remained no more than an income barely sufficient to live upon.

It would have been more tolerable if this stroke of ill luck had happened to him whilst he was still engaged in the strife for wealth. But it was reserved till he had left the arena, and till he had unlearned, like an aged wrestler, in idleness, the tact of combat and the taste for fighting. It was reserved to fall upon him at the time when the infliction would be most severe.

Of what avail was it now that he had spent the finest years of his existence in most exhausting labors, that his days had been given up to crushing cares, and his nights to sleepless anxiety? Of what avail was it that he had been hard-hearted and unfeeling, that he had earned the execration of the public and borne the burden of contempt? And lastly, of what avail were the treason and murder to which he owed all his prosperity?

"He had kept the silence of overwhelming shame. He had never left his apartment. More melancholy than Draco himself, he had repulsed all consolation, and refused all food. The power of

despair sustained his strength for the first few days: afterward, when this was no longer able to support him, he took to his bed, and never left it again.

Nothing now had power to comfort him. He was deaf to all that his wife could say. Even his daughter had become indifferent to him. He cared no more for her sweet voice, nor for her smile.

He desired to be alone, and the presence of those even to whom he was most closely allied by blood irritated him.

What were his thoughts? No one knew; for he behaved like one stricken with dumbness, and answered no inquiries.

One day, in the hope of arousing him from this lethargy, the father of Ulysses was requested to visit him. Draco supported adversity with more courage. He was still sad, but his face nevertheless had changed its expression. His features, formerly so gloomy, were beginning to brighten. Remorse still afflicted him, but less poignantly. The burden which bowed his head was visibly lightened.

"Comrade," said he, "the stain is cleansed, and our release is signed." Ocimon made no reply.

"Our children have no longer any fortune, but they are young and their fortune is no longer accursed. They can begin life again; there will be no worm to gnaw at the roots of the tree. What they acquire will be legitimately their own. As for us, what could we have hoped for? Debtors to Divine Providence, we knew that the debt must be paid, but not knowing when it would be claimed, we were always in anxiety. It has been claimed in this life. I like it better to know that I am free before I die."

Ocimon, for his only answer, turned upon his other side.

"As for our children, their fate is no source of care to me. They have always served God; they will not perish. I am assured that Ulysses will be brought back safe, and as soon as I have seen him again I shall only ask for death."

Draco retired before Ocimon could decide to open his mouth. It was not till the following day that the sick man called his daughter and said:

"I should like to question your husband's messenger."

Did he still hope that the old man had imposed upon them, and that Ulysses, far from being a prisoner among the barbarians, would shortly return in triumph with the prowess of his three vessels decorated with garlands, and riches enough to cover his losses?

The messenger was gone with the men whom Draco had sent to search for his son. This was told Ocimon in answer to his request. He appeared neither grieved nor rejoiced, and fell back again into silence.

Meanwhile his malady was making rapid progress.

He was soon seized with delirium. The words which he had so carefully restrained, now burst like a torrent from his lips. His wife and daughter were terror-stricken.

Most horrible visions flitted before his eyes. Now he was pursued by monsters; now seized upon his bed by specters, who sat upon him, pressing on his chest till he was nearly stifled. He groaned and sued for mercy; called upon names unknown to those around him; and at other times, struggling against invisible adversaries, he exhausted himself in the strife, tearing himself and uttering terrible cries.

During these strange combats the passions that agitated his soul appeared upon his countenance—terror, shame and despair. His body was covered with a cold sweat. His limbs were shaken by convulsive tremblings. His breast heaved like a furious sea. His voice was broken by a deadly cough, which suffocated him.

When his strength was exhausted, he fell into a lethargic trance resembling death. He neither heard nor saw any thing. His breath was not perceptible. His heart ceased to beat; and if it were not that a slight degree of vital heat attested that his life was not entirely extinct, one would have believed that he had really given his last sigh.

These sufferings were prolonged till the arrival of Ulysses. The barbarian had kept his word, and had consented to deliver him up for a ransom.

His presence softened the grief which Anthemis suffered on account of her father. She thought no more of the ruin of her fortune. Even in the depth of indigence, she would have been happy if she could have saved her father.

She resolved to prepare him herself to receive her husband. According to the advice of the physician, she entered his chamber whilst he slumbered, advanced boldly to his bed and exclaimed:

"Here is your son-in-law, Ulysses."

Ocimon awakened and heaved a sigh. Whilst his body shook off the torpor that enchained it, mysterious workings were no doubt taking place in his soul. He raised his eyelids gradually and murmured with a feeble voice:



"Let Donax come in!"

Anthemis, believing that her father had not understood her words, repeated:

"Do you wish to see my husband? He is here—he is just coming in."

"Donax!" again exclaimed the sick man.

Ulysses, who was on the threshold, heard him, and said to his wife:

"Donax is the name of my companion. Let him be summoned."

The old man approached Ocimon. The dying man turned his wandering eyes toward him, and fixed his gaze upon him. "Algidus!"

Ocimon shuddered. His brow contracted. He tried to speak, but choked with emotion his stammering lips could only utter inarticulate sounds. He ground his teeth with rage. His eyes opened and shut convulsively. But he was too weak for this agitation to last long, and torpor soon succeeded to the shock.

They led Donax away. Anthemis left her mother and husband with Ocimon and took refuge in her own apartment. She sank on her knees and implored the Blessed Virgin's assistance.

Whilst she prayed with renewed confidence and fervor, the sick man was observed to revive and recover the use of his senses. The color of life reappeared upon his livid forehead. He breathed again. Heavy sighs relieved his bosom. He regained the power of speech.

He called for a priest. Until then he had not thought of confessing his sins, and when his wife and daughter had tried to suggest the idea to him, he had closed his ears and pretended not to hear them. They hastened to obey him.

"Donax! Donax!" Ocimon called again.

The old man was brought to his bedside.

"Yes," continued the sick man, scanning him carefully, "yes, it is thou,—I remember thee. Assemble the whole city. Let every one hear my confession. And let my daughter come hither: her prayer is heard."

Anthemis dried her tears and presented herself before her father. Ocimon recognized her and thanked her.

"It is thou," he said, "that hast prevailed with the Mother of God—may her name be ever blessed! She came! She scattered the fiends that were besieging me; she gave me the power to speak!"

He was here obliged to pause, for his voice failed him again. They expected at every moment to see him expire. They sent a second time to beg the priest to make haste.

"I will speak," resumed the sick man after a few

moments, "and speak aloud! Open all the doors, and let no one hinder the passers-by from coming in to listen. It is time I should bear the shame I have deserved. My pardon must cost me this!"

He rested for awhile, and longer than the first time. In the interval the priest for whom they had sent arrived. They made way for him, and acquainted him in few words with the desire of the dying man to make a public confession. He commenced reciting the prayers of the Church, and all present prayed with him.

Ocimon regained the power of speech.

"I have passed until now for an honest man. No one, at least, has had the right to accuse me. I have deceived the whole city in making it believe that I owed my fortune to my own good management alone. It was the fruit of crime!"

"My beloved," interrupted the mother of Anthemis, "would it not suffice to confide thy faults in secret to the ear of the priest? Think of the honor of our daughter."

"Our daughter will efface by her own virtues the stain received from me. I am not master of my voice, I must speak aloud."

"Speak, my father," said Anthemis, "fear nothing. Save thy soul, and leave the rest to God."

"Dromio! my master, forgive me!"

"It was not thou who killed him, Algidus," exclaimed Donax. "It was I who buried the knife in his bosom; it was I who struck him till he expired. Do not make thyself more guilty than thou art."

"Thou wast the instrument and the arm; I myself was the head, for it was I that planned the deed. I moved thee to it without thy perceiving it. I led thee on and directed thee. Thou would'st never have executed the deed if I had not instigated it."

"We are both guilty," answered Donax. "Nevertheless, I am more guilty than thou art."

"The murder having been committed," pursued Ocimon, "I betrayed my accomplice, and devoted him to a frightful death. Donax, thou would'st naturally have perished——"

"Providence preserved my life to permit me to do penance."

"Thou hast expiated thy crime; but I have only retained the memory of my double guilt, and its punishment has been accumulating during a long respite."

"Unfortunate man! Thou hast suffered more in a few months than I have done in twenty years."

"The divine mercy is infinite," said the priest. "Repent, and hope in God."

"I repent; yes, now I repent of my sin. For my riches have taken wings and flown away from me, and I carry nothing with me but the consciousness of guilt."

"Offer thy sufferings to the Lord, and they will be reckoned to thee as expiation."

"My sufferings are not ended, for the evil must be repaired, and all reparation has become impossible. I shall be treated as an insolvent debtor—I must pay the debt with my body."

"Pray that Jesus Christ may apply to thee the merits of His blessed passion."

"Pray for me, all of you. For I am dying. Farewell!"

In fact, he could scarcely complete these last words. His voice, already weakened, now ceased altogether. A horrible agony seized upon him. It lasted all night, until the morning of the following day. He breathed his last at the first shining of the dawn. \* \* \* \*

Some weeks after the burial of Ocimon, John, Patriarch of Alexandria, sent word to Ulysses that he wished to see him. The young merchant went with all haste to the palace of the Bishop.

After some words of sincere condolence, the Patriarch said to him:

"In what state is your fortune left?"

"My father-in-law," answered the merchant, "has left me a small inheritance. It would suffice to pay the debts with which I am still burdened, if I were not obliged to dispose of it below its value."

"Go seek the lord Eusebius. He wishes to buy your father-in-law's house, and as he is a just man, he will not take advantage of your necessity. When you have both signed the contract of sale, satisfy the demands of your creditors, and come back to me."

The sale was soon concluded. Eusebius agreed to pay those to whom Ulysses was still in debt, and gave receipts. On the following day Ulysses returned to the Patriarch's residence.

"Very good," said the bishop. "All the fruits of iniquity are scattered. There is no reason to fear a curse on what is not the result of injustice. You have been for a long time the creditor of the Church of God. It is just that in her turn she should repay her obligations to you. Go down to the harbor; you will there find two ships loaded with wheat, which wait only for an owner to weigh anchor. They belong to you. I do not say that they are worth the exact amount of alms that I have received from you; but if any thing be wanting, God will make it up to you."

Ulysses rented a small house for his wife, his father, and his mother-in-law, and then set sail. The winds bore him beyond the Pillars of Hercules, to the coasts of Britain, then desolated by famine. He sold his wheat far above its ordinary value, and brought back in exchange, tin, iron, and every sort of merchandise,\* which re-established his fortune.

This was his last voyage. Satisfied with a happy mediocrity, he restrained his ambition from pushing further. The following year his wife bore him a son. Donax remained with them and served them faithfully.

Draco never quite recovered the peace of his conscience, but his melancholy softened. He died some time after the birth of his grandson, saying:

"To enrich one's self by theft is to seek one's own ruin."

### WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

*Rome as it is—Plenary Council—Removal of the See of Upper Michigan—Obituaries—Religious Profession.*

The last few weeks have produced no change in the events of the Eternal City. Catholics and their adversaries still await with deep interest, the events which 1866 hold in reserve for her. Mazzini proclamations, under assumed names, still go forth to stimulate infidel partisans, and corrupt the weak and unwary. Every effort continues to be made to establish the "socialist Republic, one and undivided." Poor, blind Victor Emmanuel cannot see that he is himself only tolerated for a time, by the secret societies which form the soul and strength of the movement against Rome. When rid of the Pope, they will destroy the king.

What heart with even the common feelings of humanity uncorrupted, it matters not its belief or unbelief, could possibly sympathize with the cause of the self-styled liberal party of Italy, whose aim and principles are clearly defined by the rules of the Mazzini Societies, from which we take the following extracts? "1. This Society is formed for the complete destruction of all the Governments of the Peninsula, and to create a single State of Italy, in a Republican form. 30. Members who *will not obey* the orders of the Secret Society and they who unveil its secrets, shall be poignarded without remission. 31. The secret tribunal shall pronounce the sentence, pointing out one or two associates for its immediate execution. 32. The associate who shall refuse to execute the sentence, shall be held perjured, and as



such, put to death on the spot. 33. If the victim shall succeed in escaping, he shall be pursued incessantly in every place, and the guilty shall be struck by an invisible hand, were he sheltered on the bosom of his mother or in the tabernacle of Christ. 54. Each tribunal shall be competent, not only to judge guilty adepts, but to execute all persons whom it shall devote to death."

Now could any sane man with moral feelings uncorrupt, ever dream of realizing a *healthy* form of government, with such midnight assassins and self-avowed murderers as its framers?

Yet by the aid of England's favorite maxim of maintaining her own strength, by fomenting the civil dissensions of her neighbors, and the Emperor Napoleon's fear of the Carbonari, whose oath he took when, in his youth, he was a refugee in Italy, the revolutionary flag still unfurls its colors over the fair Peninsula.

An able article on the Papal Allocution, in the late *Dublin Review*, says that "the demoralization of the public conscience has received, during the last quarter of a century, such a development as to leave the Pope, the highest representative on earth of moral power and social order, almost alone face to face with his public enemies. Evils of every kind coalesce against Pius IX. Every hand that has touched pitch, is raised against the Pope; every tongue that speaks evil, rails against Rome. The bright intelligence or the scientific mind, that has fallen away from God, is turned against the Papacy. Coarse passions, low interests, or cultivated indifferentism, are all directed against the Church. But the Papacy breaks the bonds which shackle modern civilization. Pius IX in his famous Encyclical, condemned the philosophic rationalism and godless liberalism of modern society, in tones so clear and distinct, that no one can be deluded as to the character of modern thought or the principle of modern politics. In the face of this grand conspiracy against Christianity, the only safe or satisfactory course open to Catholics, is to close their ranks and be in all things of one heart, of one mind and one will with Rome. Such a unity is a strength peculiar to Catholicity; an armor without flaw and a token of victory.

THE PLENARY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE.—The Baltimore *Catholic Mirror* states that the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding has received letters from Rome, appointing Him Apostolical Delegate, with authority to convene a Plenary Council of all the Archbishops and Bishops in the United

States during the present year, and to preside over the same. We learn also that the Council will probably not be assembled till early in the fall—in September or October next. Our people will look forward with much interest to this great meeting of Bishops—numbering forty-four—which will surpass in grandeur any council of the kind hitherto convened in this country.

REMOVAL OF AN EPISCOPAL SEE.—The Holy Father, at the prayer of the Right Rev. Frederick Baraga, D. D., has transferred the Episcopal See of Upper Michigan from Sault Ste. Marie to Marquette. The worthy Prelate will therefore henceforth be addressed as the Bishop of Marquette—to which place, we presume, letters intended for him should be directed.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.—In the Convent Chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, Batavia, N. Y., by the Rt. Rev. J. Timon, Sister Mary Magdalen made her solemn profession.

OBITUARIES.—With regret we learn, from the *Dubuque Times*, that death has removed the saintly Father Galtier, that most devoted servant of Mary, from the scene of his zeal and pious labors.

Father Galtier was remarkable as one of a noble band of zealous missionaries who left France, in 1838, for the western wilds of America, and whose names will be long remembered in Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Among his companions were the Rev. Joseph Cretin, afterward first Bishop of St. Paul, and the Rev. A. Ravoux, now Vicar General of Minnesota. The occasion of their arrival was the formation of the new Diocese of Dubuque, over which the Right Rev. Dr. Loras was appointed by Rome to preside. What is now known as Minnesota fell to the province of the Rev. L. Galtier, where his labors have been unceasing.

Rev. Father Mariani, pastor of the Italian church of Saint Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, Philadelphia, departed this life on the 8th inst. The deceased was known among the Catholics of the city as the "Italian Priest." The Rev. deceased was a warm friend of the AVE MARIA. We earnestly commend him to the prayers of its pious readers.

The Rev. Francis Lasco, who was for some years on the Mission at Emmetsburg, Maryland, died after a brief illness a few days ago at Palmersville, Massachusetts.

*Requiescant in pace.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

SAINT JOSEPH'S MONTH.

*My dear Children:* Having been solicited, a few days since, to translate a hymn from the French, for Saint Joseph, or write a new one, for some dear little orphan children in a Catholic Home or asylum in one of our cities, I made the following attempt, and considering that some of our little readers of the AVE MARIA may like to sing them also, I shall, by the favor of our dear editors, send them to you through this paper:

To Saint Joseph.

TUNE—"Volez, volez ange de la priere."

Fly, O fly, angel of prayer,  
To Joseph our patron on high,  
Offer to him our love most sincere,  
Bear to him our song in the sky.  
Joseph, as thou upon the earth,  
Dear foster-sire of our Saviour,  
Didst taste of our misery once,  
We seek for thy favor. Fly, O fly, etc.  
Joseph, we know thy hand bestows  
The gifts of a Monarch of Heaven,  
To the hand that guarded the Sacred Child,  
Our sorrows are given. Fly, O fly, etc.  
Oftimes thy God most aimable,  
O, Joseph, on thy noble breast,  
Reclined His head adorable,  
And took His precious rest. Fly, O fly, etc.  
When comes the last sad hour of life,  
O patron of a death most blest,  
From the sad exile of this earth,  
Deign to conduct us into rest. Fly, O fly, etc.  
And near to thee, and near to Mary,  
Before the Throne of Jesus,  
To share sweet paradise with thee,  
O Joseph, dear, receive us. Fly, O fly, etc.

"AVE MARIA, REFUGIUM PECCATORUM,  
ORA PRO ME."

[CONTINUED.]

They love that prayer and remember the tradition oftentimes repeated to them by their father: How, one stormy night, when the wind was howling dismally, and the pelting rain was beating at the brave old tower, the gate-keeper heard a faint voice, beyond the moat, praying, with trembling accents, *Ave Maria, Refugium Peccatorum, ora pro me*; how a poor, sick wayfarer was found, lying on his face, mingling his tears with the eddying pools that covered the ground; how he was tenderly lifted up and carried to a warm bed, and tended in all loving charity by the inmates; how,

in the morning, the stranger had disappeared, but not before leaving a piece of parchment with the words: "A blessing shall not depart from this house, nor shall any of its members end their lives in misfortune, whilst the stranger that passes its gates can see the petition above them, *Ave Maria, Refugium Peccatorum, ora pro me*. All this the children had by heart, and loved the prayer, but much more the beautiful Refuge addressed.

CHAPTER II.

"*Benedicite*," said a cowed stranger to the warder, one gloomy evening in autumn.

"*Dominus*," answered the latter, undoing the wicket gate, and bowing to the monk.

"Is the Lord of Lorne within?" asked the strange monk, with a slightly foreign accent.

"Aye, that he is, reverend father. He is e'en now reciting the beads with my lady and the children." "Humph!"

This startled the warder. It sounded like contempt. He glanced at the stranger suspiciously, and observed a pair of very dark eyes peering at him from the cowl.

"It is strange," thought the retainer; "but our Lady preserves me from rash judgment."

"I would have speech with your master," said the monk, at length.

"Nay; but, reverend sir, he liketh not to be disturbed during the hour of orison," replied the warder, with a slight tone of expostulation in his voice.

"It is on matters of the Church, sirrah, that brooketh not delay," exclaimed the monk, with asperity.

Without speaking, the warder led the way into the castle, muttering to himself as he went: "'Tis not a monkly fashion of eye that twinkles under his cowl. I pray God I be not belieing a man of the cloister, but I never felt thus toward one before."

Fortunately, the Knight of Lorne had finished the evening prayer when the stranger was ushered in. He reverently bowed when his eye caught the religious garb of the visitor, and invited him to a seat, motioning, at the same time, the Lady Hilda and children to leave the apartment.

"To what good grace, my reverend father, do I owe the honor of this visit to my poor abode?" commenced the Knight, graciously.

"I come, my Lord of Lorne, with a message from the holy Abbot of Selles. To-morrow the Church celebrates the Feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, and, as thou knowest, it is the Titular Solemnity of our Monastery. The Abbot hath a mind to celebrate it with unusual splendor this year, and would gather about him the children of



the nobility to serve in the choir. He hath, therefore, sent me to you to ask your permission for Master Edmund."

"'Twas not necessary to demand such permission, father," replied the Knight; "the wishes of the saintly Abbot are commands for me. I shall not fail to bring my boy with me to-morrow morning to the abbey!"

"Nay; but 'twill be too late then, for the children must be there to-night, that we may practice them for the morning service, and adapt their costumes," said the monk.

"Well, he shall go to-night," said the father. "I shall accompany him to the abbey within an hour."

"Trouble not yourself, my good lord, he shall be safe in my hands," said the monk.

"But, good father, would he not feel more at ease if I were with him? He is young and shy of strangers."

"Oh, please yourself, my lord; of course you know best. However, I thought this habit would be sufficient protection for the child," said the monk with some asperity.

"Forgive me, father, if word of mine hath given offense. He is an only boy, our treasure, and thou canst excuse my anxiety. He shall go with thee alone, then."

The Knight called his wife and communicated to her the monk's commission. Though very loath, she permitted him to take her child. The little fellow cried lustily, and would not be comforted. However, he was appeased by the promise of a real, live pony, and a bright sword.

"Will it be as big as yours, papa?" asked the child, smiling through his tears.

"Oh! not quite, my son; but it will be a brave, big one, depend upon it."

This won him from his grief completely; so, with many a blessing, and tender kiss, he departed with the monk. The anxious parents followed them to the draw-bridge, and many were the injunctions laid upon the religious to be careful of the boy. As the distance was but a mile to the abbey, and the moon had arisen, their anxiety was lessened; so they watched the two forms until they were lost in the gloom beyond.

"*Ave Maria, Refugium Peccatorum, ora pro eo,*" breathed the Lady Hilda, as she passed the gate.

"Amen," said the knight, fervently.

For a long time they sat in their apartment, thoughtful and silent. A strange foreboding troubled the lady. It seemed as if some coming evil had thrown its shadow about her heart. She tried to shake it off, but in vain.

"Edmund, I have such strange thoughts," said she at last.

"Of course you have, my lady; what mother has not, the first night her child sleeps under a strange roof, away from her?" replied the husband.

"But, Edmund—"

"Nay, Hilda, have more fortitude. The child is in good hands, and safe enough," interrupted the Knight.

"I do wish I had not permitted him to go," persisted the lady, her eyes suffused with tears.

The fears of the lady seemed to have affected her husband, for, after a short silence, he said:

"If thou likest, I will send Peter, the warder, after him."

Lady Hilda was about to reply, when a loud noise was heard at the gate. Both started to their feet, turning deadly pale. The warder's voice was heard in loud, excited conversation; then a hurried exclamation.

"O, Edmund, dear Edmund, our boy!" gasped the lady, sinking helplessly on a chair.

But the Knight spoke not, moved not; he kept his eyes fixed on the door.

It was thrown violently open, and the Lord de Berthier, an old friend and neighbor, strode into the room. "De Lorne, where is your son?" he asked.

"I knew it! Mother of God, help me. I knew it!" screamed the Lady Hilda, falling back in her chair and fainting.

With a spring like a madman, the Lord of Lorne was at his wife's side in an instant. The Knight of Berthier, more collected than he, called the lady's attendants, who soon came rushing in to her assistance.

"What is the meaning of this, De Berthier?" asked the unhappy man bravely.

"De Lorne, you are a brave man, and your wife cannot hear me now. *Your son has been carried off!*"

The effect of this announcement was awful. The strong man staggered back against the wall, and seemed to have lost all power of his limbs.

De Berthier saw he must change the father's thoughts to another channel.

"Where is your manhood, Edmund de Lorne? Dost stand there like a pining girl, without making an effort for thy son's release! Away, don thy armor, and let us after the villains!"

With a mad start De Lorne dashed from the room. Peter, the warder, had, by the orders of De Berthier, already collected a trusty band of retainers. Shortly after the troop, headed by the two knights, flew across the bridge and out into the moonlight, the father sought his son.



merit of its perfection, as though the person that sat for him had no share in the beauty which he only transferred to the negative or card. Would to God we could produce something like true copies of our enrapturing original. The only claims allowed the photographer is love for his art, and fidelity to its well established rules. If we be found worthy in this respect, we shall willingly cede to others the applause so dear to literary pretension.

This morning's mail recalled to our memory the incident, and more than made up for the week alluded to. We cannot resist the pleasure of giving a few extracts, while returning our sincere thanks to all for their kind encouragement of our Lady's little journal:

"March 17.—You can't imagine with what impatience I look for the mail Wednesday evening or Thursday morning, which brings me the dear little AVE MARIA. A. E. S."

"March 11, 1866: This institution has subscribed to your journal—in itself so valuable and so highly valued by all the children of Immaculate Mary—and weekly hails its arrival among us, as an eagerly expected friend; I might say, as the visit of a special grace. Your devoted brother in the ministry, T. M. O'D."

"March 15, 1866: The Rev. Father of ———, Massachusetts, will take 100 copies of the *Golden Wreath*. P. E. G."

"March 21, 1866: I am delighted to hear that you are about to publish a New Month of Mary, the *Golden Wreath*. As it comes out under your auspices, and from the press of the AVE MARIA, it will, without doubt, be replete with beautiful and rich gems, and tend to redouble our love for our dearest Mother. Please send me 100 copies of the *Golden Wreath*. Let me have them, if possible, a week or two before the beginning of May, as I wish to send some of them to friends at a distance. I remain your humble serv't in Christ, J. E. K."

"March 19, 1866: We thank you most cordially for the copy of the *Ave Maria Almanac*. It far surpasses our expectations. We wish to donate one to each of our children as the most suitable monthly prize we could give; it is very cheap, and so truly beautiful, I think our sweet Lady herself must have inspired the design. The AVE MARIA is quite a treasure, especially for a Religious Community, though it is admirably adapted to all states of society. We will endeavor to have the members of a new society we are establishing take, each, a copy of the AVE MARIA. \* \* \* Wishing you a long continuance of that great success which has crowned your efforts in the cause of our sweet Mother Mary, I remain, yours in J. C. S. M. S."

"March 2, 1866. I inclose forty dollars for a life subscription for two copies of the AVE MARIA, one of which you will please send to \* \* \* the other to \* \* \*. I also inclose ten dollars for a corresponding number of copies of your *Golden Wreath for the Month of Mary*. I shall not feel satisfied until the sweet AVE MARIA has become a constant visitor at all our institutions. Yours truly in J. M. J. S. S. J."

"Very Rev. Father: All here are charmed with the AVE MARIA." It is read in the refectory week after week, from cover to cover. I am confident our good Mother has a rich crown in keeping, with which to reward you for your labors in her honor. \* \* \* We are all here charmed with what you are sending us each week, and indeed I have no hesitation in saying, that your holy work is not the work of the evil spirit. I offer my humble and unworthy prayers, with those of our dear brethren, for your continued success, and I feel confidence, yes unbounded confidence, that our good Mother Mary, will spare you many, many years to promote her honor and glory. Yours affectionately, B. E."

MARCH, 1865.

Very Rev. Sir: In the pages of the AVE MARIA are related beautiful instances of the interference of the Blessed Virgin in behalf of afflicted persons and their complete relief; and also of their escape from sudden dangers. I propose that every one who reads the dear little work every week, will contribute whatever may have happened to themselves or any acquaintance in that line; and your publishing those well-authenticated facts, as they may have occurred in the case of each one, as related by himself, will add much to our faith and confidence in the intercession of her to whom no one ever had recourse in vain.

The following happened to me: A horse was running away with me. On either side of the road was water, which I compare to two canals, without any fence between. The animal's speed increasing, he began to kick so violently that the shaft was soon broken, and my life, as well as that of a young gentleman who accompanied me, in the most imminent danger. With rather a crowded road, vehicles of all kinds meeting us, deep water on each side, horse beyond all control, and running at the top of his speed, I raised my heart, confidently and sincerely, and exclaiming, mentally, if not orally, "Blessed Virgin Mary, intercede for me, and help me," made a very great effort to pull the horse up. I succeeded, for his hind leg was made as fast in some part of the rigging of the wagon as if it were inclosed in a vice. We had only to jump out quickly and hold the poor horse until we got sufficient help from the people of the neighborhood to set all right.

I am, and have for some years since this happened, been convinced that I owe my safety to the immediate assistance of our Blessed Mother, to whom, forever, be all honor and love, in Christ Jesus our Lord. I remain, most respectfully, your obedient servant, J. S.



## EASTER SUNDAY.

*Surrexit Dominus vere*—"The Lord has truly risen." Such were the salutations with which the early Christians addressed one another, on this glorious festival of the triumph of Jesus Christ over sin and death. Such are the jubilant words that in waves of melodious arial sounds, circle the earth, from the chimes that peal forth the musical redeeming Easter joys. Such are the words that sing sweetest music, in the heart of every true Christian; during the past days they have followed Jesus to Calvary, and in sorrow deplored their sins, which called for so terrible expiation; but now the Church banishes all sadness, the Agony and the Cross have passed, and in loud *alleluias* she proclaims the Resurrection! On our first pages we invited our readers to unite with our Lady's Dolours at the foot of the Cross. To-day, we call them to share her joys. Hear how beautifully Saint Bonaventure describes the meeting of the Mother and Son, on Easter Sunday: "And as she was praying and shedding sweet tears, she suddenly saw the Lord Jesus standing beside her, clad in white shining vestments; His face was resplendent with joy, beauty and glory; He said, 'hail, My holy Mother!' turning, she exclaimed: 'My Son Jesus, is it Thou?' and lowly kneeling, she adored Him. 'It is I, My beloved Mother, risen and again with you.' Rising she embraced Him, with tears of joy raining down her face; she clasped Him closely, while He sustained her in His arms. Then, seated side by side, she closely examined His face, and the marks of the wounds in His hands, anxious to know if all pain had passed from Him. And He said: 'My venerable Mother, all trace of My agony has passed; I have conquered sorrow, anguish and death. Henceforth My sufferings are at an end.' Mary exclaimed: 'Blessed be the Father, who has restored Thee to me! May He be glorified in all ages!' So They remained, conversing with great joy, keeping with boundless delight the Easter time."

Listen to the revelation of Mary of Agreda on the apparition of our Lord, accompanied by the Saints and Patriarchs of Limbo, to His august Mother. She is speaking of the Saturday night, which was passed by the Blessed Virgin in the midst of the most fervent prayers, and clear vision of her Son in Limbo: "By the new joy she experienced in her soul, at the vision of all these sublime mysteries, she was prepared for the approaching apparition of her risen Son. In the midst of her prayers and hymns, she suddenly felt, mingling with her other joy, an extraordinary celestial consolation, which contrasted in a wonderful manner, with the dolours and interior pains which she had suffered in the Passion. After these admirable effects, she again experienced a new infusion of graces and lights, the precursors of the beatific vision, which were given with far greater excellence and abundance on this occasion, than any preceding time; they corresponded to the grandeur of the additional merits she gained by the magnitude of her sufferings during the Passion."

"The Blessed Virgin being prepared in this manner, our Saviour Jesus Christ risen, and glorious, entered, accompanied by all the Saints and Patriarchs, whom He had released from Limbo. The most humble Queen prostrated herself and adored her Divine Son, and the Lord Himself raised her from her lowly posture. By this favor, far greater than that which Magdalen asked—in wishing to touch the sacred wounds of Jesus,—the Virgin Mother received an extraordinary benefit, which, by being exempt from the law of sin, she alone could merit. And she would not have been capable of receiving it, had she not been sustained by angels and strengthened by the Lord Himself. \* \* \* By this divine penetration, so to speak, she arrived at the knowledge of the glory of the Lord. By these favors, as by so many ineffable gifts, our Queen was elevated to the contemplation of the most sublime mysteries. When she reached these heights, she heard a voice saying: 'My beloved ascend higher and higher still,' and in virtue of this voice she was transformed, and she saw the Divinity with a clear and intuitive view."

This was the highest and most divine vision, with which she had yet been endowed.

In transports of admiration let us celebrate with hymns of praise, thanksgiving and burning love, this great festival; and may our Blessed Mother, who alone of all creatures on earth, could truly comprehend or understand its value, enable us to appreciate and profit by the grand day of our redemption. May these joys of Mary be shared this week by our readers, in their happy Easter Communion.

\* Were we not fearful that this sublime beatific vision of the Blessed Virgin might not be understood by some who read these pages, we would give it in all its celestial beauty. Perchance, at some future day, we may translate it. Those of our readers, who are familiar with *la Cite Mystique*, will find it on page 264, Volume 5th.

AVE MARIA.—Number ten of this thriving publication has been received. It is an excellent number, well filled with original and selected matter. Especially beautiful is the ballad of the Black Hand, which, in itself, will cause a run on this number.—*St. Louis Guardian*.

### WICH. S. & N. INDIANA RAILROAD

PASSENGER TRAINS will leave South Bend station as follows, daily, except Sundays. Going East:

Leave South Bend 1:55 a.m.	Arrive at Toledo 8:15 a.m.
" do 9:25 a.m.	" do 3:45 p.m.
" do 9:40 p.m.	" do 4:00 a.m.

All three trains make close connection at Toledo with trains for the East. The last two trains connect directly through to Detroit (via Adrian and Monroe), arriving 6:30 p.m. and 6:10 a.m. respectively. Going West:

Leave South Bend 2:15 a.m.	Arrive at Chicago 5:59 a.m.
" do 9:25 a.m.	" do 12:50 p.m.
" do 7:30 p.m.	" do 11:00 p.m.

Making connections with all trains West and Northwest.

For full details see Company's time-tables at Depot and other public places. Trains are run by Chicago time, which is 20 minutes slower than Toledo time.

C. F. HATCH, General Sup't, Toledo.

WM. SIMMONS, Agent, South Bend, Ind.

C. P. LELAND, Gen. Passenger Agent, Toledo, O.